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An Illustrated Magazine of the West

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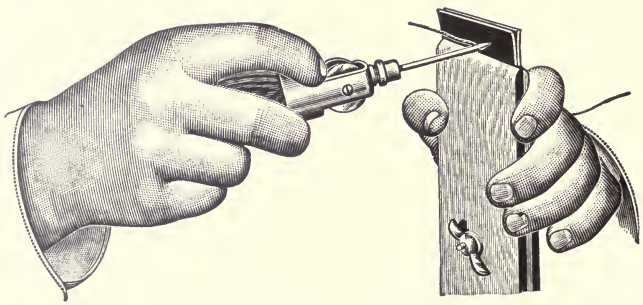

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Jean Jacques Dessalienes

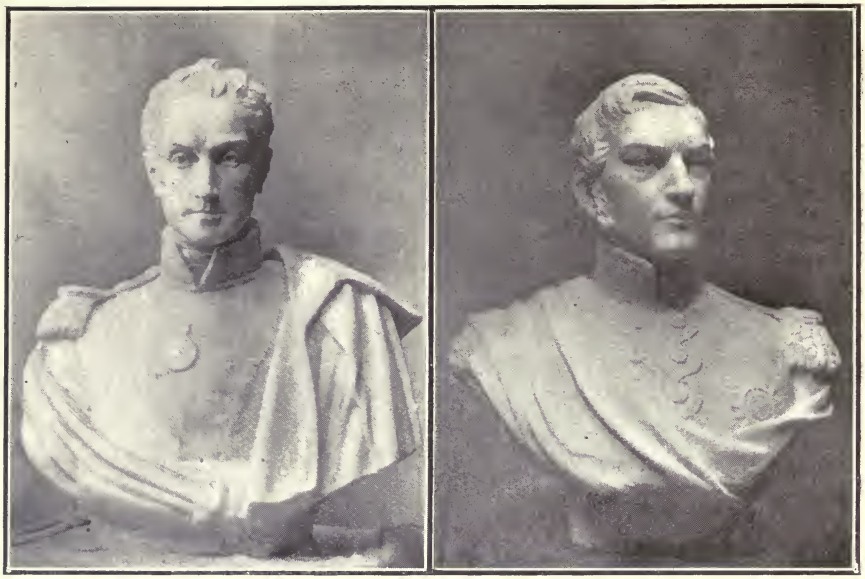
Independence Days of Latin-America

By John L. Cowan

Photos Courtesy Pan-American Union

WHEN EACH recurring Fourth of July is celebrated with fireworks, parades, picnics, spreadeagle oratory and the singing of patriotic songs, probably few citizens of the United States stop to reflect that there are twenty other American republics, each one of which has its national birthday, and nearly every one of which celebrates that birthday with an enthusiasm quite equal to our own. From our own point of view, independence has proven, to the Latin-American republics, a doubtful blessing, at best. Nevertheless, there are many reasons for the hope that the reign of militarism in the larger nations is over; and that they will henceforth play a more significant role in the affairs of the world than they have ever done in the past.

With the completion of the Panama Canal, the nations of Central America and northern South America will find themselves situated close to the world's greatest commercial highway. It is not conceivable that they will fail to be drawn into the swift current of modern progress. At the present time the Spanish and Portuguese languages, French literature and ideas, British capital and German commerce domi-



Simon Bolivar *Jose de San Martin*

nate the nations to the south. If Americans will fully use the opportunities that the Panama Canal will open to them, with the advantages afforded by geographical proximity and political sympathy, this country will in the future exercise a much greater influence with the Latin-American nations and enjoy a much greater share of their trade, than ever heretofore.

Far-seeing statesmen of our own country have long seen the desirability of the establishment of closer relations between this country and the neglected nations to the south, knowing that those nations now constitute the world's most promising field for commercial and industrial exploitation. It was for the promotion of a better understanding, and the development of friendly intercourse, that the Bureau of American Republics (now known as the Pan-American Union) was formed. It has already accomplished notable results in the way of arousing interest in the United States concerning the natural resources, productions, geography and history of the Latin-American republics, and the institutions and aspirations of their peoples.

The independence of Spain's South American colonies, from the Isthmus to Cape Horn, was achieved largely through the military genius of Simon Bolivar, the "Washington of South America," and Jose de San Martin, the national hero of Argentina, assisted, of course, by several able subordinates, among whom General Jose Antonio Sucre, of Colombia, ranks first. Both belonged to old and distinguished families of Spanish descent, both were educated in Spain and served with credit in the Spanish army, and both made haste to join the cause of the patriots when the colonies began their struggle for liberty. However, in character and temperament they were very different. Bolivar was self-seeking, ambitious, headstrong, reckless and impulsive. San Martin was silent, unassuming, self-sacrificing, cautious, and devoted wholly to the interests of his country. Bolivar, in consequence of his recklessness, suffered many defeats; but San Mar-

Jose Bonifacio *Benito Juarez*

tin met with but one reverse in his whole military career.

The causes that led the colonies to resort to arms were various and somewhat complicated. The inhabitants might be designated as Indians, Creoles and Spaniards. It was from the ranks of the Creoles that the revolution was started and sustained. They were largely of mixed Spanish and native descent, although many were pure Spaniards, born on the soil, and therefore colonial in their interests and sympathies. The Spaniards (or rather the pro-Spanish party) included the host of office holders and parasites, the army, and new arrivals from Spain—men whose interests were identified with the mother country, and who had nothing to gain and something to lose by a disturbance of the old order. In most of the colonies, the Indians took but little interest in the revolution; and when they did take a hand they were quite as likely to fight for Spain as for independence.

The discontent of the Creoles arose from Spain's traditional policy of treating the colonies as the personal estate of the Crown. That the colonists had any rights; that they were entitled to the privilege of developing the natural resources of the country, establishing industries and engaging in trade and commerce, were propositions that would have constituted *lese majeste* had any one been so bold as to affirm them. Gold and silver were the only colonial products that were wanted in Spain; and trade and commerce were so hampered that imported goods were obtainable only at fabulous prices, and the profitable export of hides, wool, furs and agricultural products was impossible, except by smuggling. Every seaport of Spanish South America, with the single exception of Nombre de Dios, on the Isth-

Government House, Guatemala.

mus of Panama, was closed as absolutely as laws and the fear of punishment could close them to trans-oceanic commerce, and ports on the Atlantic were even closed to coasting vessels. If a merchant of Buenos Aires, for example, wanted goods from Spain, they must be shipped to Nombre de Dios, packed by mules across the Isthmus, taken in coasting vessels to Callao, carried up the rocky passes of the Andes, and across the plateau of Bolivia, and finally conveyed over the Argentine plain to the estuary of the Plata. The merchants who took the cheaper way of trading wool, hides and other products for goods carried by British and Dutch vessels, engaged in the smuggling trade, did so in peril of their lives and the forfeiture of their property.

That this repressive policy was endured by the colonies for more than two centuries is one of the wonders of history. It indicates how amazing must have been the patience of the colonists, or how overwhelming must have been the power of the Crown.

In Argentina, which suffered the worst from Spain's colonial policy and the rapacity of Cadiz monopolists to whom the Crown farmed out the traffic of the New World, a special cause for revolt was supplied by the British invasion of 1806. The Napoleonic wars, when the great Corsican threatened to permanently close the ports of the continent of Europe to British vessels, led the statesmen of England to seek new markets by the easy way of colonial expansion. Cape Colony was taken in 1805, and it was anticipated that Southern South America would fall as easy a prey. In 1806 a British fleet appeared in the Plata River, commanded by Admiral Popham, and troops led by General Beresford attempted to take Buenos Aires. The British were routed, and several flags taken by the Argentines on that occasion are proudly exhibited in Buenos Aires to this day. It is said that a few years ago Argentina offered, as an act of amity and courtesy, to return those flags to the British government. The curt and characteristic answer was returned (or at least so runs the tale) that when Great Britain wanted those flags she would take them!

Reinforcements arrived from England the next year, and Montevideo was taken. Then on July 5th, Buenos Aires was attacked. The invaders suc-

National Theatre, Guatemala.

ceeded in entering the city, and then found to their dismay that they could not get out again. The flat-roofed adobe houses gave the citizens vantage points, from which they could assail the British with little danger to themselves. After two days of fighting the invaders were so anxious to escape that they agreed to evacuate Montevideo also within two months, if permitted to withdraw their battered remnants from Buenos Aires.

Thus the Argentines learned their ability to take care of themselves, and the necessity of doing so. The Creoles in particular began to ask why the colonies should remain dependent upon the monarchy that afforded them no protection against foreign aggression, and that used its power only to oppress.

But the British invasion taught still another lesson. In the wake of the British warships followed a fleet of British merchantmen. For the first time in the history of any Spanish colony, Buenos Aires enjoyed free and unrestricted commerce with the world. It was a taste of liberty that could not be unproductive of results.

But the immediate occasion of the first irrevocable step that ultimately led to independence was the abdication of Charles IV of Spain, the expulsion and imprisonment in France of his son, Ferdinand VII, and the elevation by Napoleon of his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, to the throne of Castile and Leon. Provisional governments were formed in many cities of Spain to resist French aggression, and the junta of Seville claimed authority over the colonies. It was evident that the juntas of the mother country had all they could do, and more, to take care of themselves, and there was no conceivable advantage, either to the colonies or to the imperiled monarchy in this attempted usurpation of power by the junta of Seville, which had not the shadow of legal authority, and was brought into existence only by the exigencies of war. So, while the pro-Spanish party (then for the first time dominated the "Goths") favored recognition of the supremacy of the junta of Seville, the Creoles (or Argentines) refused to do so. On May 10, 1810, an armed assembly met in the plaza of Buenos Aires and named a *junta de gobierno,* which assumed authority over all the provinces of the viceroyalty. That date is now celebrated as the natal day of the Argentine nation, although at the time it was the intention of the colonists to take care of themselves during the incapacity of the monarchy, by preserving law

Monument to Garcia Granados, Guatemala.

and order, and resisting possible French aggression, rather than to strive for separation from Spain. The acts of the new government ran in the name of Ferdinand VII, King of Castile and Leon, and the word "independence" had not yet been whispered.

But the junta of Seville saw fit to regard the formation of a junta by the Argentines as treason, and war followed at once—the "Goths" resisting every move made by the Argentines. No formal declaration of independence was made until July 9, 1816, when a congress, assembled at Tucuman, took that action. Even then it was only a "bluff." Successive reverses had driven the Argentines to the last ditch. Ferdinand had been restored to the throne of his fathers, and ten thousand veterans of the peninsular wars, commanded by Marshall Morillo, Spain's greatest general, had arrived in Venezuela. Commissioners were sent to Madrid, authorized to agree to the submission of the colonists, if local self-government or representation in the Cortez were granted them. The commissioners were ordered from the capital, and told that no terms would be considered but unqualified submission. One party in Buenos Aires wanted a descendant of the Incas made Emperor of all South America. Another proposed to ask Great Britain to establish a protectorate; and still another wished to elect a prince of the Braganza dynasty (reigning in Brazil) to rule over another Portuguese Empire. The declaration of independence was adopted in the hope that it would either frighten the King and his advisors into a compromise with the colonies, or clear the way for negotiations with Great Britain or some other foreign power.

The little adobe building in Tucuman in which the declaration of independence was adopted is regarded as the cradle of Argentine liberties. A later president of the Republic, General Boca, had it enclosed in a larger structure of steel and concrete, that the "Independence Hall" of the nation, with its historic desk and other furniture, might be preserved from dilapidation and decay.

In January, 1817, General San Martin, who had been drilling and recruiting his army and accumulating munitions of war, all through the time when the various factions in Buenos Aires had been talking, started across the Andes. February 12th he defeated the Spanish army at Chacabuco. It was an easy victory, but Chacabuco proved to be one of the decisive battles of the war for the independence of Spain's colonies in the southern part of South America. The declaration of Tucuman ceased to be a mere verbal formula. Fourteen months later the independence of Chile was won, and that of Argentina confirmed, by the battle of Maipo, the hardest fought conflict of the wars waged by the colonies against Spain. One-fifth of San

Martin's army were killed or wounded, but of five thousand royalists only eight hundred escaped capture, death or injury. Chileans celebrate September 18th as the natal day of the nation because it was on that date, in 1810, that the *junta de gobierno* of Santiago was formed. The formal declaration of Chilean independence was made on January 20, 1818, by Ambrose O'Higgins, the Irish-Argentine adventurer, who had been made dictator at San Martin's suggestion.

While San Martin was thus leading Spain's southern colonies towards the goal of independence, Simon Bolivar was not less active in the north. The same causes (with the exception of the British invasion) that led to the formation of the junta at Buenos Aires, led to similar action in the principal northern cities, at almost the same time. In 1808, French commissioners arrived in Caracas with the news of the downfall of the Spanish monarchy, and with power to receive the allegiance of the colonists for Joseph Bonaparte. The French overtures were received coldly, and for a time a grudging recognition of the authority of the junta at Seville was given. In April, 1810, word was received that the armies of Napoleon had overrun nearly all of Spain, and the decision was reached that the colonies must shift for themselves. On April 19, 1810, the junta of Caracas was formed. Venezuela was the first of the South American colonies to make a formal declaration of independence, taking that action July 5, 1811. The anniversary of that date is celebrated as the nation's birthday.

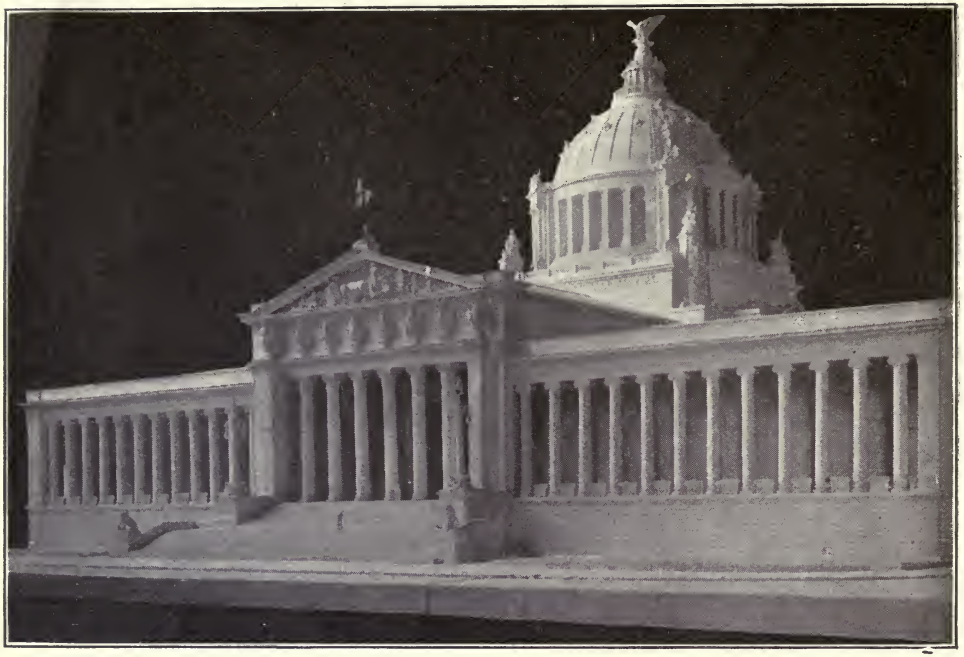
In New Granada (now Colombia) independent juntas were formed at Cartagena, May 22d; at Pamplona, July 4th; and at Bogota, July 20, 1810. Ecuador celebrated the centenary of its struggle for liberty four years ago, commemorating the appointment of a revolutionary junta, August 10, 1809. However, the movement was premature, and was quickly suppressed.

Peru was the chief stronghold of Spain's military power in America, so

Monument to Christopher Columbus, Guatemala.

that the outbreak of the revolution was there longer deferred than in the colonies that were not overawed by the presence of an efficient army. The first blow was struck by Mateo Garcia Pumicagua, at Cuzco, August 3, 1814; but his army was soon defeated, and he was captured and executed.

Of Bolivar's headlong campaigns, sometimes crowned with brilliant successes, and sometimes ended by reverses that would have crushed almost any one else, very little can here be said. He first gained the confidence of the patriots in 1813, when, in the service of the junta of Cartagena, with a mere handful of raw troops, he drove the Spaniards from the valley of the Lower Magdalena River, and captured the city of Ocana. He was then given command of a larger force, and in a



Facade of the Legislative Hall, Mexico.

brief and remarkable campaign defeated and dispersed the opposing army and conquered Western Venezuela.

Yet in little more than a year Bolivar had lost every advantage thus gained, and was driven back to New Granada. A little later he was a refugee in Jamacia.

In April, 1815, Marshall Morillo arrived on the Venezuelan coast, with more than 10,000 seasoned Spanish veterans. He besieged and took Cartagena, the strongest fortress in America; and before long the revolution in the north appeared to be irretrievably crushed, only the fierce Llaneros of the Orinoco plains maintaining the fight for liberty.

Bolivar returned to Venezuelan soil in December, 1816. In spite of his failures, his prestige was greater than that of any of his rivals, and the revolutionary party was glad of his leadership. He got together a fleet of river craft to operate on the vast system of inland waterways, and soon controlled much of the interior country. Yet in every battle his troops were defeated, and bitter experience proved to him that the native soldiers could not stand against the Spanish regulars. So he raised money and hired British and Irish mercenaries. It was these, and not the Spanish-Americans, who achieved the independence of the northern colonies.

In 1819, with 2,000 soldiers and 500 mercenaries, he accomplished his remarkable march across the flooded plains of the Orinoco and its tributaries, and over the difficult Paya Pass of the Andes—an exploit that has often been compared to Hannibal's or Napoleon's passage of the Alps. August 7, 1819, he defeated the Royalists at Boyaca, the most important battle of the war for independence that took place in the northern part of the continent. The Venezuelan Congress had just branded him a traitor, but the victory of Boyaca so changed the outlook that no one voiced a word of protest when he announced that Venezuela and New Granada were united in a single republic, to be known

Teatro Juarez, Guanajuato, Mexico, a place of many popular demonstrations.

as the United States of Colombia, with himself as president and military dictator.

The year 1820 passed in recruiting and refitting the armies, and in various political intrigues. About 1,200 more mercenaries arrived, and by 1821 Bolivar had 20,000 men in five armies. On June 23d he won the battle of Carabobo, and by the close of the year, so far as Venezuela and New Granada were concerned, the war was over. In May, 1822, General Sucre, at the battle of Pichincha destroyed the Spanish power in Ecuador.

In July, 1822, Bolivar and San Martin met at Guayaquil. It was San Martin's plan to unite the two armies, and with an overwhelming force crush the last remnants of the power of Spain. It is even said that he offered to serve under Bolivar in a purely subordinate capacity.

But Bolivar perceived a possible rival in the person of the great Argentine. He was unwilling that any one should share with him the credit for the final expulsion of Spain, and rejected all overtures. Rather than risk the development of friction that might ultimately result in hostilities between the two armies, San Martin resigned his command and went to Europe. His last years were spent in poverty and obscurity in Paris.

Bolivar's victory at Junin, August 6, 1824, compelled the Spaniards to retire from Cuzco. Then, December 9, 1824, Sucre won the crowning victory of the long war for independence, and Spain was banished from the South American continent.

For thirty years before the beginning of the war for independence, Upper Peru, now known as Bolivia, had been attached to Argentina, but prior to that it was a part of the Viceroyalty of Peru. Being on the great commercial highway between Lima and Buenos Aires, it was crossed and recrossed by hostile armies, and suffered more from the ravages of war than any other part of the continent. The first blood shed in the war was drawn in Charcas, and the last battle was that

Bird's-eye view of Guatemala.

of Ayacucho. The war being over, it was necessary to decide whether Upper Peru should remain a part of Argentina, or be again attached to Peru, or be made independent. Delegates from all parts of the country met in 1825, and on August 25th proclaimed independence. Bolivar was denominated the father of the country. It was named in his honor; a constitution written by him was adopted, and his friend and subordinate officer, General Sucre, was elected first president.

Paraguay has been, without injustice, denominated the plague spot of South America; and independence is there a boon of so doubtful value that its celebration is exceptional. The Paraguayans were not friendly towards the people of Buenos Aires. Hence, when Belgrano, the Argentine general, started forth to "liberate" Paraguay, in 1811, the populace of Asuncion refused to accept his good offices and administered a crushing defeat to his army. This freed Paraguay from further interference on the part of the Argentines, and larger affairs so occupied the Spaniards that they never molested the province. So, on June 11, 1811, Paraguay became an independent nation. Descriptions given by travelers of existing conditions, moral, political, social and industrial, are almost unbelievable; and it is evident that the greatest blessing that could befall the people would be the loss of the independence they are unfitted to enjoy. Doubtless the coun-

try will, sooner or later, be absorbed by either Brazil or Argentina, or divided between the two Powers.

Uruguay is interesting at the moment because President Batlle is trying out the most interesting experiment in State socialism that the ruler of any country has ever had the courage to inaugurate. The region known as the "Banda Oriental" was claimed by both Spain and Portugal, and its people had to fight the Indians, the British, the Spaniards, the Argentines and the Brazilians. From 1810 to 1825 the country was at times independent, at times occupied by Argentina, and at times held by Brazil. May 18, 1811, is considered the natal day of the republic, for the reason that on that day Jose Artigas, the "Founder of the Uruguayan Nation," crushed the Spanish army in the battle of Las Piedras. However, independence did not become a fact until, through British intervention, Brazil and Argentine guaranteed the integrity of the country in 1828.

The Napoleonic wars, which led to the independence of Spain's South American colonies, also, less directly, caused Portugal to lose Brazil. When the French invaded Portugal in 1807 the royal family sought an asylum in Brazil, which was the seat of the monarchy until in 1821, when King John VI returned to Lisbon. His son, Dom Pedro, remained in Brazil as regent.

Soon after King John's return to Portugal, the Cortez enacted repressive laws, designed to deprive the colonists of all the advantages they had gained during the residence of the royal family. Among these were decrees providing for Portuguese garrisons to be sent to the principal Brazilian cities, creating governors to supersede the councils that gave the cities local self-government, abolishing the courts of appeal at Rio, and requiring the prince regent to leave Brazil. Great excitement followed the receipt of this news in Brazil, and the people determined not to submit. Urged on by Jose Bonifacio de Andrada, the leading advocate of liberal ideas, Dom Pedro refused to obey the Cortez; and on September 7, 1822, the independence of Brazil was proclaimed. It remained an empire until November 5, 1889, when a provisional government was organized and the republic was born.

In Spain's South American colonies the war for independence started among the educated and well-to-do classes. In Mexico it had its beginning in the lower strata of society. September 15, 1810, just before midnight, Migual de Hidalgo y Costello, an aged priest of the village of Dolores, in the State of Guanajuato, proclaimed independence. His following was chiefly composed of Indians and peons, and he was neither a statesman nor a general. He was captured and executed, but another leader arose to take his place, and the movement he started was never permitted wholly to die out, until independence became a fact in 1821.

With discretion that seems surprising in view of their later history, the people of the Central American provinces made no move towards revolution until the independence of Mexico was assured. Then the provinces were declared independent in rapid succession—Guatemala, September 12th; Salvador, September 21st; Honduras, October 16th; Nicaragua, October 21st, and Costa Rica, October 27th, all in 1821.

Haiti's struggle against France for independence was begun by Toussaint L'Ouverture. He was captured by treachery, and carried off to die in a French prison. One of his lieutenants, Jean Jacques Dessalines, continued the war. With the help of a British squadron, he compelled the French army to surrender its arms and leave the island. Then he instigated a massacre of all the whites on the island, in which more than 2,500 persons were slain. January 1, 1804, he proclaimed the independence of Haiti, with himself as "Emperor" Jean Jacques I. He proved an insufferable tyrant, and was killed by two of his own officers. For forty years the fortunes of San Do-

mingo were involved with those of Haiti. Then, February 27, 1844, the independence of the Dominican republic was proclaimed.

Cuba's real natal day was April 19, 1898—the date of the joint resolution of the American Congress demanding that Spain relinquish its authority, and directing the President to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry the resolution into effect. At 12 o'clock noon, May 20, 1902, the American flag was lowered and that of Cuba raised, and the American troops began to embark for their departure from the island, and the republic of Cuba became a fact.

Youngest of the family of American nations is Panama. On account of the refusal of the Colombian government to ratify the treaty that had been negotiated to permit the construction of the Panama Canal, the municipal council of the city of Panama proclaimed the independence of the republic, November 3, 1903. Ten days later the United States recognized the sovereignty of the nation.

HOMESICK

I know out there the day is breaking on the hills,
And all the wide and waiting distance thrills
One hushed moment at the coming of the dawn.

I know the wine of morning that you quaff—
Prick of keen wind, sheen of sun on rock, the laugh
Of radiant day to joyous madness run.

I know out there the warm and flushing noons
Soothe the great land to languor till she swoons
To deep and sudden slumber 'neath the sun.

I know how the shy stars will light your way
To that high crest you seek at close of day;
I know how calm your slumber, as you lie
Under the vast white silence of the sky.

I know—and here where the great city wakes
From fretted sleep, and hideous clamor makes,
Where pinched walls herd the crowds that harried go,
I'm longing for the wide land that I know—
The land that holds just you, and God.

KATHERINE E. OLIVER.

Guide Higgins snapped by the kodak as he was descending a steep cliff to attach a rope to the body of a mountain goat which had been shot, and tumbled 250 feet below.

THE ROOF OF THE CONTINENT

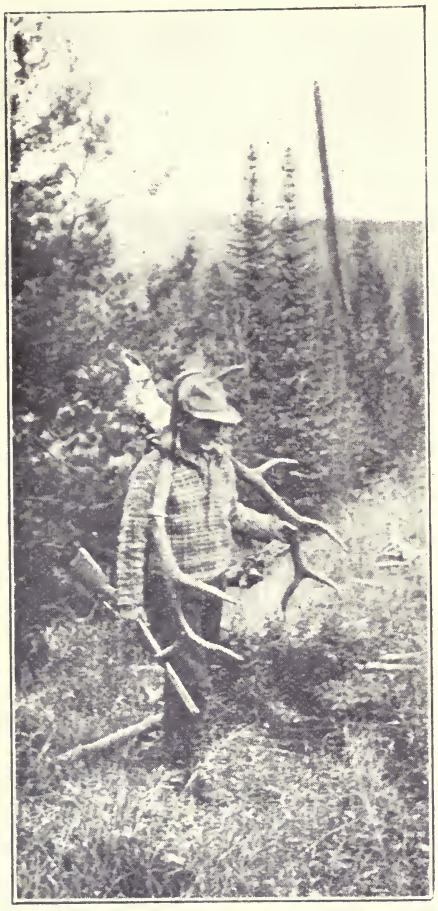
By F. S. Sanborn

Being a description of the healthiest and the greatest game preserve on the American Continent, with the Glacier National Park, in the heart of it, a strip of territory larger than the State of Rhode Island—an ideal outing region.

THE ROOF of the Continent gradually is establishing the reputation of being one of the earth's greatest sources of longevity, for wild animals as well as man.

There Wiley Wimpuss, an Indian, who now enjoys the distinction of being the world's oldest living human, was born. There, three years ago, Chief White-Calf, of the Piegan tribe, and a party of Indian hunters, slew two of the oldest grizzlies ever taken in the Rocky Mountains, the skins of these animals being larger than any from the biggest buffalo even old Wiley Wimpuss has recollection of, and he, still living, now is 131 years of age.

The latest evidence that the Foun-



Guide Higgins showing the horns of a mammoth elk killed in the Glacier National Park Country.

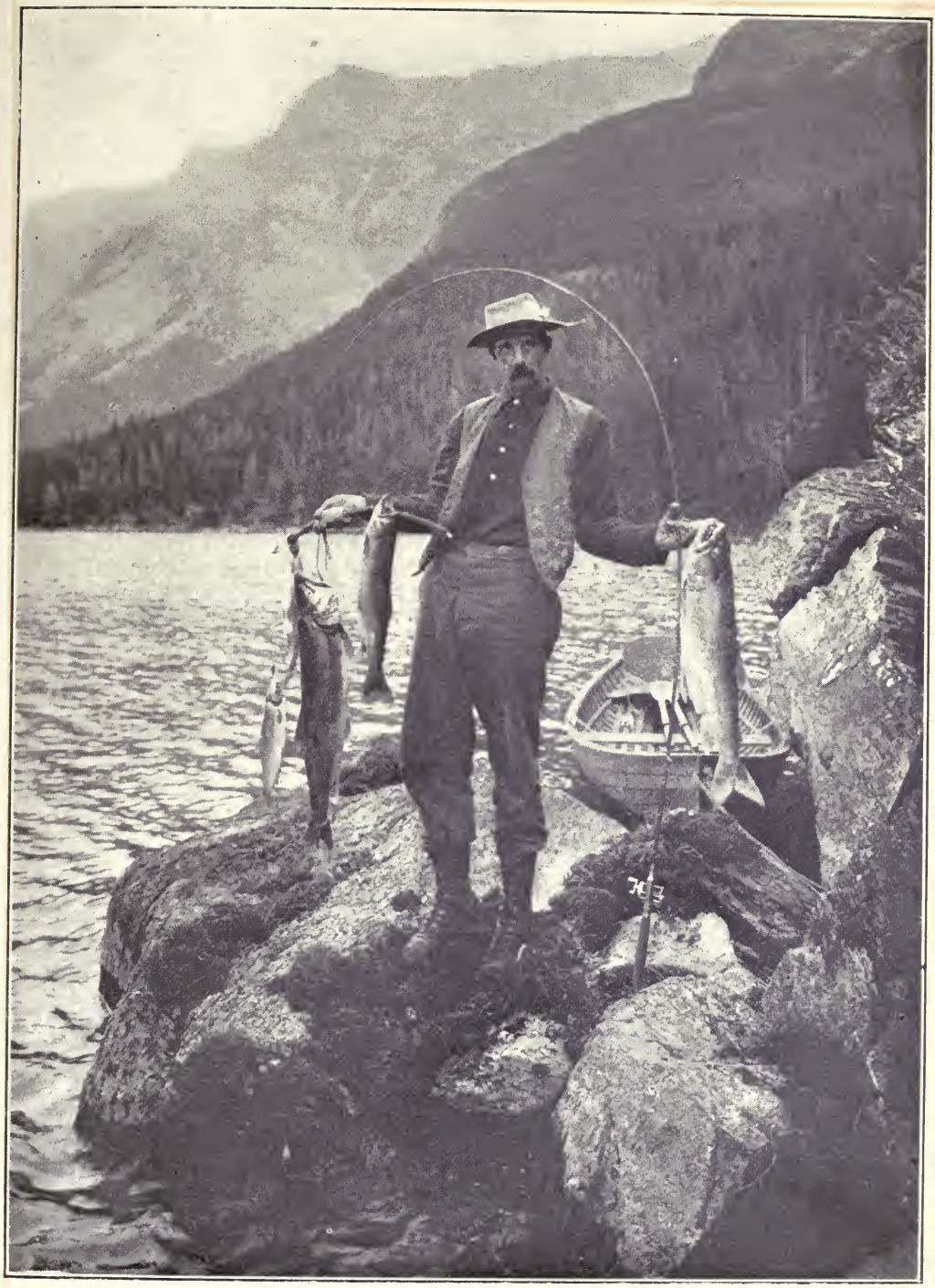
tain of Youth must flow from the Roof of the Continent comes in the presentation to the outside world by a deer-hunting party of what probably are the horns from the oldest elk of which there is any history. These horns have a spread of 56 inches. Frank Higgins, mountaineer, who guided the New York party which bagged this monster elk, says it is by all odds the largest of this species he ever saw. "I could not begin to estimate the age of this animal," he said, "but I'll venture to say that he could shed some light upon some ancient Indian hunting history, for he came down out of the same country that for ages was the great hunting grounds of the Piegan or Blackfeet Indians.

"I think the greatest elk range on this continent, or in the world for that matter, is at the head of Two Medicine Lake country—Dawson Pass and Mud Creek and Nyack Creeks. Mountain goat also are found there in abundance on the high ranges, and sheep are plentiful on the eastern slope of the main range of the Rockies—the backbone of the continent. There, protected as they are within the Park boundaries, they live in absolute contentment during the summer months, and naturally they wander down upon the lower levels to feed when winter comes on. I wouldn't hesitate to guarantee 'the limit' even to the tenderfoot who never saw a wild animal in its native environment, provided, of course, he has the physical endurance to withstand the rigor of outdoor life which is necessary to take him to haunts of these species of game. Give me time, and I'd even agree to take an invalid on the hunt, for in two weeks the bracing air of this region would fit even the broken down city man for the chase."

Reverting to the more serious aspect of this remarkable locality, scientists, whose attention has been drawn to it, declare that it must be the aerated glacier waters that flow from the "heaven-peaks" that invigorates man and beast with the powers of longevity. There is nothing else about the country that could do this, they say, save the rejuvenating influence of the crystal waters—unless it would be the bracing atmosphere acts as a strong contributing force.

One of the greatest natural game preserves upon the North American Continent was created when Congress, in 1910, set aside as Glacier National Park, a strip of the northwest corner of Montana somewhat larger than the State of Rhode Island.

Within these mountain fastnesses goat, big horn sheep, deer, elk, moose, lion, grizzly, brown and black bear, and an almost endless variety of



A "fry pan" catch taken from St. Mary's Lake.

A mountain goat killed by the Higgins party.

smaller animals are multiplying so rapidly under the protective wing of the Federal law that in late fall, just before the wintry blasts blow the game down from the mountain-sides, hunters go forth along the boundaries of the new national park and find big game in plenty, as it leaves the higher levels to browse in the valleys.

This winter, hundreds of deer have appeared in the valleys along the western slope of the Continental Divide, just outside the park breeding grounds. Old hunters explain the great exodus from Uncle Sam's newest playground by the fact that the animals have not been disturbed during the last three years, and now are venturing in the open country to get more and better food, instinctively feeling that there is safety even there.

During the late season, Frank Higgins and his party of hunters from the East, while in the Flathead River country, killed the monster elk referred to in the foregoing. This party which started from Columbia Falls, Mont., was gone five weeks, and it returned with a six-horse pack train loaded to the State game law limit, with choice specimens of mountain goat and sheep heads, besides one grizzly bear, two black bear skins, the horns of the monster elk and carcasses and heads of five beautiful specimens of the black tail deer.

The unusually large number of this species of deer that is coming out of the park this season is a source of much delight to the hunters who were strung along the park-preserve boundaries.

Besides the big game taken, this particular party reported extraordinary catches of Dolly Varden trout in the north fork of the Flathead, Bowman and other lakes upon the shores of which camps were pitched. The fishing, which was begun by the guide himself, merely for the camp frying-pan, became so furious that the other members of the party "hopped to it," improvising tackle for the occasion. They whipped the streams and lakes just for the sport of the prodigious catches which the virgin waters afforded, throwing back all that were not needed to appease fickle appetites which had grown tired of venison and bear meat after three weeks in the mountains.

Inside the park proper, probably is the greatest trout fishing in the world. Experts who feel qualified to make comparisons say so at least. But, within the boundaries of Glacier Park the United States government limits the daily catch to twenty-five fish for each fisherman. This probably is a proper precaution, fishermen declare, since the park now is open to a great stream of tourists each summer—last year's attendance exceeding by two hundred per cent the attendance at some of the oldest national parks in the country. And this, in the second year of its existence, is an indication

Wiley Wampuss, 131 years old, an Indian living on the roof of the Continent, and said to be the oldest inhabitant of this country.

of the early popularity of Uncle Sam's newest national park.

Until last year the only possible way to get into this new national park was by pony. Last year, Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railway, built thirty-two miles of automobile scenic highway, linking St. Mary's Lake direct with Glacier Park Station, Montana, the eastern gateway to the park.

This opened the way for the big tide of "See America First" tourists. The new scenic highway meanders around the foothills of the big range, and through ten miles of pine forest in the country of the Blackfeet Indians, to which is attached volumes of legendary tales that are highly interesting to the tourists.

This automobile highway is part of the great development work of Mr. Hill who, at its beginning, has built the most unique $150,000 log hotel in the world—Glacier Park Hotel. This hostelry, from which the highway leads to the picturesque Swiss chalet camps at Two Medicine Lake, Cut Bank and St. Mary's Lake, and McDermott, is built of huge cedar and fir logs. Some of the pillars are six feet in diameter and 100 feet long.

A strange sequence to this artistic development of Uncle Sam's new Park in the Rockies is that it has been a magnetic factor in cementing the ties of friendship between the Indian and the "pale face." The Piegan or Blackfeet Indians were naturally a savage, fighting race in the old days. The Crow Tribe can testify to this. But since the automobile has replaced the stage coach in the Park, the Indian has gone forth over the trails seeking to clasp the hands of the visiting whites instead of to hunt the wild animals of the mountains, as he used to. What is most amazing is that the novelty of the transformation has brought to the faces of the Indians the smile that won't come off. They delight in establishing their tepee cities upon the reservation and commingling with the tourists, exchanging words of welcome through interpreters. Some of the Indians have even become licensed guides, and escort tourist parties through the park in the summer, telling them stories of the marvelous game region in the hope of getting the real hunters to visit their country in the fall of the year to go upon big game hunting expeditions. The older members of the Blackfeet tribe relate some wonderful hunting tales of the buffalo chase in the Glacier Park country. The Piegans, who were probably among the greatest buffalo hunters of the entire Indian race, always lived in that region because it was there the mammoth herds of buffalo used to seek shelter, and feed in the winter months. These old Indians even to this day point out passes in the mountains which formed natural runways through which the hunters used to drive their prey by the hundreds, until the frenzied animals would crowd themselves over the cliffs to their death. Then the Indians would reap their harvest of winter meat and skins for clothing and tepees to house them.

So it is readily seen that the 1,400 square miles which Uncle Sam transformed into Glacier National Park was from time immemorial probably the greatest game preserve upon the face of the globe.

The buffalo, or grass dance, is to this day one of the most sacred parts of the Piegans' religious ceremony, and they delight in going through it for the tourists who come to the park. The significance of this dance is that the Piegan Indian, who depends almost entirely upon the buffalo for his winter meat and skins with which to make his shelter, every spring and many times during the summer months (if the season threatened to be dry) would give the grass dance to the gods so that the gods would recognize them and send plenty of rain to make a good grass crop, and thus furnish good feed for the buffalo to graze on.

FLASHLIGHTS IN AN ASIATIC STEERAGE

By Lewis R. Freeman

Photographs Specially Taken by the Author

THE PROFITS in trans-oceanic steamer business, if profits there are, are derived principally from freight. A bale of silk or a mat of rice lies where it is put for the whole voyage, and requires no food or attention. Passengers, with staterooms, dining saloons, social halls, smoking rooms, broad promenades and the like, require so much of the limited space of a steamer that it is usually impossible to charge a fare that will make the carrying of them commercially profitable. There is less loss on second class passengers than on first, and, when the travel is heavy, third class or steerage passengers are often carried at a profit. This is because one of the latter, while he may pay but a third or a quarter of the fare of a first class passenger, does not occupy more than from a tenth to a fiftieth of the room necessary for the former. In other words, the nearer a passenger can be reduced to the condition of freight, the less room he can be restricted to for eating, sleeping and getting fresh air, the more chance there is of his being profitable.

This fact is so generally recognized among transportation people that when several years ago an American paper published as a joke a report that a clever Yankee had devised a plan for administering a special anesthetic to prospective steerage passengers, and bring them to the United States in coffin-like boxes stowed in ventilated holds, an Italian steamship company wrote to ask the editor for the address of the inventor, and his, the editor's, opinion as to whether or not the Washington government would permit the scheme to go into operation.

The trans-Pacific steerage traffic is undoubtedly very profitable, for not only is the travel very heavy, but the passengers are there reduced nearer to the "freight ideal" than on any other run whatever. If the main route of travel was in the Tropics, or if the passengers thus carried were not exclusively Asiatics, the conditions that prevail would be absolutely insufferable; with the run for the most part in the temperate latitudes, and with all of the passengers habituated to close and stuffy quarters in their own country, the provisions made in the steerages of all the trans-Pacific steamers may be characterized as "adequate."

The character of the Asiatic steerage travel across the Pacific has undergone considerable change in the last three decades. Up to the time of the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Act in America it was made up almost entirely of natives of the Flowery Kingdom. During the following ten years the movement of Japanese to the Pacific Coast and Hawaii increased until those of that nationality regularly exceeded the bookings of Chinese in both directions. Since the rush of Sikhs to the Pacific Slope and the restriction of the Japanese tide which

came a year or so later, East Indians have often outnumbered Mongolians on the America-bound steamers.

The victualing and sleeping of these diverse and often antagonistic races in the restricted 'tween-decks space of a steamer is by no means a simple undertaking, and the fact that it has been carried on through so many years with so little trouble is highly creditable to the various steamship companies engaged in the business. Rice is the staple food, but the Japanese must have their rice cooked one way, the Chinese another, while the Sikhs must have a portion of the galley turned over to them in which to cook their own rice. A special water butt must also be set aside for the exclusive use of the latter—one of their number is usually told off to stand guard over it and see that no Chinese nor Japanese drink from it—but even amongst themselves differences often arise over caste infringements.

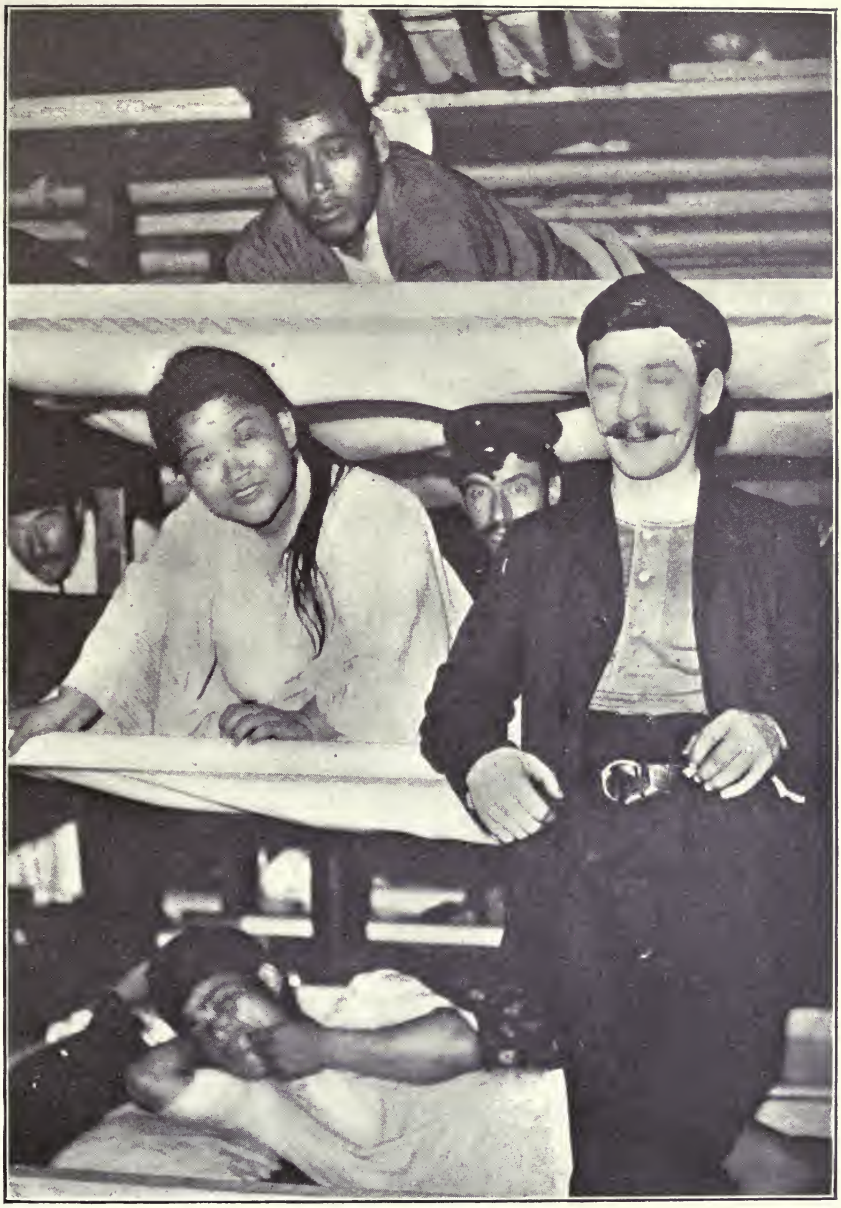
The sleeping quarters—there are no eating quarters—usually take up the whole length of the lower deck. The bunks—"knock-down" frames of galvanized iron—are three or four tiers high, allowing only sufficient room for the sleepers to crawl in and lie down. A separate room is provided for Chinese women; those of the Sikhs and Japanese bunk indiscriminately among the men. As a rule the different nationalities, while bunked together as far as possible, are not separated from each other by partitions. In former times the principal troubles were in the form of Chinese gambling fights; more recently some infringement of Sikh caste—either by Mongolians or one of themselves—is the most fruitful cause of disturbance.

For amusement the Chinese always fall back upon "fan-tan" or "hi-low," the gaming often going on to the accompaniment of a one-stringed fiddle and a squeaking song. The Japanese play cards—as often for fun as for money—while the Sikhs, on rare occasions, relax their dignity to the extent of forming a circle on the moonlit poop and indulging in an hour of song and dance, a rather barbaric performance.

On my last westward voyage across the Pacific, in emulation of the first class passengers, the Asiatic steerage arranged an afternoon of sports. The only event which I chanced to see was an international tug-of-war between the Japanese and the Sikhs, in which the latter, in spite of the fact that they had been refused admission by the San Francisco immigration authorities because they were affected with "hook worm," won out handily.

Photographing in the Asiatic steerage is beset with many difficulties. On deck, even if the prospective subjects have no objection to being snapped, they are usually found congregated in the heavy shade of an awning, where nothing but a stiffly posed time exposure is possible. In the gloom between decks, photographs are only possible by flashlight, and there is a heavy fine for bringing flashlight materials aboard any vessel, to say nothing of using them. The flashlights which accompany this article I made while in absolute ignorance of the fact that the act was forbidden, and it is a significant commentary on the carelessness of the officers that I "operated" on three different steamers before I was called to account and informed of the law. The incident which led to my undoing may be worth setting down as a warning to those amateurs who may feel tempted to try and perpetuate some of the weird and fascinating sights chanced upon in the hidden corners of the Asiatic steerage of their trans-Pacific steamer:

Shortly before the S. S. M——was to sail from Hongkong for Manila last February, the British officers became suspicious that a large amount of opium was concealed on her, and decided to make a search on the off-chance. A friend of mine in the service asked me to go off to the ship with them, and I was a party to a couple of hours of useless rummaging, which revealed nothing but amused smiles on the faces of the Chinese stewards and lowering scowls on the



American customs officers searching the steerage of the S. S. Asiatic for opium.

sinister countenances of some of the stokers, whose quarters were turned upside down to no purpose.

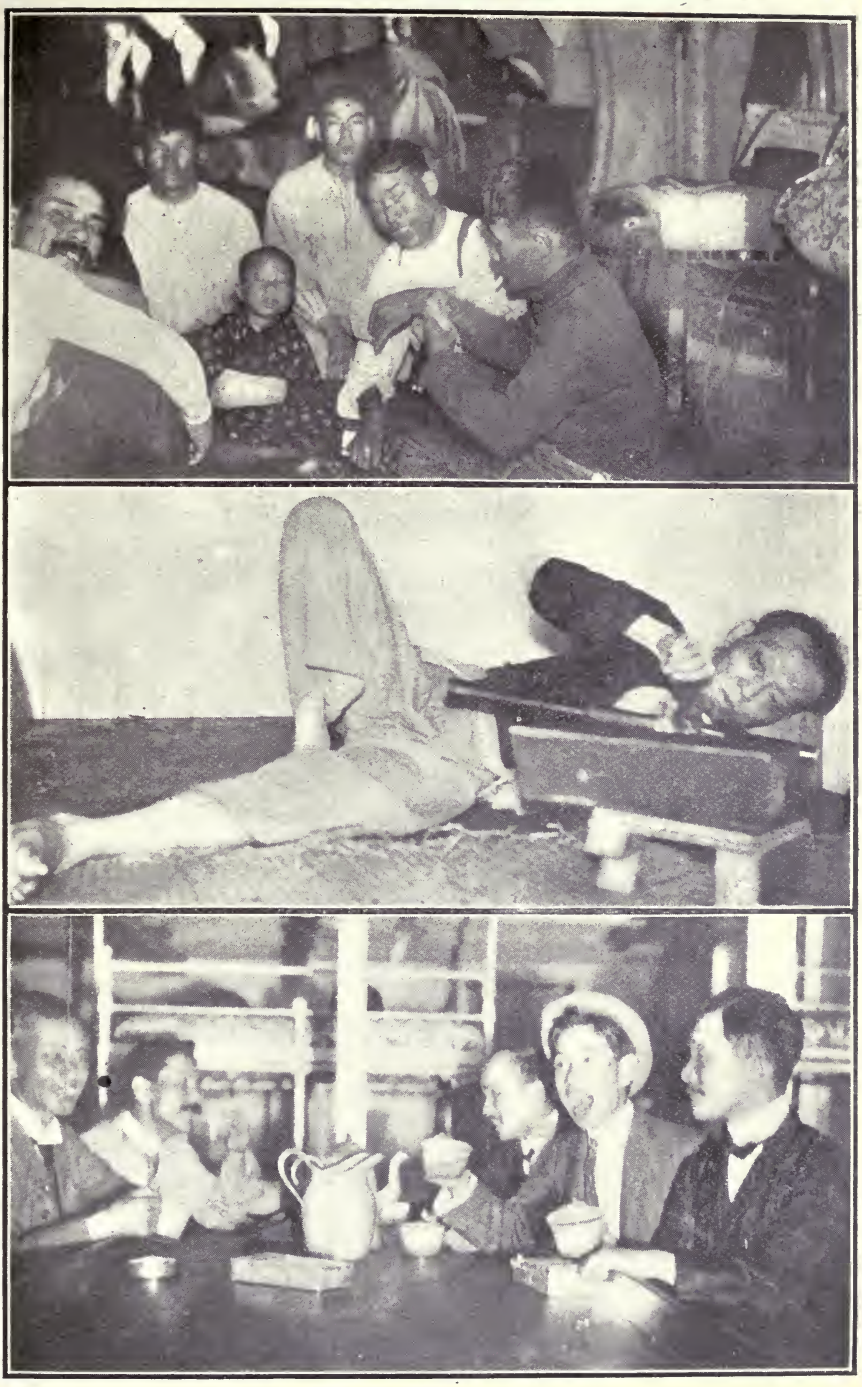
A couple of days later I sailed for Manila on the M——, and to while away the tedium of the voyage, took my camera and flashlight materials and invaded the Asiatic steerage. After making several exposures among the bunks and one on a dignified old Chinese merchant who, it chanced, was arrested two days later in Manila in connection with the discovery of $10,000 worth of opium stowed away in the boxed-in supports of a shipment of very heavy machinery, I invaded the stokers' quarters. Here I was at once recognized as a member of the searching party of a couple of days previous, and was greeted so menacingly that I was glad indeed to slip back through the grated door by which I had entered and head for the main-deck companionway. Evidently I was looked upon as a customs officer using flashlight and camera in an endeavor to get some tangible evidence against the suspected smugglers. Quite naturally, none of them wanted to be photographed, for if a stoker is not smuggling opium to-day he is pretty sure to be incubating plans for doing so on the morrow.

If I had adhered to my original intention and gone back on deck, in spite of the truculent attitude of the stokers, several of whom followed to the door and stood glowering after my retreating form, there would have been no trouble. But it chanced that my unlucky star, just before I reached the after companionway, impelled me to take a peep into the "Opium Den," to find it fully occupied. "What a chance for a flashlight!" I thought, and forthwith stepped over the high sill into the murky depths.

The room, barely redeemed from total darkness by the weak rays that filtered through a heavily begrimed electric light globe in the ceiling, was of about eight by ten feet in dimensions; on three sides of it, three deep, were tiers of bunks. On each of these, lying on a strip of dirty matting, thrown over the loose board bottom, was a prostrate figure barely distinguishable in the murky light.

As my eyes accustomed themselves to the dim light, I noted that most of the occupants of the bunks were hunched up together and seemed sleeping heavily. Two or three eyed me glassily and stupidly, and only one showed signs of activity or intelligence. The latter, a lanky Celestial, yellow as old ivory, had evidently just settled himself to smoke. He let his eyes rove over me for a moment in an amazed sort of way, but gave no other sign of displeasure. His lamp simmered beside him on the bunk, and he was engaged in cleaning out what must have been his first or second pipe. I was sure that he had had at least one pipe from the fact that he was not actively hostile, and not more than two from his movements, and the fact that his eyes still had the light of intelligence, and seemed to focus without difficulty. I had previously spent several evenings with a missionary doctor in one of the Canton "Opium Refuges," and was therefore familiar with some of the symptomatic signals of the smoker's progress to dreamland.

I heard a babel of jabbering from the stokers' quarters, and knew it was a foolish thing to attempt—but I was filled with a great desire for a flashlight of that half-gone smoker, and, against my better judgment, started setting up the camera in the far corner, the distance being just about sufficient, I judged—there was no chance to use the finder, of course—to get the full length of the subject within the fairly wide angle of my lens. There was a mutter of angry protest from a group of half-naked loungers—evidently prospective smokers awaiting their turn at the room—about the door, and I was dimly aware, as I trued up the tripod and screwed the camera into place, that some of them had scuffled forward, probably to spread the news of what was going on. My subject's eyes rested on me in a sort of mild reproof every now and then, but for the most part his attention was



1. Japanese playing cards on shipboard. 2. Opium smoker cleaning a pipe. The flashlight which caused the trouble. 3. "Returning" Japanese students in the "intermediate" steerage.

One of the beauties of the steerage.

focused on the all-important pipe-cleaning operation.

From amidships the clang of banging iron doors and the noisy jabbering of shrill voices came more insistently. Down the vista of a long passage-way the tail of my eye caught vague glimpses for a short time of half-clothed figures dropping from the bunks, but before the flashlight was ready the outside view was blotted by the throng about the door. The latter, for the most part, appeared to be made up merely of passively curious steerage passengers crowding in for a "look-see," but just as I touched a hastily scratched match to the corner of the sheet of calcium—it was impaled on my knife-blade for want of any other way of holding it—I was aware of a wedge of yellow shoulders and waving arms forcing its way through the throng, and turned to confront my sinister friends from the stoke hold, a dozen or more strong.

The flash exploded with a sharp "whouf," and the white smoke cloud welled up against the ceiling and went pouring out of the door. A wild yell answered from the passage, and I

Japanese doctor inspecting returning immigrants at Yokohama.

Three Sikhs being returned to India because of "hookworm."

closed the shutter just as I saw a pair of yellow arms and shoulders come diving through the smoke at the tripod. The last thing which focused itself upon my retina as I went down before the rush was the imperturbable smoker industriously scratching away at his pipe bowl and smiling in contemplative ecstasy, and I distinctly recall a flash of wonder at his impassivity in the face of imminent murder. The miraculously preserved photo doesn't seem to show the smile, and it may be that it was a figment of my imagination; but at any rate, in comparison with the consternation my own visage must have registered, even the sober-jowled physiognomy in the picture might be considered as expanding in a broad grin.

Any one who has attempted much picture-taking in crowds, and especially in crowds of an unsympathetic or hostile character, learns to turn to his camera at the first alarm, as a mother to her babe. The tripod of mine was collapsing in the clutch of the foremost representative of the "Yellow Peril," even as I laid hold of it, but the head of the stand tore loose easily and the camera went down clutched to my breast, repaying my solicitude with a sharp dig in the ribs as we were crowded into the angle of the bunks together. The turn-down front snapped loose, and the long extension bellows flapped free as I extricated the wreckage and tossed it into the farthest corner of a bunk, behind an uneasily stirring sleeper's head. The old wooden tripod was quickly reduced to match sticks.

There seemed to be nothing personal about the attack; it was only that the stokers—and apparently most of the Asiatic steerage—all came into the little room at once and sought to destroy the offending camera. A half

dozen of them could have had it out and smashed to bits in a twinkling, but the half hundred or so found the same difficulty which they used to say handicapped the mosquitoes in Alaska—they got in each other's way.

For a minute I laid on my back and kicked out vigorously, experiencing for the first time since my football days the delectable sensation which accompanies the planting of a sharp-shod heel in the soft flesh of a fellow-being. Then the fight for air became more pressing than the fight for the camera, and I went under one of the lower bunks in a search for unused oxygen. This move gave some of the intruders the idea that the camera was occupying the same hiding place, and forthwith they all started swarming under after it. How many of them got there I should hardly dare to say, but the place was becoming something more than uncomfortably cramped when the ring of bellowed orders cut in through the shriller yapping of the Chinese, and there seemed to be something of a scattering of the throng about the door.

What was that I heard? "Fire hose —hot water hydrant—step lively—trying to kill a passenger."

That certainly was something of a joke about killing a passenger. Asphyxiation would supervene quickly enough if the crush wasn't relieved, but that was only incidental to the attack on the camera. I didn't want to do them the injustice of imputing a desire to annihilate anything but the obnoxious machine, but—how slow that schooling stream of scalding water was in coming! Ah, there it was! "Whish! Bang!" It was beating about the door while the crowd scattered with yells of terror. "Whish! Whouf!" It flashed back and forth across the opening two or three times, and then centered in a hissing stream upon the heaving mass within.

"Give 'em hell! Roast 'em alive!" bellowed the directing voice. "Catch 'em while they're all together!"

Heavens! Did they think that the passenger was killed already that they should turn that scalding jet of hot water in upon him? The Celestials, shielding their heads under their arms, were bolting one after another, and as the jam thinned, I began to get the spray from the hissing stream. Then two of them, yelling like Indians, ran the gauntlet together, and before I could shift my position the shaft of water, hard and unbroken, was boring into my protesting anatomy. A fire hose stream at twenty feet would have been bad enough if the water had been cold, but scalding steam, fresh from the boilers—how was it possible for flesh and blood to stand it?

It is a well established scientific fact that a blindfolded man cannot tell the difference between the touch of an icicle and a red hot iron, and to all intents and purposes I was as good as blindfolded. For several long seconds I suffered all the torments of the toasting sinner in Hades before I realized that the floor had been awash for five minutes with cold salt water, the same that, at about half pressure, was being played upon me now. I took the door like a bull at a gate, and had the doubtful satisfaction of bowling over the quartermaster at the nozzle, and deflecting the stream for an instant into the immaculate ranks of a bevy of my fellow passengers who had been enjoying the fun from a supposedly safe vantage point.

"We switched her onto the cold as soon as we saw how peacefully inclined the mob was," explained the mate in answer to my query regarding the mild nature of the stream from the fire hose; "and we cut down the pressure as soon as we had 'em on the run. Nearly knocked the blocks off the first two or three chinks when we had her on the full. Oh, you haven't any kick coming" (answering my indignant protest regarding my "unfortunate predicament" being played up for the amusement of the passengers) "serves you right for trying to burn up the ship. Which reminds me that the 'Old Man' is probably waiting for you in his cabin with a copy of the law regarding the bringing of 'combust-

A rich Chinese merchant in the "intermediate" steerage.

ibles and inflammables' aboard ship. I'm afraid your trouble has only just begun, young man."

Ignorance of the law is no palliative under ordinary circumstances; but I was so extremely ignorant, and the circumstances were so very extraordinary that the captain, after pledging me never to repeat the offense on any ship whatever, and extorting a set of flash-lights from me as "hush money," promised to lodge no complaint when we reached port. One of us at least has attempted to stick to the agreement so far.

The flashlights turned out beyond all hopes. That the first ones should have been good was to be expected; but that anything was left of the camera and the film it contained at the end of the Opium Den melee, seems inconceivable. The machine, however, hardly dampened by salt water, was found with one of the still sleeping smokers curled obligingly around it, and the fact that the shutter was closed, the box unbroken and the bellows, though twisted and crushed, unpunctured, was responsible for a clear if not artistic negative being preserved as a memento of the queer little mix-up.

THE GUARDIAN

Youth journeyed through the lighted world, and saw
Its brilliance, its dark shadows, and its law,
And gaudy curtains open wide did draw.
And Life was Joy.

Soon came he to a place where two grey eyes
'Mid blushes met his own. The youth with sighs
Heard his companion whisper of the prize.
And Life was Love.

He tarried; and the days sang in their flight.
But sickness entered. And the stars one night
Gathered the two grey eyes to be their light.
And Life was Grief.

Forth went the man, his manhood dearly bought,
And on a mountain's side deliverance sought.
But Life drew close, and held him while he thought.
And Life was Hope.

C. L. Saxby.

MADAME

By Marian Taylor

MADAME JEFFROY looked very lovely as she sat in the luxurious Palm Garden of the Palace Hotel. It formed a brilliant setting for her slender, almost girlish figure, rich golden hair and exquisite complexion. The red velvet of the chair in which she reclined so intensified her fairness that more than one passer-by thought she resembled a beautiful lily.

Seated opposite to her was a man of massive proportions; not exactly a young man, but one magnificent in his prime. An iron jaw would have made his face too dominating, but for sensitive nostrils and a quizzical look in the kindly steel gray eyes. He was scarcely a gentleman born and bred, and yet John McNeill claimed the attention of every one he met, not because he had wrested from Dame Fortune a clear million of dollars, but on account of the gripping power of his personality.

It all seemed very unreal to him, somehow. Her presence with him there and the fact that she was so soon to be his wife!

"Lucie!" It was only a whispered word, but as she lifted her eyes to his face he flushed to the very roots of his hair, and trembled with emotion, for he saw adoration in their depths.

"John, we must be going, or we will be late." With hands that lingered lovingly at their task, he drew her silken wrap around her and led her to the waiting automobile. Soon they were in the Van Ness Theatre, with the rest of fashionable San Francisco, listening to the annual concert of the Bohemian Club.

Never in their lives had music affected them like this presentation of "The Cave Man." Madame had been surfeited with everything in Paris; theatres and concerts had been part of her life there; things that had to be gone through with but seldom enjoyed. Now, however, Love had come to her at last, and with all its transforming power made the beauties of music and poetry living to her.

It seemed to her as though he and she stood alone in the universe primal man and maid, he compelling her by the sweet force of the male, she glorying in her subjection as the female.

To John McNeill, who had known the rugged side of life and but few of its luxuries till now, this experience stood forth in letters of fire. His little Scotch mother, away on the farm in Lake County, still thought of music as belonging to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and John smiled as he thought of her and wondered how she would like a lady from Paris as her daughter.

"The Dance of the Fireflies" thrilled his blood with the very joy of living. He would have laughed aloud had he dared.

"Lucie," he whispered, "that music is the spirit of incarnate youth. Oh, it speaks to you!" She shivered slightly, and had he noticed he would have seen how tightly her hands were interlocked.

Much disappointment had been expressed when it was announced that the great Eastern basso would not be able to sing, and "The Flint Song," by his substitute, was awaited with but languid interest.

"Oh, John!" Lucie could not help the exclamation as the splendid voice rang out. Breathlessly the great audience listened, and then the singer came into his own as the thunderous

applause swept the house off its feet.

"Youth again, dear heart! Why, I heard that he learned that wonderful song in a night. Never again must we say "A prophet is without honor in his own country.' "

"John, those that think you hard in business and call you 'Flint McNeill' should see you now: they would have to acknowledge that flint produces fire, for you are fairly glowing."

But it was the passionate love duet of the cave man and maid that thrilled them to a white heat of emotion, an emotion so intense that it hurt.

When it was over, he said: "Lucie, let us not go to Europe for our honeymoon, but to the country, like 'The Virginian' and his bride. Let us bathe as did they in the flowing streams, and sleep under the stars of heaven. Let us drop all the artificialities of life, and get back to Nature."

Her face looked wan as she answered: "But, John, I am not sure that you would love me as a simple country maid, and oh, what if age should come upon me! Is it my youth and beauty that you love, or the personality of me, irrespective of anything else?"

He laughed like a boy, and in the speeding automobile kissed her into silence.

At last she spoke again: "Do not let us go to the hotel for dinner, but to a quaint little old-fashioned place that I know of, and be Bohemians ourselves just for to-night. You will forget that you are a Nevada millionaire, and I, that I am the young and beautiful Madame of Society."

"Yes, dear, and by the way, I forgot to tell you that I have to go to Nevada on special business, and must start in the morning."

"Then indeed 'we will eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' There, you see, I am quoting Scripture," she added, a feverish flush rising to her cheeks.

Never had he seen her so gay. He was enraptured with the sparkle of her eye, the ready wit of her nimble tongue.

"And while you are gone, I shall run up to a favorite spot of mine, and you will not see me till the day before our wedding."

"But you will give me your address, sweetheart?"

"Nay; send your letters to Tahoe Tavern, but I shall not stay there. I do not know myself where it will be. I only know that I want to lie and dream by day in an aspen glade that I once saw, the sweetest hiding place that mortal ever found. Now, sir, ask no more questions. Remember, I have not promised to obey you yet."

"Well, we can travel together anyway, militant lady, if you are going north, too."

"No, I am going alone, and after two weeks of keeping company with myself I will return and be your obedient wife for life. You know a wilful woman must have her way sometime or other, and better before marriage than after."

John left on the morning train rather puzzled by her mood, and touched to the heart by a sudden and unexpected fit of weeping at the end that left her all spent, and made him anxious about her. The brightness of her youth seemed quenched as she waved her last farewell to him, and he made a stern resolve that he would keep all sorrows from her in future.

Madame took the evening train on the same day so that she might sleep the journey away. After breakfast at the Tavern—where her lovely face and figure attracted much attention—satchel in hand she wended her way to Tahoe City, and then slowly began her search for a stopping place.

At last she found it. An ancient, dilapidated, but still picturesque house tumbling down, as it were, into the water. The garden surrounding it a veritable jumble of sweetness. Flowers rioting in a profusion of color as though trying to out-glory the Lake, which lay like a gigantic and splendid sapphire at the feet of the hoary-headed monarchs surrounding it.

She rang the bell, which emitted a wheezy sound as though asthma of long standing had robbed it of its

music. An old and very fat woman came to the door and blinked at her out of eyes of faded blue.

"A room! Oui—ze best I have. I am ze Senora Annette Mendoza, at your service. From La Belle France. Oui, Madame, but my husband, Juan Mendoza, he is from ze Spanish country. And you, Madame, are you not from La Belle France, too? Non! But ze clothes are from Paris? Yes, I thought so."

Throwing open the door of her best room she exclaimed with great pride: "Regardez, Madame!"

Anxious to get rid of the garrulous old woman with her broken English, Lucie answered quickly: "That will do nicely. I will pay you for two weeks in advance, and now leave me alone. I want to rest."

She felt strangely tired, now that her goal was reached. She might be recovering from sickness, so weak did she feel as her strained limbs began to relax.

Locking the door, she took off her dress, and slipped into a gossamer-like silken kimono she had brought with her. Then with great deliberation she washed the coloring off her cheeks and lips, the penciling off her eyebrows, and last of all took out the pins that held the lovely golden hair together. It slipped down the entire length of her to the floor, disclosing her own more scanty locks, streaked with gray, that had hitherto been covered. Her youth fell away like a garment. Instead of a woman of twenty-eight, one of forty-five stared at her from the mirror, and in her agony she tore her handkerchief to pieces.

" 'The simple life! Back to Nature!' "Oh, John, John!" she moaned, flinging herself on the bed, where she lay convulsed with suffering.

The hours passed. She knew not how many, but at last she was roused by the Senora's voice speaking through the key-hole:

"Madame, will she not take ze tea and toast?" Wearily, and with feet that dragged, Lucie went to the door and unlocked it.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! But ze beautiful hair, where ees it? Ah, ma chere! I see! You are old, too. That ees it. You are old, too," and laughter, hideous and discordant, seized the Senora Mendoza till she shook like a great jellyfish.

"Go;" shrieked Madame, and with frantic hands she pushed the old woman through the door.

Early next morning, before any one was astir, Lucie crept out to seek the shelter of the aspen glade. The fever of her body and soul craved the cool recesses of that blessed hiding place, where she would be free to fight her battle alone.

Stumbling along her way, she ran into a small Indian encampment where already the squaws were preparing breakfast. A papoose gurgled at the feet of its mother, and a sob broke from Lucie's lips, for had she not seen a little child once put its chubby arms around John's neck, and heard it lisp, "I love oo, I love oo!" And the holy look in his dear eyes had told her of his hope, some day, to thus hold a child of his own and hers in his longing arms, and now——

She found the aspen glade and penetrated to the very heart of it. Not today were the happy trees dancing in the sunshine as of yore. In the gray of the early morning light it seemed, to her fevered vision, that the poor, quivering things were suffering with her, and she felt that they were comrades, friends.

Her mind began to wander. She was a girl again, being dragged to the cheap watering places of Europe by her mother, and virtually held up for sale to the highest bidder.

Dieppe! She saw again the gleaming stretch of sand and the gay casino. She heard once more the harsh, grating voice of that wizened, wicked old man, Monsieur Jeffroy, owner of the big chateau on the cliff, to whom she was married at seventeen. Shudderingly she recalled the unspeakable degradation of the five years that followed, mercifully ended, however, by the sudden death of as vile a creature

as ever a poor, unsuspecting child had been bound to.

His last malignant act was to will everything away from her, and she was thrown penniless on the world. Then it was that, becoming hard and bitter, she had traded her youth and beauty for luxury, in a vain attempt to grasp something from life.

At last the unexpected happened. An uncle she had never known left her his fortune, and wearily she turned from France to America, leaving the old ways and the old loves as far behind as possible.

Then in the wonderful city of the West, lapped by the waters of the Pacific, she had met John, and he had taught her for the first time what love really meant. She knew that he believed in her with all the strength of his loyal nature, and that to him deceit was the one unpardonable sin.

"Keeping company with herself"—she shivered as she recalled her words to him—stripped bare of shams and hypocrisies, body and soul; seeing herself a whited sepulchre, she realized that her dream was over. Never could she marry him, nor he her, with the dead years lying between them, and bowing her face on her knees, she wept as one weeps for the lost.

* * * *

"I tell you it's true, Hal: I saw Madame Jeffroy in Paris ten years ago, and everybody said she was thirty-five then, though she looked very much younger. And yesterday when she passed through here, so marvelously does she fix herself up she actually did not look a day older than then."

"But, Gilbert, were the stories true about her?"

"Why, of course!! Her horses were among the finest ever seen in the Bois, and what made the men so wild after her was her air of utter indifference, a sort of remoteness that, in spite of her life, put her in a class by herself. It was said that an unfortunate marriage made her reckless, so perhaps Madame is to be more pitied than blamed, only I wonder if that Nevada chap knows it. American men are keen enough in business, but awful fools where women are concerned, I'm thinking."

The men sauntered on without noticing that John McNeill, who, standing near by, had heard their conversation. At first he had felt like fighting, and then he found himself listening in spite of himself. As they moved away, he laughed in scorn at the very absurdity of the thing. One glance at Lucie's pure, sweet face would forever dispel any such thoughts as these, and he was on his way to her now.

He had not been needed, after all, in Nevada, and what a delight it would be to come upon her—unawares, perhaps—and what joy to him to see the love-light flame in her eyes!

It was evening before he found her; not till then did he remember the aspen glade of her conversation. The house of the Senora Mendoza never once occurred to him as a place in which to find Lucie, and so he searched till he found the quivering trees of her fancy.

She did not hear him coming, so quietly did he tread, but she knew instinctively that he was there, and raised sombre eyes to his face from which all blood seemed stricken, and all expression obliterated. Only in his burning eyes was there sign of life. They, looking beyond the body, searched her soul relentlessly, and she faced the ordeal as one from whom all hope had fled.

Thus might two souls meet and look in hades, the anguish of unutterable woe upon them. Then he spoke: "Is it true?"

And she answered as briefly: "More than true!"

In the deathly silence that followed he thought of the little mother on the old farm and what she would say. He could see her hands raised in horror, and the blood of all his Scotch Covenanter ancestors seemed to rise in protest against the woman before him. She who had only the dead ashes of a sinful past to lay upon Love's altar, she who had stolen his heart by deceit.

He had meant to make up to her, as far as he could, for the sorrows of her

unhappy early marriage, but this——

She read the verdict in his eyes as they wandered over her haggard face and disheveled hair, and she bowed her head to the dust.

She never knew when he left her. She did not hear him go. Prone on the earth she lay, till ghostly gray mists crept up from the Lake and touched her with clammy fingers, and night came on stealthy foot to wrap his sable robe around her. The slender trees were writhing and twisting like lost souls in Purgatory, and only the stars, heaven's harbingers of hope to the weary, seemed at peace with the world.

And was this the end of things for her? Was there no ray of light for such as she? By a peculiar trick of memory, she thought of the great white cross that lies athwart the scarred side of Mount Tallac, and of all that the emblem stands for.

Never, even in the slightest degree, had she been a religious woman, but then, never before had she known the need of an awakened soul.

The Via Dolorosa, whence would it lead her? With illuminating power, some half-forgotten words came back to her:

"As the rose, so may we arise,
Purged pure by pain to Paradise.
From our dead selves, from sin to pass
Like tall white lilies from dank grass."

They permeated her with new life. She rose from the damp ground, and throwing up supplicating hands towards Heaven, waited for the strength that she knew would be vouchsafed to her.

JULY

A golden haze—and languid breezes rest—
While sunbeams drain the poppies' red cups dry,
And rows of ragweed stand so grim and still,
Where leaves unfold, to greet the fair July.

The corn waves high its yellow silken plumes,
And cobwebs pull the daisies' caps awry;—
The clovers nestle 'midst the grasses lush—
And time lags 'neath the spell of warm July.

A lily lifts her chalice, pearly white—
To tempt a passing, gorgeous butterfly—
And cardinals flame beside some marigolds,
Telling of dreams that 'wakened in July.

Rose petals lie in fragrant rainbowed drifts—
But no one asks the wherefore—nor the why;
A cricket chirps, and goldenrods their torches flash—
While bees filch honeyed sweets in calm July.

Fringing the aisles—gleam starry aster blooms,
And soft the brook croons Summer's lullaby;—
A drowsy poppy lets her red glass fall,—
And bares her heart in farewell to July.

Agnes Lockhart Hughes.

DE PROFUNDIS

By Genevieve Cooney

OUT of the depths have I cried unto Thee!"

Just after the sundown signal had been fired from Fort Reliance and its echoing boom had thundered far, far over the vast snow plains of Kaskatchawan, the village priest of Terrahorn left the fort and started home from his weekly visit to the barracks hospital. The shore road of Slave Lake was desolate and drear as he turned his horse's head away from the sunset. A dull murkiness lay over the Northeast, and the wind blew threateningly from the lake.

After a four-mile drive, Father McDougal reached home only in time to escape the fury of the gale. He went into the church, and hung a lantern in the loft window—he called it Saint Anthony's eye watching the road for lost souls—and bolted the windows securely. Then he hurried into the rectory. He was two hours late for tea and his motherly old housekeeper had cautioned him most earnestly of late about the danger of being caught in bad weather—"he with his good health no more to be trusted on nor the mind o' a young lass." But he took his cold toast and tea humbly and penitently as Elizabeth stood in the doorway and mildly scolded him.

She was a provincial old Scotchwoman, who had been the housekeeper for the Terrahorn parish for—no one knew how long—longer than the memory of any one in the valley, and the oldest man in the province was to her but a mere boy—something to be mothered and scolded.

"Ye'll hae none to blame but yersel', I'm thinkin', when ye break doon, and its beyon' the ken o' me why ye will keep runnin' and runnin' in a' weathers wi' not a thought o' yersel'. It's me thinkin' the sojers up at the fort hae a soft snap o' it wi' ye runnin' to them, savin' their souls. It's not comin' to the kirk they be. Here's the bacon dried to a straw. Ye'er toast cold as the mountain, an' ye'er face lookin' hungrier nor a starved fisherman."

"It's all right, 'Lizbeth: I'm only just now getting hungry, and you know I couldn't neglect my boys at the fort no matter how severe the storm."

"Well, Heaven give ye the power to know best," she added, still unconvinced.

When he had finished his tea he went to his study. He glanced around the room to see that it was not too stiffly in order to be comfortable, pulled together the green draw curtains, shifted the reading lamp to his liking and drew his big easy chair within the shade's radiance. Shortly his eyes fell upon an old acorn picture frame that stood in the lamp-shade's shadow. A boy's face looked out from it—a young little face with eyes that looked out upon the world with a half challenging and wholly self-reliant look. The old priest brought the picture tenderly towards him, and holding it close, he murmured an oft-repeated prayer:

"My little boy," he spoke to the picture, "who went away to find gold in the mountains and never came back to me. Five years since you went from me—and never a word. My little godson, David the Missionary. Well, some day, God willing, I shall have a message—some day the little, restless soldier will come back to me."

Little David, "the captain's youngster," was seven years old when Father McDougal took him from the

fort, an orphan, to live at the rectory. He served mass every morning, went to the village school and lived quite as any other boy in a little Canadian village. As he grew older the limits of his tiny world grew too confining. He longed for more avenues of interest, for a world brighter than the little church, the rectory, Elizabeth and his guardian. So Father McDougal's fervent wish that his godson might follow in his footsteps seemed far from being realized.

"What would you have me be, Father?" David would often ask him. "Wouldn't you like me to be a rich man with money for all your poor; better horses than Lord Putney's, and the finest house in the village for you, with gardens like the fort, and then I would build a church like the pictures you have of Saint Peter's. Father, you know you want me to be a great, rich man—the richest in the province, and where could I find wealth in Terrahorn? Say you will let me go, Father—say you will let me go."

"My little son," the priest would answer, "if God were to grant me a request that would make me more happy than anything else, He would give my little David the grace to take up His work and tell to men the story of the life to be."

"Yes, but Father, I want to be something more than—than just David, the pastor's boy."

But all his coaxing and pleading to be allowed to go with the gold seekers had been fruitless, and one night when Father McDougal was away for a few days to assist at a consecration—David ran away!

* * * *

The sound of voices outside his door broke the old priest's reverie. He put the picture away, and opened the door, to find Elizabeth reluctantly bringing a strange man into his study.

"You are welcome," said Father McDougal in his old-fashioned way, bidding the man draw up a chair by the fire. "It's a bad night to travel."

"Yes, a bad night," answered the newcomer, looking furtively around the room. He took off his slouch hat and turned down the high collar which had almost hidden his face. "You are Father McDougal," he asked, rather timidly.

"I am."

"You are pastor of the Terrahorn Valley?"

"I am."

"And the fort?"

"Yes."

"I am here on a strange errand. It's a new one in my line." He hesitated, and there was something about the strange man, a certain penitence in his approach, that was answered by a kindlier tone in the priest's voice.

"I hope I may be of service to you, and you will accept my confidence—if it is required—sir. You have traveled some, I imagine, in the storm. You wish lodgings and——"

"No, no, thank you, not that." Somehow the man made Father McDougal think of an animal cornered to the hunter's mercy, and yet there was nothing about him to suggest fright unless it was the timidity of his knowing how to proceed.

After a silence that seemed ominous from its weight of unuttered caution, he said, determinedly: "Would you risk your life to take a chance on saving a man's soul—bringing 'em back to the fold, I believe you call it, only I ain't sure that this one ever had a fold even. Savin' souls is your business, ain't it?"

"Yes, saving souls, as you express it, is my calling. That is, it is the calling of my life to speak the Word of God to other men." After a moment: "Yes, I would willingly risk my life to save a soul."

"And would you come with me without knowing—without asking where to speak to a sinner?"

Father McDougal searched keenly the face of his questioner. It was a face which told nothing, and the soul behind it was well hidden.

The man, world-accustomed, recognized the look which said plainly: "Is this a trap?"

"This is no scheme—no trap," he

said. "I could have no reason for approaching you like this except what I ask of you. Will you go?"

"But, my good man, I can't go on such an errand without my bishop's permission."

"How long will that take? What is the least time you can get it in?"

"Is the man dying?" asked Father McDougal.

"No, not yet; that is, not quite."

"He is in immediate danger, you think?"

"Yes. I think you'd say he was in pretty bad shape—if you knew—if you knew the whole story."

Father McDougal tapped the table with his spectacle case for a moment. "I don't like the mystery," he said. "Seems to me very strange you can't tell me at least a little, since you come to me—ask me to take this risk and—"

"You have said you would take the risk with your bishop's permission—why say any more on that score. Let's get down to details. My time's limited, and it is getting late. I've come a great many miles to see you, Father McDougal of Terrahorn." He repeated the name half to himself, as if through its long harboring in his memory he had become only subconscious of uttering it. "As far as I can see there's no one else will do for this job but you. I may not impress you as being the sort you'd trust at first sight, but just now—*I am on the square.*" His big hand came down palmward on the table, and after a steady look into the face of his host, he added, almost as an entreaty: "You'll be doing a heap of good if you come. I'll be back here to-morrow night for your answer. If you'll come, be ready to start with me then—and here, I'd better leave you a guarantee." He drew a bill case from his coat and put several large bills on the table. "You'll need it, and from the looks of the town, I guess there's youngsters here—the miners' kids, that don't have sugar plums all the year—so pass it around. But another thing—not a word to God, man or beast, and don't explain any more to your superior than you have to."

Surprise had left Father McDougal almost speechless, but he managed to say: "If it is God's will I shall go with you." After a fervent handshake the man was gone. The old priest sat for hours before the fire, numb to all intimate surroundings save the pictured face of David that looked up at him. The study seemed to still hold the presence of the strange man who had drifted in with the blizzard. Father McDougal took off his glasses and wiped his eyes. They were getting unsteady—or was it imagination—for surely that face of David seemed to say plainly: "Please go—just for my sake."

At sundown the next day, Father McDougal was ready for his journey of mystery. Very reluctantly Elizabeth packed his bag, a bit awed, however, by the unusual event that had broken into the simple monotony of their lives.

Just after dark the man came, a look of great relief on his face when he assured himself that Father McDougal was really going with him.

A team of horses drove them to the railway station, three miles away, and during the ride a dull silence settled upon the two unusually different men that was marred only by a great sigh from the stranger that seemed to speak the ending of a long trial—a cry of relief from a great pain.

All night, all day and again all night they traveled. At rare intervals his silent companion would look in at the door of his compartment and ask if he were comfortable, and to announce when they were about to change cars.

As near as Father McDougal could tell, they seemed to travel south and west with a great many changes, and a seemingly uncalled-for precaution.

Three days after they had left the little Canadian village they reached a little old mining post in the mountains. The railroad seemed to go no farther, and the whole place breathed forth the atmosphere of final effort. On men's faces one saw the shadow of failure. About the streets, one noticed the remnants of forsaken enterprises.

It was the landing place of hope unfulfilled.

The man helped Father McDougal to alight from the train, and motioned him to the only seat the spot afforded —an old truck that in the banishment of prosperous outlook from the place had emerged with only three rusty wheels.

The man muttered something about a "rig expected," and after a tedious wait of an hour or more, an alien speck of color crawled on from the dim landscape of the hills and very slowly emerged into shape. The strange man muttered: "Here it comes," and the battered old covered wagon hobbled and rattled down the hill. The man seemed much relieved as he helped Father McDougal climb to the seat. Every step passed in the journey seemed mitigative of his very apparent disquietude.

He dismissed the man who had brought the wagon, took the reins, and once more the old horses turned to climb the trail road into the mountains. Long after dark had fallen, they drew up near an old shed, and as the stranger helped Father McDougal to alight, he said: "Now, we'll have to walk about a mile. You see, from here on the trail gets too narrow for the horses—but we'll take it easy. If you'll just light this lantern while I put the horses inside and give them a feed." Somewhere in the distance a coyote howled, and was answered by an echo. The man spoke in tones so low that even the echoes would not find him, and taking the oil lantern from the priest, he led the way into the trail. A boulder jetted ravine sloped away from them on one side, and let in a ray of moonlight long and splendidly bright like a silver sword thrust through a cloudy shield, and left for a moment in a mountain crevice.

At last the two men came to an end of the path and stood before a perpendicular wall where the stones jutted out and divided the huge granite into numerous nooks. Into one of these the stranger led the way and knocked on what seemed to be a wooden door. A bolt slid back, and the door on hinges was pushed open. Father McDougal followed the man inside, all the while watching the queer-looking creature who had let them in. He was evidently expecting them, as a meal was set upon a table in one corner. The place must have been a discarded entrance to a railroad tunnel which had been partly blasted out and never used. Buffalo rugs covered the floor, and all sorts of skins were stuck into the walls with miners' candle picks. The priest's gaze wandered slowly about the place with wonder only, until he looked upon the partition that screened the rest of the cave from view. Then an expression of astonishment that was almost horror mounted to his lips, but died unuttered as he saw several gorgeous vestments of cloth of gold and silver hung across a young sapling which served as a pole. He turned back to question his host, but again kept silence. He would let the mystery unfold itself in its own peculiar way.

"Well, Esquie," said the man, "we are here at last. You see I got him. This is the Father I went so far to see. Give us something to eat, and be quick —then go to bed. Come, sir, sit down and eat." Father McDougal wondered at the change in the man; he seemed to have left off his burden, and his voice was consonant with freedom. He lifted the goblet in front of him to his lips, but before he had touched the drink, Father McDougal uttered a little cry and detained him. "Don't drink, please," said the priest—then halted a moment for composure. He laid a restraining hand on the other's arm, and kindly but firmly said: "My good man, I am sure you will please me by not drinking from that goblet. For to do so would pain me greatly. This is a communion chalice of the Catholic Church. In my eyes it is sacred."

The man's eyes showed fight—so long was he accustomed to resent brutally, but the look faded under the quiet strength of the old priest's calmness, and he put the goblet down.

The incident finished, was forgotten, and the man began to eat. Suddenly he pushed back his plate, arose and began pacing the floor.

"This cave, my dear, old, honest man," he said, his voice steady with the determination of a great effort, "is the treasure house of dishonesty. Everything in it, except the skins—yes, even they—was stolen. That half-witted Esquimo boy was stolen. But that's not what I brought you here to tell you.

"Five years ago last May we were operating—the gang and myself—in the Columbia district. We fixed a C. P. train bound for Vancouver. It was a big job—had Eastern money on board—lots of it. We hit her off just the other side of Spencer's bridge, when she was coming down grade—opened a switch and she slid into the rocks. The boys began to pick up goods as soon as she quit squirmin'. Two of the boys were caught in their tracks. Harry—he was once a French count—started in before she stopped, and part of a coach rolled over on him. Ted was burned so bad that he died, so that left Watkins and me to finish up. Well, the coaches caught fire before you'd be wondering how it happened, and oh, God, it was the furnace of hell. Bad as I have been all my life, little notice as I've taken of dying men and smoke—I couldn't stand that. I was creeping beside a coach makin' my get-away, when a hand waved to me from a burning window—a little, young hand. The car had slid off its wheels and was burning up. Then a young face was lifted from the flames and a pair of eyes—a boy's eyes—looked at me. God, that look! It's been with me ever since. I don't know what made me, but I threw down the bag and lifted him out. He was done for—cut and burned, and out of his head. He began to talk—tell me things as though I was some one he knew. He thought I was you, and that you'd come to hear his confession. He talked of Father McDougal and Terrahorn and 'Lizabeth, and before he died I knew his whole little story. He'd run away and wanted your forgiveness. He talked about the weaith he was going after. Then his mind took another fancy, and he told me his confession. Oh, God! When I think of it! When—when he stopped and his eyes were closed I took him down to a sand pit and buried him. And I thought that would be all.

"Man, I *killed* that boy—him and the others, for—well, for the junk that you'll find behind that curtain. I put him under the surface, but I couldn't keep him there! He's lived every day since. All these years, every day and hour, he's stood by my side with that little voice of agony crying in my ear—always your name—'Father McDougal of Terrahorn.' "

The man staggered in his walk. His eyes had a wild look and the old priest tried to quiet him. The Esquimo boy crept furtively out from the shadowy corner. One of the oil lanterns, too, flickered as if trembling. Father McDougal laid a quieting hand on the speaker's shoulder. *"Pax Vobiscum,"* he murmured softly.

But the man, unheeding, went on:

"That was five years ago—five years—seems more like fifty. Understand, I'm not given to superstition—fairy tales or religious miracles, and maybe it is only that I'm gettin' old and my nerve is gone—but whatever it is, it's taken my reason away, for I—I, Bob Crawford—am afraid of every sound I hear. For four years I've been the last of the gang. From that night our luck turned. That next year we only made two hauls and they—well, there wasn't any killing in them. That boy was the last—to think it had to be a little boy.

"When he lay dying in my arms beside the burning car and the cries of a thousand agonies came out of the burning flesh, I lived my miserable life over again. I saw myself as I was at this boy's age—I ran away, too—I saw what I might have been—God help the might-have-beens!

Well, ever since then I've stood still, and when I did move it was to run away from that boy's voice—from the

look in his eyes. But I couldn't escape him. He's been the only jailer this outlaw ever knew. All day he speaks to me. He cries to me in the dead of night, and his voice holds the shrieks of a thousand voices. The women we widowed and the little kids we orphaned shriek at me through that boy's voice. Sometimes he stands before me with his hands outstretched, begging for something. Oh, God! Can you, old man, put yourself in such a place and not end it all? But listen: I can't even do that. Twice I've tried—but that little boy's dead fingers comes between mine and the trigger. I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I thought I'd look you up. That was what the boy seemed to want. I can't bring him back to you. I can't do anything to atone. But I can give you the wealth he wanted to find. I want you to take it. Perhaps you'd rather give it back —some of it, to where it belongs. I've kept account of where it came from—but some, most of it, can't get back—we took it from dead men. You see, I've always done things in my own queer way, and I'll have to stick to my own queer way now—that's why I brought you up here to tell you the story. All that gold church stuff is from Guadalupe—perhaps you heard ten years ago of the church robberies in Mexico—there 'tis. There's gold ore in the corner that will last you a hundred years. I'll sell it to you for a little peace of mind."

The man sank on to a bench—his eyes half-closed, glanced from the priest's face to the table. "Water!" he gasped.

The Esquimo darted out from the shadows again, and taking the lantern and a bucket, ran out to the spring. Father McDougal's trembling hand touched the speaker's shoulder and his head sank into the shelter of the priest's arm. His hands, too, palsied by the great strain of emotion, hung limp beside him. Minutes passed. Somehow, the priest thought of the little confessional at home. It was the moment of "Absolve." Reverently he lifted the golden chalice to the penitent's feverish lips. "*Pace Tua Domini,*" he murmured softly, and the man drank.

"My son," said the old priest, with a voice, tear-laden, "God has heard the prayers of David for you. My little David, the missionary. He will give you peace." He patted the penitent's shoulder reassuringly, as though the man of crime beside him were only a little boy.

The Esquimo boy came in, set the bucket down, and went back to his corner; the flickering lantern died low; the wind moaned through the mountain peak, and the echoes answered. The priest and penitent still sat in the dull light. One had given up the burden of a weary heart, and the other had received the message he had long awaited.

* * * *

Father McDougal's new helper, John Baptiste, brought in the mail and laid some letters beside the pastor's plate, and then went back to his work on the new school house. Elizabeth tiptoed into the sunny breakfast room and scanned the addresses on the letters. "That will please him, for it have the stamp of America. An hour since Mass and him not in yet for a drop of tea. Oh, I'm thinking he'll not live until the last nail goes into that building."

" 'Lizabeth, 'Lizabeth," called out Father McDougal, a little later, "I have a letter—a very happy letter from my friend with whom I took the little journey a year ago last winter. Our friend who gave us John Baptiste and the new school."

"So; he must hae been a queer man —e'en more the queer than John Baptiste. I nae can ferrit out the mind o' that canny Esquimo. He snoops about till the dead o' night like a Irish fairy."

"My friend is very happy, at last, 'Lizabeth. He says the brothers are very kind to him, and he has plenty of work to do out under God's open sky. They are picking cotton just now, and he finds Kentucky very pleasant."

After reading his mail, he put on his hat and walked over to the church. His face wore a happy, satisfied look,

which spoke the near completion of his life's aim.

Coming out of the church that evening, after benediction, he paused for a moment before the new window. The sunset smiled back at him through the colored figure of the great missionary, and his eyes rested happily on the inscription, "To David, the Messenger." His little flock of people passed him on their way home. They spoke to him lovingly, and yet with something of awe in their voices. He watched them shepherd-like until the last one had turned the road.

"The good Father will not live long," said one old parishioner to his neighbor, as they walked together slowly homeward.

"True, he have the far-away look in his eye, like them that see the end coming."

"Maybe 'tis the boy David a-worrying him," said one.

"Maybe," said another.

" 'Tis vera, vera strange he's not heard a word."

"Maybe he have, and we no ken o' it," said one.

"Maybe," said another.

THE WHISPER OF THE WIND

From the West the wind is waking and a rumble fills the air,
Like the growling of a giant routed from his mountain lair.
'Tis a stamp mill's sullen thunder, mouthing music deep and low,
And it sings a booming chorus, sings a song of long ago.
And I gaze out through the window at the mocking city skies,
For my heart is strangely throbbing and a mist comes o'er my eyes.
As a vision comes before me of the days no longer mine,
When I used to swing a hammer in the old Eureka mine.

'Twas before they brought inventions to undo the worth of men.
And you had to be a *miner,* not a rock-drill's valet, then.
For we swung the heavy sledges and our partners turned the drills,
And we tore the golden treasures from the clutches of the hills,
We were men then, worth the naming, we were men of brawn and steel,
And we knew the joy of labor and the glory of a meal.
In our iron strength rejoicing, Friendship linked us in her vine,
When I used to swing a hammer in the old Eureka mine.

Listen! How the old mill rumbles, and it calls to hearts of men!
But I'm old and gray and broken, like a bear crushed in his den!
And I almost wish I'd never struck it rich out in the hills,
But was out there with my partners, still a-poundin' on the drills,
'Cause I'd know they were my partners just because they cared for me,
Not a-thinkin' of my bank-roll like so many folks I see.
And I long to be among 'em—calling back the days divine,
When I used to swing a hammer in the old Eureka mine.

AL H. MARTIN.

WITH INTENT TO KILL

By Dewey Austin Cobb

IT SEEMED a house of mystery from the first. Charlie Kent, my companion, felt it as surely as I did, but neither could quite make out why. It was a simple brick building, only one story high, like hundreds of other houses of the well-to-do in Maranham, or any other Brazilian city. Neither was there anything strange about its location. It stood at the end of one of the little streets which radiate from the business center of the city, and extended to a deep creek, or canoe path, filled and almost emptied by every tide. The bank, some twenty yards from the house, was here sloping and afforded a landing, where small boats could be beached. In brief, it suited me for our two weeks' stay. We had tried the hotels, and found them antique and unsanitary.

We had rented the house from an elderly Indian woman (whom every one called Maria), who had reserved two back rooms for the use of herself and an old negress, who lived with her as companion. We were told that the owner was absent and had left the premises in Maria's care.

Soon we decided that the mystery was not about the house, but rather the residents, and the people of all colors and classes who came and went at all hours of the night and day. Nor were we long in deciding that some graver interest centered there than we were aware of. Canoes would come to the landing at night, and we would hear stealthy footsteps coming up our path, and then the murmur of subdued voices in the back rooms, until nearly daylight, when the canoe would be paddled away.

My companion was a typical Yankee drummer, sent to the Atlantic ports of South America to sell such packing as is used by steamboat companies and railroads. It was his first trip to the Spanish American States, and, as he understood neither Spanish nor Portuguese, his firm, an enterprising Boston house, had permitted him to take me along as interpreter. His ignorance of the language and ways of the people made our secret visitors more disquieting to him. Maria had been helpful to us in every way possible, procuring our meals sent in, and seeing to or doing our laundry, always (be it added) refusing pay for her services. Unfortunately for us, Charles won her bitter enmity early in our stay.

On our first Saturday night, as she marched through the house swinging a lighted censer and chanting the lugubrious formula prescribed to banish evil spirits, she turned suddenly and saw him, as he swung a shoe by one string and followed her mockingly. Shocked and indignant as she was, I was glad he could not understand her remarks upon his impiety. She never forgave him, though her devotion to me continued. Charlie became almost afraid of her, and our mysterious callers, with their stealthy ways, added to his fears of poison or assassination.

A very simple event threw the first light upon our mysterious residence. Maria asked me one day for permission to repair an ugly rent in my best coat. Doubting her ability to do it properly, I yet let her take it, and the next day she returned it, repaired with a degree of dainty skill which I knew she could not herself possess.

"Who did that, Maria?" I asked.

"Signora Leona Ellis—'Branca' her servants call her."

"And where does Signora Leona

Ellis live?" I asked, my curiosity at once aroused.

"In the White House," she replied and hastily left the room.

Next morning I learned, by questioning the boy who brought in our breakfast, that the "White House" was the local name for the city jail, and that Signora Leona Ellis was the owner of the house we lived in, and that she was serving an eight years sentence there for shooting her American husband. From the same source I gathered the information (though it was given with reluctance, probably because I, too, was "Americano") that she was the only child of a prominent and wealthy stock raiser and dealer, and had married a dissolute young American adventurer, who had squandered all her property.

The "White House" was in sight from the landing, a low, square building that looked like a barracks. It stood back from the same stream our house was beside, and about a quarter of a mile away.

When I reported all this to Charles, he was greatly excited. "I knew there was something crooked! You look out for that old Indian. She don't purr round you for any good. I wouldn't trust her with a dead cat! She'll poison both of us yet!"

"Well, she has been very kind so far, and you will find——"

"Find! Yes, I'll find you stuck like a pig some morning."

This talk took place Wednesday. The English superintendent of the steamship yards, whom Charlie must see, was due to return from Rio on Thursday. Charlie would call on him Friday, and we hoped to take the steamer to Bahia on Saturday.

We went to our hammocks early that night. We slept in the front room. The windows had solid board shutters, and when these were closed and the candle extinguished, the room was as dark as Mammoth Cave. About one o'clock I was awakened by some one gently shaking my hammock, and before I could speak, a hand was softly laid upon my lips, and a barely audible voice whispered close to my ear: "Sh! It is Maria."

I was more than startled. All that Charlie had said flashed through my mind, and I wonder that I did not exclaim aloud. Instead I merely asked what was wanted.

"Branca wants to see you. Come with me. Don't talk. Your shoes are outside."

Now, I am a light sleeper, and was all the more amazed that she should have been able to find and remove those shoes in the black dark. I hesitated an instant. Should I wake Charlie? If I woke him I knew his sturdy fidelity; he would go with me—and probably spoil a romantic adventure! So when "Come" was repeated, I stepped softly to the floor, and, guided by a hand I could not see, crossed to the door. It was unbarred, but shut. Maria slowly, and without a sound, drew it open, and we stepped out into the dazzling moonlight.

Both barefoot, we moved silently as ghosts. Neither spoke until we reached the boat landing; then I asked:

"Where is she?"

"At the White House," she replied.

"But see here, I can't go this way," pointing to my bare feet and diaphanous pajamas.

"*Espere um poco,*" and reaching into a canoe, lightly grounded on the bank, she drew out my clothing and shoes.

"How on earth did you get them here?" I exclaimed, astonished.

"It took me an hour. Put them on."

When I had drawn my clothes over my pajamas, she handed me my revolver, merely remarking: "I thought you would feel safe with it."

That pistol had lain on the floor within easy reach, but I was past asking explanations, and not a little comforted by the reflection that, had murder or robbery been part of the program, she need not have taken the trouble to awaken and arm me.

"Now get in the canoe, and put on your shoes." I obeyed. Maria shoved the canoe off, sprang in, and, taking a paddle, thrust it perpendicularly into

the water. Not once did she take it out during the entire trip, but the boat sped on without a sound. In five minutes we were in front of the barrack-like building, white and lonely in the moonlight. Running our bow on the low beach, in the shadow of some bushes, we got out as quietly as we had embarked. Maria touched her lips to indicate silence, and we cautiously moved towards the jail.

To my surprise, there was no watchman about. The only sounds to be heard were the cries of wild creatures in the swamp across the creek. We went to the end of the building farthest from our house, then through a gate, and approached a high but narrow barred window.

"Where are the guards?" I whispered.

"She has seen to that. They all love Branca. She can do anything she wishes, if she will not go away!"

The moon shone full on the unglazed window, and as I approached, I saw between the bars the movement of a figure. Maria, when close to it, said in a low voice: "Signora, I have brought the *Americano*."

"*Graces, esta bein,*" replied a low voice. And with this meagre introduction, Maria moved back a few paces, and remained silent.

When I came to the window, the same voice said, timidly: "Thank you, Signore; it was kind of you to come." Then a face appeared; the pallid moon robbed it of any color it may have had by daylight: it was almost ghastly.

I had naturally expected to see a large, masculine woman, in prison garb, with a voice in harmony with her looks. Instead, I looked into the timid face of a slight, gracefully-poised lady, dressed as the better class of Brazilian women. Notwithstanding her half-frightened look, she was handsome and refined, and little more than twenty years of age. Like most of her countrywomen, her hair was magnificent. It was dressed high on her shapely head, and looked as if it might reach her feet when she was standing. Her eyes were deep-set, large and penetrating, and as they were raised to my face for an instant, while she spoke, I felt that I had been weighed and measured, mentally and physically. Her slender, restless hands were busy with some trinket, while she gathered courage for further words.

After a moment's silence, her eyes flashed to mine again, and she said in a voice which showed distress:

"Oh, Signore! What must you think of me! I did not realize how it would seem to a man. But I am so unhappy. Maria told me how good you are, and I could not bear to lose the chance of telling one American, who is a gentleman, of my wrongs and—crime!—they call it a crime!" Her manner was like a frightened school girl's, but there was an intensity and passion in her voice that chilled me.

"You can trust me, Signora; perhaps I can help you. But first, are you not taking great risks? Are prisoners allowed such interviews as this? Will they not punish you if we are discovered?"

"Never fear; no one will come near until I am ready." She must have noticed my surprise, for she added: "They treat me as if I were the mistress of the house—only I promise not to go away.

"I fear my story will be tiresome to you, Signore, but your countrymen only hear *his* side of it, and they think I am a wicked, revengeful murderess. I know there are honorable and chivalrous Americans. My father told me of many that he had met. I will not have them think so ill of me. I want you to tell them the truth."

An instant's pause, and then, with a glance vivid as lightning: "Besides, there is a way in which you can help me—if you will."

Something in that electric glance prevented me from ignorantly making any promise of assistance, and she went on:

"My father, Ignace Francisca, owned a large plantation twenty miles from Maranham. Although we were so far from town, I had everything I wanted. There were many children to

play with, and I always had my pony and could ride to the corrals with the vaqueros. It was very beautiful, and I was happy. If I could only have remained a child!" Her head dropped an instant before she resumed: "When I was twelve years old, mother died, and everything was changed. Maria —who took care of me—must always keep me in sight. I could talk to no one, and go nowhere. I was a prisoner. When I was sixteen, my father began to tell me a great deal about some of your countrymen he had met at the markets. They all had money, and built mills, where wonderful machines did all the work.

"At last there came home with him a young American whom he had met at the steamer landing, and father said he was rich and prosperous. I could not talk with him unless my father was present; but then I never cared to, for I feared him. He had such bold ways; he would look at me so strangely that it made me blush and feel as if I were not dressed modestly.

"I have heard that in your country, Signore, girls may see and talk with young men who wish to marry with them, sometimes even alone, and so can learn if they like them. It should be so everywhere, surely, for it is wicked for a girl to be obliged to give herself, soul and body, to a stranger. If a Brazilian girl is known to see her lover clandestinely, as they sometimes will, she loses her good name.

"I never talked to but one young man. It was Miguel Garges. His mother was part Indian, but his father was of good family. We had been children together, and he was like a brother to me, only tenderer. He worked for my father, who trusted him. When I was twelve we were not allowed to meet, but we did sometimes, and we wrote little letters. Father found this out, and was terribly angry and sent Miguel away. No one but an American was good enough to marry me. I think I could have loved Miguel if I had seen him more.

"The next time John Ellis came, he asked my father for my hand in marriage. I don't know how to tell you, Signore, but oh, I was so lonely and unhappy, with only Maria and my father. If I only could have seen Miguel sometimes, it all might have been so different." She brushed away a tear, and added: "So I married the foreigner, and he came to live with us.

"Within a month, my father knew that he was a drunken beast! He had nothing but what he had borrowed or stolen. He even stole some old silver which was my mother's, and sold it in the city. He was cruel to me. I had always been respected and loved, and the brutal, sneering way he treated me before our servants, almost drove me mad. But, Signore, it is as easy to escape from death as a marriage in Brazil, and I bore it somehow.

"One day father and he rode away to see to some trouble among the vaqueros up stream. Just at sunset John came back with four of our men, carrying the dead body of my father. He said his horse had stumbled and thrown him off, breaking his neck; but that night, as I dressed the body for burial, I found upon the throat the distinct print of a braided rawhide lariat. John had brought the only braided one we had; all the others were twisted like a rope.

"In an instant I realized what had happened. John had fallen behind, thrown the rope, and dragged father from his horse. Father had never fallen or been thrown; he used to boast of it. Besides, one of the men told Miguel later that John had been coiling his lariat on his saddle horn when he came up in answer to a cry he had heard. But nothing could be proven. Even if one of the men had seen it all, a terror of John's vengeance would have kept him silent.

"Then I soon learned why he had married me. He began at once to sell off cattle at any price he could get, spending the money in drink, gambling and every low vice. One day when he was in town, Miguel called on me, and told me what he had heard about father's death, and that John had a sweetheart in the city, and had had

when he married me. He had kept her in a pretty little house there, ever since, and had often joked about me to his companions.

"Signore, I think I went mad then. Everything he could carry away or sell was gone. Only two or three of the worst men remained, probably to steal for themselves. Father had owned many firearms, but the only one left was an old shotgun, which had been cut off to little more than the length of an army pistol. This I loaded and concealed under my wraps, and rode to town on an old horse too poor to have been sold.

"I started out intending to kill him, Signore. God knows I wish I had succeeded. I had planned that he should know that it was my vengeance which had found him, but by some evil chance I failed in both purposes. I cannot remember all that happened that night. I know I walked the quietest streets until near midnight. At last I saw him staggering toward the house on the Rue das Flores, which Miguel had told me was hers. I saw him stumble in. No one greeted him, and he made no light. He closed the door, but did not lock it. I waited till all was still; then quietly entered. The shutters were open, and the moonlight enabled me to see everything. She was asleep in a hammock; he had thrown himself, without undressing, on a couch.

"I remember bending over my rival to see how she looked, but she was little more than a child, and seemed so sweet and innocent as she slept that I felt the great evil could not have been here. I went to him and shook him gently, then roughly, but he only grunted—like a hog. He never opened his eyes. It made me so wild that I struck him with all my strength on his shoulder with the gun, and the shock, or my clenching hand, fired it. Ever since that night I have cursed the frenzy that led me to strike that stupid blow, and so only shatter his shoulder with the shot intended for his evil heart."

She was silent for a moment, and I asked: "How about your arrest and trial?"

"I supposed I had killed him, and I stood watching him writhing when the officer came in. He had heard the shot and the girl's scream. At the trial I made no defense; I simply told my story. Then the judge sent me here for eight years."

"I am more sorry for you, Signora, than I can tell. You said I could help you. How?"

"Miguel told Maria that John will come to this city to-morrow. He will come to you and ask to remain while he stays in town. I do not want you to receive him."

"How do you know he will come to me?"

"You are both Americans, and he always seeks them to tell his story."

"But why will he want to remain with us? We cannot keep him."

"Because he is a coward, like all villains; he knows that there is danger here, and he dares not face it."

I was surprised at this sudden turn of things, but I answered: "Signora, after what you have told me, he shall not enter my house."

"Thanks and thanks," she exclaimed. "You promise all I expected. Day is coming, and you must go. Good-night, and God bless you, Signore."

She thrust a cold little hand through the bars, which, when I took it, closed an instant on mine like steel.

The next day was an anxious one. Charlie went away early. It was a lonely walk to the shops, and he thought he would spend the night there if he could, "to hear white folks talk," as he put it. I asked Maria where Miguel was, and if Ellis was in town. She had seen neither, so I went away to spend the day in the quiet gardens and orchards of the suburbs.

When I returned at sunset, my heart sank at what I saw. At the door stood Charlie, a leveled revolver in his outstretched hand, while over his shoulder peered as evil a face as ever I saw. The man was not tall; only his red hair and swinish eyes showed above

Charlie's shoulder. Dancing wildly a few yards in front of them was an insanely angry man, brandishing a machete, nearly a yard long, and swearing murderously in Portuguese. Charlie kept his pistol aimed at his head, and motioned him away with the other hand. The sneaking creature behind him was cursing and taunting the murderous visitor and daring him to come on.

When I came up, Miguel (of course it was he) sullenly withdrew to a canoe and paddled away. I did not reply to Ellis's greeting, nor notice his offered hand, and he soon sneaked away toward the city. Then Charlie explained, in his characteristic way:

"You see, the superintendent had bought a year's supply of packing in Rio while I was cooling my heels in this howling wilderness, waiting for him. So I came back about five, and was sitting in the doorway, thinking how proud my firm would be of me when I wrote them the nude facts about my masterly inactivity, when the red-headed rascal called and sat down beside me. He told me he was hunted by an assassin, and wanted to stay all night with us. I didn't like his looks, and said neither yes or no, and then that cream colored gent got out of a canoe and walked half way up to the house. When he spied our noble fellow-countryman, he gave a growl like a bear, flashed that cutlass and charged. Red-head got behind me, and begged me to keep him off. We don't want to have even a hog butchered in our chateau, so I pulled my gun and hove him to, and began to dance and say things. They both coughed up a lot of gibberish, but it didn't seem to make them feel any better, and they kept it up until you chipped in."

When I told him Leona's story, he only remarked: "I wish I had known that. I'd have chucked red-head out and let Mig. finish him."

The next morning we took the steamer for Bahia.

* * *

Eleven months later, while sitting in a friend's office in New York, reading the foreign news in the Herald, I came upon a paragraph which stated:

"The vast increase in trade has made it necessary for the Amazonian Steamship company to add three vessels to their line, plying between Para and the South. They are also to place several tugs on the Amazon, for towing the fleets of sailing vessels between the upper river and foreign ports. The liners will be built in England, but they hope to find enough suitable tugs in the United States, the general introduction of large steam grain and lumber barges on the great lakes having effected a revolution in the towing industry. An agent from the principal shipyard and regular shops at Maranham will negotiate these purchases, and is due to arrive in New York by the first regular steamer."

It was a simple matter to look up the schedule of the line, and to meet the boat at the wharf, and find my man before he came ashore. It required more tact to make his acquaintance, without a specific reason, but with my knowledge of his home city and his language, I made a beginning, and when it developed that we had several mutual acquaintances I was enabled to 'isolate him," as the germ hunters say.

His name was Joachim Alveraz and his position assistant superintendent of the shipyard of which our elusive English friend was still in charge. Although my feeling was one of disappointment that it was not the superintendent himself, I soon learned that as a Brazilian born in Maranham he was far more interested in local matters than any alien could have been.

At the first lull in conversation, I asked: "Did you know Signore Ignace Francisca?"

"Ignace Francisca?" he exclaimed. "Has not our line taken cattle and horses from the plantation ever since the steamer replaced the old sailing coasters? One grand man was Signor Ignace. Many Sundays and *festas* have I spent with him and his charming family. Signore, do you know him?"

"No; he was dead upon my visit to Maranham; but we spent two weeks in a house which must have been a part of his estate. 'The House of Mystery,' we called it."

"The House of Mystery? I never heard a house so called. Where was it? Why did you call it that?"

I gave him the location, and told of those stealthy nocturnal visits which had given us so much uneasiness.

"I see. It is very simple," he explained. "I know the house and its care-taker, Maria. By our laws, a husband has rights only in the personal property of the woman he marries; real estate remains under her control. When Leona Francisca went to prison, she appointed old Maria as her agent, or at least to act as messenger between her and her tenants, as Maria was always allowed free access to her in jail. There were many small holdings on the outskirts of the plantation, as well as some city houses.

"Maria was anxious lest two such wealthy and distinguished tenants as she took you to be should be annoyed by her numerous visitors, many of whom were from the country, and therefore, not prepossessing in appearance and manner, she hit upon the silly expedient of requiring them to call at night, when she hoped you would not see them."

"Very simple—like most mysteries," said I, and added: "I met the daughter, Signora Leona, once. Is she still in the 'White House?' "

"Ah! Much has changed since you knew her a year ago. What did you know of her unhappy life?"

I related without comment the story she had told me, and asked him to finish it. Freed from his involved construction in speaking English, it was as follows:

"For five years, that which some call Providence, but I call Fate, had worked for the success of every plot for wrecking the life of Leona Francisca, until she had been dragged down to the wretched state in which you found her. But from the moment John Ellis turned away from your door, everything changed, and though many of the incidents which followed were so trifling that no human could see in them any significance, under the guidance of some resistless intelligence they all tended toward her final vindication.

"Ellis' first problem was where to go for the night. He knew that Miguel would not abandon his murderous purpose. The hotels and saloons could be entered any time by any one. A private house was his only hope. As you know, Signore, in Maranham no one, not even the police, is given authority forcibly to enter a house at night, under any circumstances. After he had squandered his or her money, his true character had become apparent to those who had toadied to him; and among them all he knew not one whom he dared trust.

"Cecilia Campana, the sweetheart of older days, still occupied the little house on Rua das Flores, supporting herself as best she could. There, as a last resort, Ellis went and was admitted. The neighbors heard loud, angry talk until nearly daylight, when he stole out stealthily by the back way and disappeared. At sunrise Miguel called, and there was another long conference, and then about nine the neighbors were surprised to see him come out with Cecilia, the two hastening to the office of the Chief of Police.

"The story told that official was soon known throughout the city. It was very simple. Cecilia had first come to town with her parents to spend a week during *All Saints Festa*. She met Ellis and fell an easy victim to his wiles; he spent money freely, and his munificence dazzled her. He rode to her home sometimes, where he was well received by her highly flattered parents. This intercourse soon led to a condition of affairs in which the village priest was consulted, and this, in turn, led to John Ellis being confronted with the dilemma our Brazilian laws impose in such cases—marriage or jail. Neither one had been a part of his plans, but owing to her hitherto irreproachable character, it was impossi-

ble to introduce any doubts as to his responsibility. His cunning was equal to the emergency. He cheerfully consented to the marriage, but insisted that the ceremony should be performed by a priest of his own faith. There was no Protestant minister in Maranham, but the English steamer, which called there regularly, always had a clergyman among its officers. As Protestant marriages are binding everywhere in Brazil, her parents consented to bring Cecilia in, and take her aboard the next steamer, due then in a few days. Though few, if any, outside the parties concerned knew or were interested in it, their plan was carried out, and her parents went home satisfied; Cecilia remained with him. He possessed himself of the marriage certificate, and if she told any of her few acquaintances of the strange marriage, no one believed her. Nor was the situation complicated by the birth of a living child; the doctor had found sufficient reason for this in the bruises which indicated that she had been inhumanly beaten.

"During Ellis' long illness, Cecilia had found and secreted her marriage certificate, and Miguel, who had never known of its existence until that morning, now told her how to use it. The greatly feared Chief of Police had long known Ellis as a drunken, unprincipled rascal, but when Cecilia's story, backed by a perfectly regular marriage certificate, was brought to his notice, he had something tangible to go ahead with. If Leona's marriage was illegal, not only had bigamy been committed, but John's use of her property was simply brazen robbery. The Chief of Police at once set the machinery of Justice in motion, and Ellis was arrested, brought to the city and tried before the same judge who had sentenced Leona for shooting him, five years before. Oddly enough, too, he was given her sentence—eight years: four for each of two charges."

"I would like to have been there to hear how your demonstrative Maranham people took the news," I ventured.

"Took the news! They simply went wild! The Commandant had to send a company of soldiers to keep the mob from tearing down the old jail to set Leona free. When they found they could not free her in that way, petitions were signed by every one who could write, and a messenger sent off with it to the President at Rio. News that the petition was granted was telegraphed back, and without waiting for official documents, the people began such a demonstration as no woman ever received before in Maranham. The Mayor, with a guard of soldiers, went to the jail and conveyed Leona in his own carriage to his official residence, followed by practically the entire population.

"A better ending than I ever thought could come to such a sad story," I remarked.

"Not quite the end, Signore," he continued. "A month or so later Miguel and Leona were married in our old cathedral."

FORECASTS

O heart o'erpowered by vague and vast
  Foreshadowings cold from strange heights thrown;
  Bewildered, walking in fear, alone,
No guide but the gleam from afar forecast
  Down ways unknown;—

How pitiful, destined from birth
  To dust and the dark, didst thou not feel
  The lift of the stars, the adored ideal!—
Oh, night is only the shadow of earth,
  But the stars are real!

STOKELY S. FISHER.

A WHIFF FROM THE PIT

By Isaac Motes

DURING the early days on the Texas frontier, I was a member of Captain Sterrett's Rangers, stationed at Lampasas. One morning in May a report came that Indians had been seen on the west side of the Colorado, and Captain Sterrett, with fifteen men, myself among them, crossed the river to put a stop to their raiding, but after scouting around for two days and finding no trace of Indians, we came to the conclusion that there was little, if any, foundation, for the rumors. We camped one afternoon two miles west of the upper Colorado River, and sent out three scouting parties, intending to return to town next morning if we saw no signs of Indians.

We had been riding pretty hard over rocky, cactus country, and my horse had gone somewhat lame, so I was not with any of these scouting parties, but remained in camp. I had so little faith in the Indian stories that as soon as I had staked my horse I took my Winchester and my hound Hero and went for a turkey hunt. We had with us a half dozen bloodhounds, so well trained that they understood and obeyed us at the slightest movement of the hand, and even at a look, and Hero was the largest and fiercest in the pack. All the others belonged to the State, but this hound belonged to me, he having been given to me when a very small puppy.

We had seen a drove of wild turkeys a short time before we made camp, but had strict orders not to shoot game at this time, fearing Indians might be near. Now, however, the danger seemed so slight that I got Captain Sterrett's permission to go back and try to kill one or two, and struck out about five o'clock in the afternoon towards where I had seen them, my Winchester under my arm and the hound at my heels. I took the hound with me because I thought I might break the wing of a turkey and need him to run it down.

My Winchester was a magazine gun holding twelve shells. The magazine was full, but I carried no extra shells, feeling certain that I would not need them. I also had my pistol belt on, with my two Colt's six-shooters, and the belt was full of cartridges. I do not know why I carried the heavy belt and the revolvers, for I didn't expect to use them, but it was exceedingly lucky for me that I did.

I went due north, and somewhat up the river, keeping my eyes open for the turkeys, which we had seen perhaps two miles from where we had made camp. I saw nothing whatever of them, which surprised me no little, as there had been a considerable drove of them, and they hadn't appeared much frightened as we passed, and I didn't think we had scared them clear out of that part of the country. I noticed, too, as I went along, that the hound seemed nervous, and apparently uneasy, which kept me on the alert, for I thought possibly there might be Indians near, and they had scared the turkeys away. So I began to watch for Indians as closely as for turkeys, and turned in more towards the river, keeping my Winchester ready for quick action. I saw nothing of either Indians or turkeys, but the hound continued to hold his head high and sniff the air suspiciously.

I reached the bank of the Colorado just as darkness gathered, and turned down stream, intending to go back to

camp along closer to the river, and give up the notion of killing a turkey. I crept along as rapidly as I could through the bushes, making as little noise as possible, for I knew I would stand little show if attacked by a band of Indians, though I was well armed, for which I thanked Heaven, but cursed my luck for coming out without my horse—in fact, for coming at all, since something had scared the turkeys away and I was returning to camp empty-handed and in a bad humor. The hound walked ahead of me now, with head erect, softly sniffing the air. The night grew dark, but the moon was rising, and when it got above the tree tops on the east side of the river, it would be light enough to see better. As I proceeded, the bushes, cacti and briars thickened, so being familiar with the country, I could make better progress by getting where there was less undergrowth, which I did.

About two miles from camp the country became more elevated and mountainous, and on top of this elevated plateau the vines, briars, chaparral, cactus, catclaw and other bushes were so thick that a rat could scarcely get through them, and this, with the broken nature of the ground, made traveling impossible except by walking along the bank of the river near the edge of the water. This thicket came right up to the edge of the bluff, or top of the bank, which was perhaps 200 feet high at this point, and extended out a mile or so to the west of the river. There was a trail, however, along the river bank about one-third of the way up to the top, made by man and animals to avoid going through the impenetrable thicket. So when the hound and I arrived at the edge of this thicket, I whistled to him softly, and turned toward the river, and we picked our way slowly along the uneven trail. It was a difficult path to follow even in the day-time, and doubly so at night. However, the moon had just got above the tree tops by now, shining full on the face of the rocky bluff, so the dog and I had not much trouble in making our way by going slowly.

In places the trail was not more than a foot wide, so that I had to lean over to the right to avoid the danger of falling off into the river, or dashing myself to death upon the intervening rocks. The early rains had raised the river, too, which was perhaps two hundred yards wide, spread out among the trees on the east side, where the bank was low and sloping. The bluff was uneven, some places being perpendicular, others seemed almost to lean over the water, while at other points there was some incline to the bank away from the water. This made the path winding and sinuous, bending towards the west with the sloping places and back toward the river when the bluff became perpendicular. The trail was perhaps 400 yards long, after which the bank gradually became gently slanting again, and not so high.

We had got about half way along the trail, creeping in and out along the face of the bluff, into pocket-like places where the bank sloped a little, then back around sharp corners where the rocks jutted out perpendicularly over the water. My hound was walking silently as a ghost three or four feet ahead of me, with head raised suspiciously, and I could hear him drawing the air into his lungs in short drafts. I imagined once or twice that I heard a soft growl from him, but little louder than the purr of a cat.

I had just rounded a sharp corner of perpendicular rock, and had turned west a little, following the trail as it bent around along a slanting portion of the bank, and had reached the deepest part of this pocket in the bank when suddenly, as unexpectedly as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, I heard the cry which, whenever it rips at the ear-drums of an old frontiersman, throws him into a fever of nervous fear, and fills his heart with superstitious dread, as though a whiff from hell, hot and sulphurous, blew into his face—the scream of the death bird overhead. It was sitting somewhere on the rocks above me, and seemed to scream as it rose to fly—a long drawn out, piercing, wailing cry, unlike any-

thing else in God's universe. I dropped my Winchester close beside me, threw my back against the rock wall in a leaning position, and with a sixshooter in each hand tried to watch the two places which instinct told me were the danger points—the places on my right and left where the trail wound around the rock which jutted up perpendicularly over the water.

The effect of the bird's cry on my hound was as marked as upon myself. I had seen him fight Mexican lions, bears, wildcats, Indians and whole yards full of other dogs, and I didn't think he could utter a growl or other manifestation of anger with which I was unfamiliar. But his growl now was so rasping and saw-like that it thrilled me almost as much as had the bird's cry. It was so sudden, so sharp and grating that it seemed every nerve in my body was being torn out by red-hot tongs. There was another element in this growl, too, which I had never detected there before—fear—hopeless fear. Quick as lightning the hound lunged forward as the form of a big Comanche Indian started to slip around the jutting angle of rock ahead of us, and sprang full at the Comanche's throat as he drew his bow to shoot me. He hadn't taken the dog into his reckoning. My revolver already pointing rigidly in that direction, I pressed the trigger mechanically, and the bullet crashed into the Indian's brain about the time the hound's teeth sank into his throat.

The Indian didn't get around the rock far enough to use his long bow, but one on my left, who was following us, did, for as the dog caught the first Indian's throat I heard the dull throb of a heavy bow string on my left, then the sharp swish of the arrow and a thud as it struck the hound's body. Quick as thought, I cut loose at this second Indian with my left revolver, and with a death yell he leaped into the air and shot downwards towards the water below, working his arms wildly. The Indian on my right, with the hound's teeth buried in his throat, had toppled off the trail and went down towards the water with a yell, carrying the hound with him. I heard the twang of two more bow strings, but the arrows didn't come near me, so I supposed the Indians were shooting at the dog as he fell. I didn't have time to consider whether he was killed or not, or to listen for the sound of his fall to decide whether he fell into the water or not, for instantly two more Indians showed themselves around the rock on either side of me, doubtless trusting that my ammunition was exhausted, and that they would make short work of me, but before they could get far enough around the jutting rock along the narrow trail to draw their long bows I cut down upon them with my sixshooters, and each Indian toppled off, and with a wild yell shot downward.

I had no idea how many more were around the rock from me, but they seemed to realize that I had plenty of ammunition, and that while they had me bottled up, I had the advantage of them in one way, for I could shoot them before they got around the rock far enough to shoot me with their long bows. Fortunately the trail around these rocky corners was narrow so that only one Indian could slip around at a time. They had apparently grown careful, having seen four of their braves picked off the trail, and they were not disposed to risk their lives trying to storm my position, but I was determined not to let them get the idea that my ammunition was scarce, so whenever a nose or a hand or feather showed around the angle of rock on either side I tried to shoot it off. I wanted them to know that I was armed with revolvers, for at this time the sixshooter was something new in Indian warfare, and they dreaded a fight at close range with the Rangers armed with revolvers more than a fight at a distance with rifles. Then I hoped my comrades would become uneasy about me and send out a party to look for me, and if I kept shooting they would locate me and come to my rescue. The Indians must have realized this, too, for they probably knew the Rangers

were camped in our close vicinity.

I noticed that when I shot at an Indian on one side another showed himself instantly from the other side, thinking to get a shot at me before I could reload, and that I was not watching both corners, but after trying this once or twice, they found I had plenty of ammunition, and that I was ready for them from both directions. Had they continued to come rapidly around the rock on both sides of me they would doubtless have overpowered me, but no Indian had the bravery and moral courage to expose himself where the chances for getting killed were so great. He is a cowardly being unless he has much the advantage of a white man. And they were especially afraid of the Texas Rangers unless they far outnumbered the white men.

At this time the Indians had almost all been driven out of the State, except a few scattering bands in the West. The others had been confined to their reservations in the Indian Territory, and though they sometimes broke away from restrictions there and came on a raid into Texas, it was a hazardous thing, for the Rangers and settlers handled them so roughly that they never made raids unless in large numbers, and as the tribes were much reduced in numbers, the Indians seldom came in sufficient numbers to make them bold and defiant, but slipped into the State in small bodies to steal horses, burn houses and murder women, children and unprotected settlers, and get back to their reservation before the Rangers could overtake them. These sneaking habits had made them cowardly and skulking. They prowled around on dark, cloudy nights and stole horses, but they would not stand in the open and fight the Rangers armed with revolvers and magazine rifles unless they outnumbered us at least six to one.

So the Indians were afraid to charge my position, but I knew they hadn't given up the fight. I knew the top of the bank was covered thick with undergrowth, but I didn't know just how thick at this particular place, or whether an Indian could get through it or not. Just above where I stood a ledge of rock extended out over me, so the Indians couldn't shoot me from that point, even should they gain the top of the bluff. But on my right and left, the bank being slanting, there was nothing to prevent them from shooting me from the top of the bank at these sides if they could reach the top and get through the undergrowth to the edges overlooking me. So while watching the trail at the two angles, I also searched the edges of the bank at the top closely to see that the Indians didn't creep upon me from that direction. I had been along this trail a number of times during daylight, and had also tried to work my way through the thicket, and did not believe an Indian could get through it without cutting his way through with knife or tomahawk. The top was perhaps seventy-five feet above me, and protected as I was by the overhanging rock above and behind me, I was free to give all my attention to the tangled edges on each side of me, and to the trail.

I began to fear now, as the Indians made no further demonstrations along the trail, that the top of the bank on my right and left was to become the danger point, for if the savages gained the brow of the bank and got through the underbrush to the edges which overlooked my position I would be almost at their mercy. After a time I fancied I heard a rustling up on top somewhere, as of the breaking of sticks under the tread of some one, or a cutting sound, as if the Indians were cutting through the underbrush. But the sound was so soft that I couldn't tell whether it was real or imaginary.

I remained in this state of suspense for perhaps twenty minutes, though it seemed a month. The moon rose slowly in the east over the river, making my position more dangerous. My heart began to sink, but just about the time I had come to the conclusion that this was to be my last fight with the savages, a sound greeted my ears so blessed that I could have shouted for

joy. The roar of a dozen Winchesters shook the rocky bluff, coming from a point down the river, followed by the spiteful barking of sixshooters, the yells of the Rangers, the deep bellowing of the bloodhounds and the cries of the Indians just around the corner of rock on my right. The Rangers had crowded upon them before they could turn back down the river, and they were between two fires, the Rangers on one side and I on the other, still well armed and in a position to shoot the Indians as they came around the elbow in the trail one at a time.

The blood tumbles madly through my veins even yet at the thought of what followed. The Indians, driven forward by the Rangers, began to jump around the rock in the face of my flashing sixshooters, as I faced them, firing as fast as they came in sight. The trail was so narrow that some of them fell off amid terrified yells, in their haste to get out of reach of the Rangers. But all who got around the rock had to face my sixshooters, and amid yells they tumbled off the trail one by one into the river as I shot, their bows and arrows falling with them, and the Rangers firing at them as they fell. I do not know that I hit every one that came around the rock, but I shot at every one, and though I was much excited, I believe I hit all of them, for they were not more than ten feet from me, and their yells as they shot downward told me that most of them were mortally wounded, for it's easy to tell the death yell of an Indian from simply a yell of fear or terror.

In a minute the firing was over, the Rangers had reached the narrow part of the trail and crept around the rock to where I stood. Captain Sterrett was the first to reach me, clasping his big hand upon my shoulder and feeling me over to see if any arrows were sticking into me, and asking me in short, jerky accents if I were hurt.

Of course I told him no, but that there were more Indians on the other end of the trail, and that I thought there were some on top of the bluff. With two waves of his hand he separated the company, one part taking the trail up the river, the other going back down stream to a point where the bank sloped enough for them to climb to the top. I went with the party up the trail, leading the way myself around the angle where I had shot at least two Indians dead and wounded several others, but there was no sign of an Indian now, not a sound to be heard, and after going to the end of the trail and seeing and hearing nothing whatever of the enemy, we turned and hurried back over the trail as fast as we dared, to join our other comrades.

We now heard shots on the brow of the bluff. The other party had arrived there and found that four Indians had been cutting holes with knives through the dense thicket, dragging their bows and arrows with them in order to reach the edge of the bluff to the right of where I had stood. The undergrowth was so thick that they could not get out any way except as they went in, which they had begun to do at the first firing of the Rangers. But this had taken time, and the Rangers had reached the top of the hill as the Indians were nearly out, and the bloodhounds had caught them like rats in their holes, and the sixshooters soon did their deadly work. The Indians had gotten within six feet of the edge of the bluff when the firing of the Rangers begun.

I was late in gaining the top of the bank, for I found that I was weak and unstrung. When I reached the top and found the fight over, I sat down on the ground. Several of my comrades stood around, questioning me about the incidents leading up to the fight. As we talked, the bloodhounds came near me, and I suddenly sprang to my feet and asked:

"But my hound! Where is he?"

Captain Sterrett was standing nearest me, and I saw his face grow harder and more grim in the moonlight.

"Dead." he said briefly. Then added: "He didn't live till we got our horses saddled. There were three broken arrows in his body. They en-

tered at right angles in such a way that the feathered ends were broken off by striking against bushes and things as he ran to camp to give the alarm, and this had torn and lacerated his flesh, and doubtless hastened his death."

I sat down again, more quickly than before, with almost a sob in my throat. I was only twenty-two, and had raised the hound since he was no bigger than my fist.

The next day thirteen of the Rangers under Captain Sterrett followed the remaining Indians north to intercept them before they reached the Territory —while I and another Ranger went to Lampasas. I carried the body of the faithful hound with me, and buried it in one corner of the yard and put a slender slab of marble above his grave, bearing the inscription: "Hero: He Died for His Master."

TAHITI---NIGHT

An idle isle, with lazy, nodding palms
Set round about, and coral reefs afar
Out in the deep, upflinging milky surf
With rumbling crash. A long, wide, snowy beach
Caressed to slumber long as Time is long
Beneath the Southern Cross. At night, far out,
The rows on rows of lights from passing ships,
Sea-shouldering vessels making for their ports
Beyond the great world's edge; the smoky flame
Of phosphorus upthrown about their prows;
And leaping fishes, glowing with pale fire,
And falling back into the sea once more
With muffled splash and warm sparks flying wide.
The shadows creep and rustle to the shore
And all the night seems, sighing, to awake
From drowsy slumber, murmuring words of love
And languorous passion, indolent amorousness.
The trade wind whispers through the shifting leaves,
And cool streams tinkle in the velvet dark
Through hidden glades, or widen into pools
With many stars there set in ebony,
Giving back gleam for gleam to those above
Through patterned shadows of low-leaning trees.
Canoes drawn up, with paddles leaning on,
And grass-thatched huts half-hidden in the shade—
Low murmurs, once a cry, then laughter, song;
The firelight flickering over golden skin;
Above it all, the kindly, brooding night.

HAROLD MILLER.

MURIEL

By Walter Frederick

MURIEL they called her when she lay in her crib, a red-faced little baby with pretty, dimpled hands and an astonishing appetite for a well-behaved little Miss. Her face was not pretty. What baby's is, in the first weeks of its existence—the putty-face stage—except in the mind of the fond mother?

But what mattered that to Muriel? Not any more than it troubled her that she was not any too well born. She had not had the choice of her parents. If she had, she would scarcely have chosen good-for-nothing John Ramsey and Fanny Woeman, on whose past we will not comment.

But little Muriel knew nothing of that, even when she grew up to girlhood, as she did, in a small pioneer town in the Northwest. The district, a pine-logging country with a rough, hand-to-mouth population, was not the place for niceties, and if a family made a living and kept out of jail, there was nothing said and no questions were asked.

* * * *

Muriel was now a pretty girl in her 'teens; school had given her little; she had scant aptitude for learning, and soon dropped out to spend her time at home, and here and there, as the rather pleasure-loving nature and shiftless, unsteady manner of life of her parents brought it to pass.

The examples she had before her were not the best, and while she was still a pure and sweet-minded thing, the education she was receiving in this company, with its lack of stability and responsibility, its levity and general shiftlessness, was sure to tell in time.

As is usual with this type of people, Muriel developed early, and even at seventeen, had her little affairs *d'amour*, which, as any person with half an eye could see, might at any time bring her to harm, if not to grief.

About this time, good people noticed the attractive little Miss, for she was fast becoming a fetching blonde, and all the more engaging because demure and serious-minded in the midst of a frivolous environment, and they decided, if possible, to remove her from harm's way. But how should it be done?

It happened that a young woman of their acquaintance was about to start for a training school for nurses. She was prevailed upon to take Muriel with her, and, perchance, to have her also accepted as a candidate, in which event everything seemed easy and Muriel's future assured.

This plan was successful, for the girl welcomed the change, as people of this class are apt to do, trusting in chance to better their condition, not considering deeply any project, and easily swayed by any plan that pleases their fancy.

Muriel was now a nurse in training. Preliminary education was not demanded, although the course itself was thorough and full of hard work and study. It was at this stage of her existence that I met her. I had gone to Trinity Hospital in M—— to be cured of a severe case of influenza. As an unmarried man, I had no home but my bachelor quarters, and no one to care for me there, so to the hospital I went, and as a "light case," a novice was assigned to me, and this novice was Muriel. As I learned the story of her life from her nurse friend and protector later on, my impressions of her at this time were purely personal and

quite unspoiled by any knowledge of her hereditary qualities.

I remember her as she first stepped into my room and was introduced by the superintendent as Miss Ramsey, "who will attend to your wants." Dressed in a novice's neat suit, her long, beautiful auburn hair fairly bursting from her white cap, her tread light, and hands as dimpled as when she lay a kicking baby in her cradle, she was more an excitant than the ideal of a caretaker and a soother.

Well, to make the story of a short stay still shorter, I remained there a week, and when I considered that I was sufficiently cured, and since the presence of so charming a girl in so close proximity is always perilous for a bachelor, it was just as well that I left the hospital when I did.

* * * *

Once back at my work, which had piled up sufficiently in my absence to keep me strenuously at it for some time, I saw no more of Trinity for a year or two, except that I had seen Miss Hastings, Muriel's protector and friend, in passing, from time to time. And so it was natural when my friend John went to the hospital with a severe case of typhoid I should ask to have him assigned to Miss Hastings' ward.

As I attended John often and staid long hours, especially during the crisis week when his fever ran up to a hundred and four, and life hung in the balance, it came about that Miss Hastings and I sat together often, and since Muriel was a common acquaintance of ours, our talk quite naturally turned on her. Thus it happened that Miss Hastings, who, because of recent experiences, was full of the subject, told me the story of Muriel's life, as I have in part retold it above.

The narrative was interrupted by frequent ministrations to John: ice-packs, medicine, cold immersions to keep the fever down, or a delirious call from him for his red slippers so he might go home. Between these calls I got the following snatches of narrative:

"Muriel left shortly after you were here. Let's see: that's two years ago now, is it not? She tired of the strenuous and secluded life of a nurse in training, and took a position with one of her former patients as a traveling companion. That did very well for a few months, but Muriel finds it very distasteful to stay long at any one piece of work, and so when the family returned for a time to Chicago, the monotony of life began to tell on her. At her request, she was granted a vacation to visit her old home, which she did. Once there, she seems to have fallen in with the manner of life of her people, and I don't know what it was that led her to remain there when her leave had come to an end. I wrote her often, but nothing seemed worth while —the uselessness and aimlessness of existence, except for passing pleasures, seemed to act like lead in her veins. At all events, she was not to be got away by any sort of argument, when lo and behold! within a few weeks I received a letter from her stating that she was to be married.

"And to whom? Would you ever suppose that a girl as dainty and with as good taste as Muriel seemed to have, would throw herself away on a shiftless, rough, raw woodsman, a drinker, a roustabout who, by sheer brute force of his person succeeded in attracting her?

"It was only later that I learned how meanly she had married, when complaints and lamentations from Muriel began to fill my mail. And when presently a child was to be born to them, Muriel begged me to come to her, which I did, as my winter vacation.

"And there I found her, living in a house unfit for any one, away from her kind, on the edge of a clearing, uncared for by her rough spouse, who was away for weeks together on hunting trips, or working on some short job as necessity drove him to it.

"I started to make her as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Her baby was a plump little girl, as pretty a child as any one could wish for, and it went to my heart to think of the life that awaited her.

Well, we struggled along as we might for about two weeks, when in utter desperation at the lack of even the ordinary comforts of food and clothing, I proposed to her what one hesitates at any time to suggest to a married woman, I proposed that she quit her home, if such we might call it, and come with me where she might make a living for herself and babe.

"Muriel, as easily led as ever, acquiesced at once. I learned the time of the next train, and we set to work packing up her few portable belongings. The undertaking was perilous, especially for me. Jake was a great, rough brute. He might return from his hunting trip at any time—he might be drunk into the bargain. But I thought the prize was worth the hazard, and I took the risk.

"Wrapping up the little one, whom we later named Muriel, like her mother, as best we might against the bitter cold of a winter day in the Northwest we started to make our way to the station, a mile or two distant. We arrived there, finally, after much hard walking and carrying, and sure enough, at the station, among the rough group stood Jake in his hunting togs, and as loud and coarse as ever.

"We slipped into the station building the back way, let the station master, whom I had spoken to on my arrival, into our secret, and begged him to help us.

" 'No, ma'am, not on your life,' said he. 'If she is going to run away from her husband she can do so, but I won't have anything to do with the matter.' So there we were. I had my hands full. Retreat was out of the question, and, mind you, Muriel was the worst of my troubles.

" 'Oh, Hattie, what shall I do? Jake is a bad man. You don't know how bad. What shall I do?'

" 'Do nothing,' said I, "but keep quiet and trust to good fortune. He'll never come in here. There'll be a way out yet.'

" 'But I'm awful afraid. What will Jake do? He's been drinking, too. Oh, let me go out and tell him everything. Or let me tell him that we came to meet him. Anything, or he'll kill us all.'

" 'Muriel,' said I, 'I'm older than you. You let things to me. You go and sit down there and keep the baby quiet.'

" 'But, Hattie, I'm an awful burden to you. I'll tell you what. You go and leave me here. I'll get along somehow. Go now, Hattie, do.'

"With this sort of thing we had spent a harrowing half hour, when the train whistled. I had bought the tickets and stood ready to take any chance that offered itself. Now I was standing by the window. I saw Jake go by us forward to the express car. 'He is bringing a carcass down from his hunting trip,' said Muriel. As he stepped into the car to help, I snatched the baby, and pushing Muriel on ahead rushed into the car, turned the key in the lock, and got out of the range of sight.

"Within a few moments the train was in motion. We had left Jake, with the carcass of a deer on a truck, behind us, and I got up to let in the conductor, who was in a fury at being locked out of his own train. Within eight hours we were once more in Trinity, where I put up my wards to await what might be found for Muriel to do.

"A few days later we found a position for her as a housekeeper. She took her baby with her, and was perfectly content to live again in proper circumstances and among civilized people.

"This went well for about six months. I went to see her often. Little Muriel had grown to be a charming little thing, and was the delight of the entire family. Muriel did her work well, and was liked by all. She seemed content in that no complaint came from her lips, and her face, worn by care when she came, was beginning to show its old-time oval, and her long hair was as pretty as ever.

"Now it happened that as my training was at an end, I was to leave for a month's trial service as surgical

nurse at the General Hospital at C—. Before I did so I admonished Muriel to write me often and to think of the future of her little one.

"The rest of the story is soon told. When I returned at the end of my month—let's see, that was last week Friday—I called her up at once, only to learn from the family that she had left, as far as they knew, for her old home, which was true, as I've learned since.

"What is to be done? Muriel has not written me. She has gone back to Jake, and that's all I can tell you about her."

HER MINIATURE---1778

Painted on ivory olden, set in a golden frame,
I wonder what was her story, what was her name,
Betty or Barbara, Sally or Sue?
Oh, but her tender eyes, liquid and brown,
Smile from the shade, my Miniature Maid,
Of her clustering curls, and a knot of blue
Is brave at the breast of her high-waisted gown.

Maid of the nut-brown tresses, maid of the dresses quaint,
Flower of an Old World garden, fragrant and faint,
I fancy a perfume arises, a row
Of cinnamon pinks, red roses a-nod,
Verbena and phlox, the borders of box,
With gillyflowers, pansies and poppies a-blow,
In such a gay garden her little feet trod.

Her voice to a tinkling spinnet, fresh as a linnet's note,
Trilled as she joyously caroled, look at her throat,
Round, and as white as the leaf of a rose,
By glimmer of candle, or glow of the fire,
She sews fine seams, with innocent dreams,
Of bright-eyed beauty, and balls and beaux,
Or the rollicking laugh of a fox-hunting squire.

Brown eyes of light and laughter, did she fade soon after, sleep,
Leaving only a picture for some one to keep,
Or hair turning silver, from silver to snow,
Live to be, wearing a rustling brocade,
And rare point lace, with an old-time grace,
Somebody's grandma, I wish I could know,
Your great-great-granddaughter, my Miniature Maid.

LUCY BETTY MCRAYE.

THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS

By John Wright Buckham

LEADERS of "Pilgrims' Progress"—if there be such any longer—may have wondered of the whereabouts of the Delectable Mountains to which Christian and Hopeful came towards the end of their pilgrimage, "to solace themselves with the good of these Delectable Mountains." They have been found—as far as they have local existence—in the sun-bathed, flower-girt mountains of the Coast Range of California, notably those that stretch away from the silver waters of San Francisco Bay. From canyon to crest, these hills are filled with delight—infinitely delectable throughout the long year. No bleak reign of snow and ice comes to break rudely in upon their serenity. They sleep under the summer suns, smile at the gracious gift of the rain, and break forth into singing at the touch of spring with unfailing and perpetual charm. There is no month in the year in which flowers may not be gathered upon their sides, nor in which one may not "loaf and invite the soul," basking in some sunny spot, or retreating to a shady nook—as the season suggests. And yet these hills are never the same for long. There is constant change, subtle but real. No mistake is more unwarranted than that the California year is monotonous. In the city it may be, perhaps—better so than the from-blister-to-blizzard changes of cities in other climates—but on the hillsides there is no monotony. To the untrained eye, that must have its seasons marked in vivid green, blazing red and blank white, the California seasons may seem blurred and indistinct; but to a sensitive eye that delights in delicate and subtle changes of expression, monotony is as unknown as on the face of a lover.

There are but two marked and contrasted seasons in California—the green and the gold. The two pass into one another with gradations too subtle for exact analysis, yet too real to be unnoted. The season of the green begins, sometimes earlier, sometimes later, in that elsewhere dreary time of foreboding called "the fall." There is, to be sure, what may be called a fall in California, but, as Henry Ward Beecher said of the Genesis story, it is a "fall upward." When the last fruits have ripened, and the year is at the summit of its golden glory, and while yet the chaparral glows with rich shades of dark red and brown, come the first refreshing rains of the season with music and dancing—and all Nature rejoices at the summons of a new springtime. Then is fulfilled the prophecy that is written: "The plowman shall overtake the reaper." Another gentle rain, and another, and another, interspersed with periods of brilliant sunshine smiling upon a fresh-bathed world, and then appears a veil of green as delicate as gauze, spread over the fair outline of the hills. Under the ampler rains of December and January, the green spreads and deepens until it becomes a rugged and substantial garment that clothes the whole landscape with gladness. Spring may delay, waiting loyally for the returning of the lengthening days, but it has taken possession and its badge of promise is upon the broad breast of the earth.

Now comes marching triumphantly in the gallant procession of the flowers, led by the beautiful flowering currant, the hanging arbutus of the

West. In the laurel-shaded arroyos, beside the sweet-voiced streams, the trillium bursts through the soil, blushing red before the lovely, fragile milkmaid, pale and pink by turns. Amidst the tangled vines and ferns, the brilliant blue of the hounds-tongue catches the eye, and on rare days one comes upon the exquisite brown mission-bells, calling the flowers to worship. Higher up the side of the arroyo the zygadene lifts its lustreless stars proudly in the air, and the beautiful shooting star poises, as if ready for flight, upon its slender stem. Here and there the Indian paint-brush dashes the hillside with spots of brave color. In the open field and hillside there is a riot of bloom and beauty. The mustard sprinkles living sunshine over great fields of gold, and the butter-cups outdo the display with a more golden gold. When the eye tires of this splendor it rests with quiet pleasure upon the myriad beds of broidaea, or cluster lily, with their rich purple glow, or seeks out the delicate beauties of the portulaca and clover hidden in the grass.

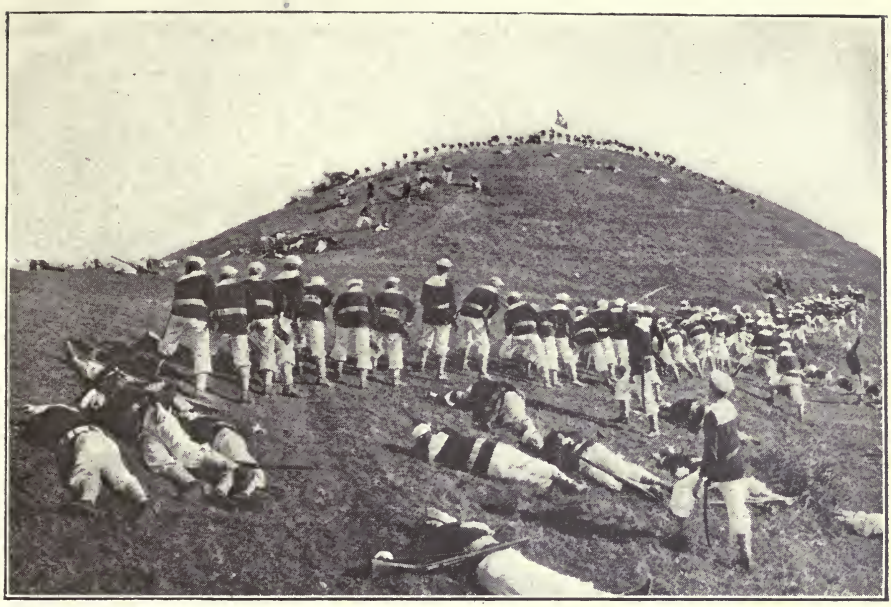
More splendid and wonderful grows the array as the season advances. The lupines form great masses of rich lilac on southern slopes, the tall, bending, pink hollyhocks adorn the fields, and on the very summits of the Delectable Mountains the tender mariana (*nemophila insignis*) opens its innocent blue eyes, most winsome and heavenly of all the flowers that grow, while the graceful tidy tips and the delicate cream-cups—another of our choicest flowers—tempt one to gather great armfuls of these trophies of the heights. Yet all these yield willing homage to the queen of the wild flowers, who reigns triumphant and unequaled on the hillsides, the matchless *copa de oro*, the golden poppy (*eschscholtzia Californica.*)

"The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town,
But careless, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills—
Far up, far down, at every turn—
What beggar hath not gold to burn?"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

Now comes the crest and summit of the year. About the first of May, the splendor reaches its zenith. The stream of life and beauty flows full to the very banks. The wild oats on the hills sway in the summer breeze. The bay takes on a more captivating sheen of blue. Above, below, around, all is perfection. The birds are in fullest-throated melody. In the arroyos the great, gnarled, out-stretching live oaks have taken on a foliage as fresh as youth itself—age renewing its youth could not have a more perfect symbol—the maples and the buckeyes are clothed in richest raiment, the ceanothus has lighted its blue fires and sends back greetings to the sky. A day spent on the hills at this season is the consummation of bliss and leaves one with a richer vision of life. Edward Rowland Sill has beautifully described it all—no, not all—in his poem, "Field Notes," which he might better have called "A Day on the Delectable Mountains."

Enters now, gently, reverently, restfully, the decline of the year, the season of the Gold. The wild oats and grass and flowers ripen and recline to Mother Earth. The scarlet bugler lifts its head above them, and the beautiful godetias adorn dry places with their satin sheen. The mimuli are still in bloom, and the wild asters and golden rod begin to appear. The atmosphere of ripeness and repose settles upon the landscape. The sun reigns supreme through cloudless days and transmutes everything into his own hue and likeness. Some of the fairest and most characteristically Californian pictures of the year now appear. The blending of green and gold afforded by the oaks and laurels sets off the tawny hillsides and forms a harmony of which the eye never tires until the season of the Gold gives way to that of the returning Green.



Sham battle.

YERBA BUENA ISLAND NAVAL TRAINING STATION

By Fred A. Hunt

ABOUT MIDWAY between San Francisco and Oakland, in the Bay of San Francisco, rises Yerba Buena (good herb) Island, commonly, and inaccurately, known as Goat Island, where are located a light-house and fog-horn station, a torpedo station (under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Army), a detachment of the U. S. Marine Corps, a light-house dock where is kept a bewildering array of buoys, nun buoys, whistling buoys, spars, etc., and the United States Naval Training Station. With the latter this article has its especial illuminative properties.

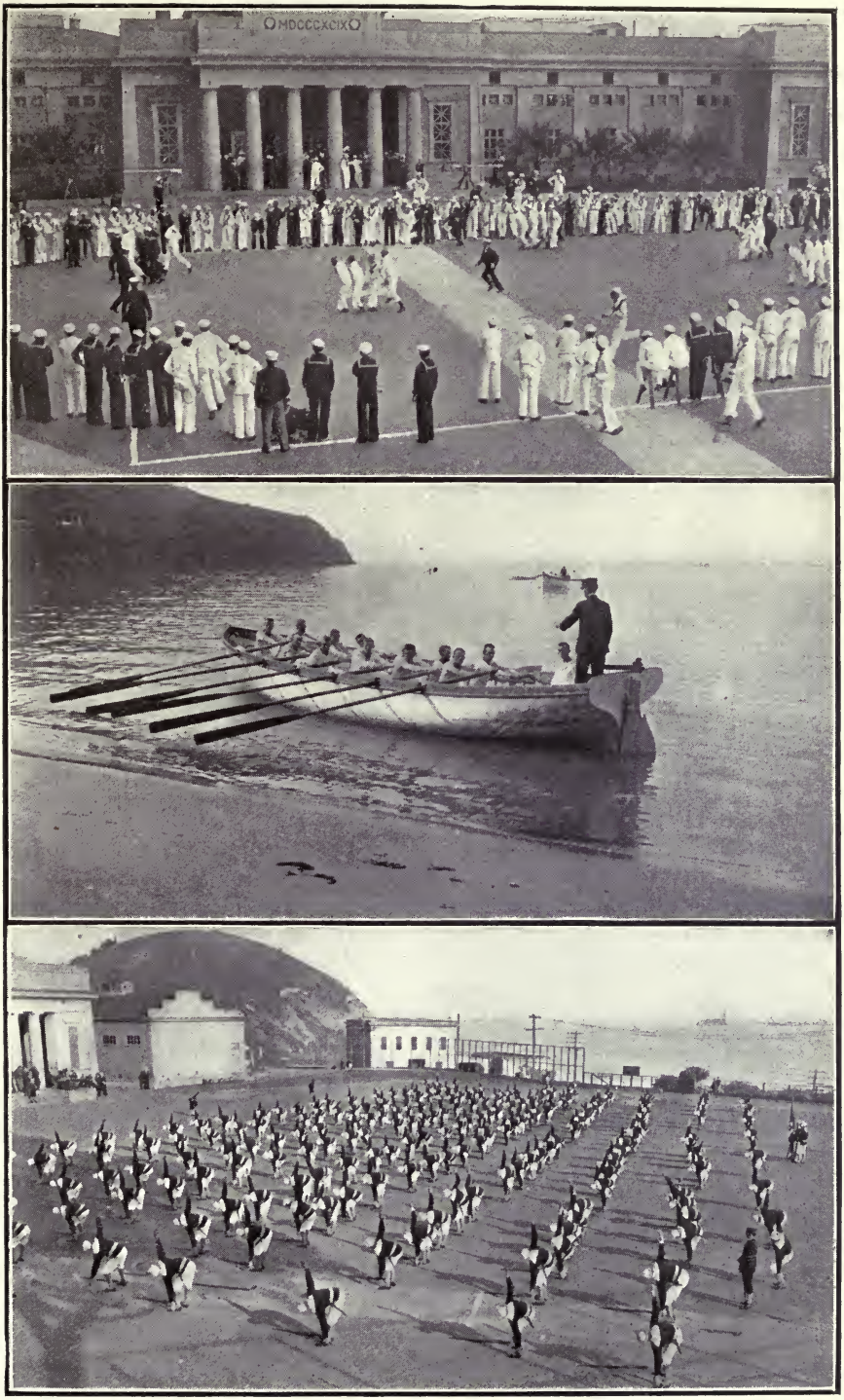
Like a crouching lion are the outlines of Goat Island, and its bold headland makes a prominent feature of the magnificent topography of San Francisco Bay. Of its history earlier than the Civil War epoch, but little is known, save that the name Goat Island was given it because of the large herds of goats that were pastured there, and whose proprietors furnished milk and goat meat to the occupants of the settlements about the Bay. The primary military establishment on the Island was an infantry cantonment, which, about 1870, was changed to an artillery post, and it so remained until all the buildings were destroyed by fire, when its general occupancy by

United States training ship Pensacola.

the government ceased, only the southeastern end being utilized as the lighthouse station, and a small fraction of the northeastern extremity being devoted to the housing of materials needed by the torpedo section of the Engineers' Department.

It appeared to be a matter of uncertainty among the government officials as to what would be the most feasible and practical use to put this prominent and advantageous site. Many proposals were made for its purchase from the government by private citizens and corporations, but they were all rejected, and the United States maintained what was generally characterized as its useless tenure, until 1898, when it became a recognized fact that sailors for our navy were almost unprocurable, and the consequent need for a place where youths could be trained to man our war vessels imperative and urgent. Senator George C. Perkins had, through various sessions of Congress, urged the establishment of a training station, and in 1898, when the war clouds were densely gathering, such a station for the Pacific Coast was decided upon. On April 12, 1898, President Benjamin McKinley signed the executive order setting apart a goodly portion of Goat Island as a Naval Training Station, and officially designated the island as "Yerba Buena Island." During that year, preliminary surveys were made, plans drawn and prospecting for a water supply developed; these being under the supervision of Civil Engineer Franklin C. Prindle, U. S. Navy, and Captain Francis W. Dickins, U. S. Navy, assistant chief of the Bureau of Navigation, the latter, in October, 1898, personally visiting Yerba Buena in connection with this duty.

On March 25, 1899, Captain Henry Glass brought the Pensacola down from Mare Island Navy Yard, with five apprentices (who had been enlisted for a course of training as a nucleus for the new training school) and took command of the station. Excavations were made, and an immense



1. Holding the regular sports on the island. 2. Boat drill. 3 Setting up exercises on the main field.

plaza, or training and drill ground, leveled, in the course of which an ancient Indian cemetery was demolished that lay between the barracks and the officers' quarters. Shortly thereafter, eight boys were under instructions in the formative process. Thereafter the growth of the institution was rapid.

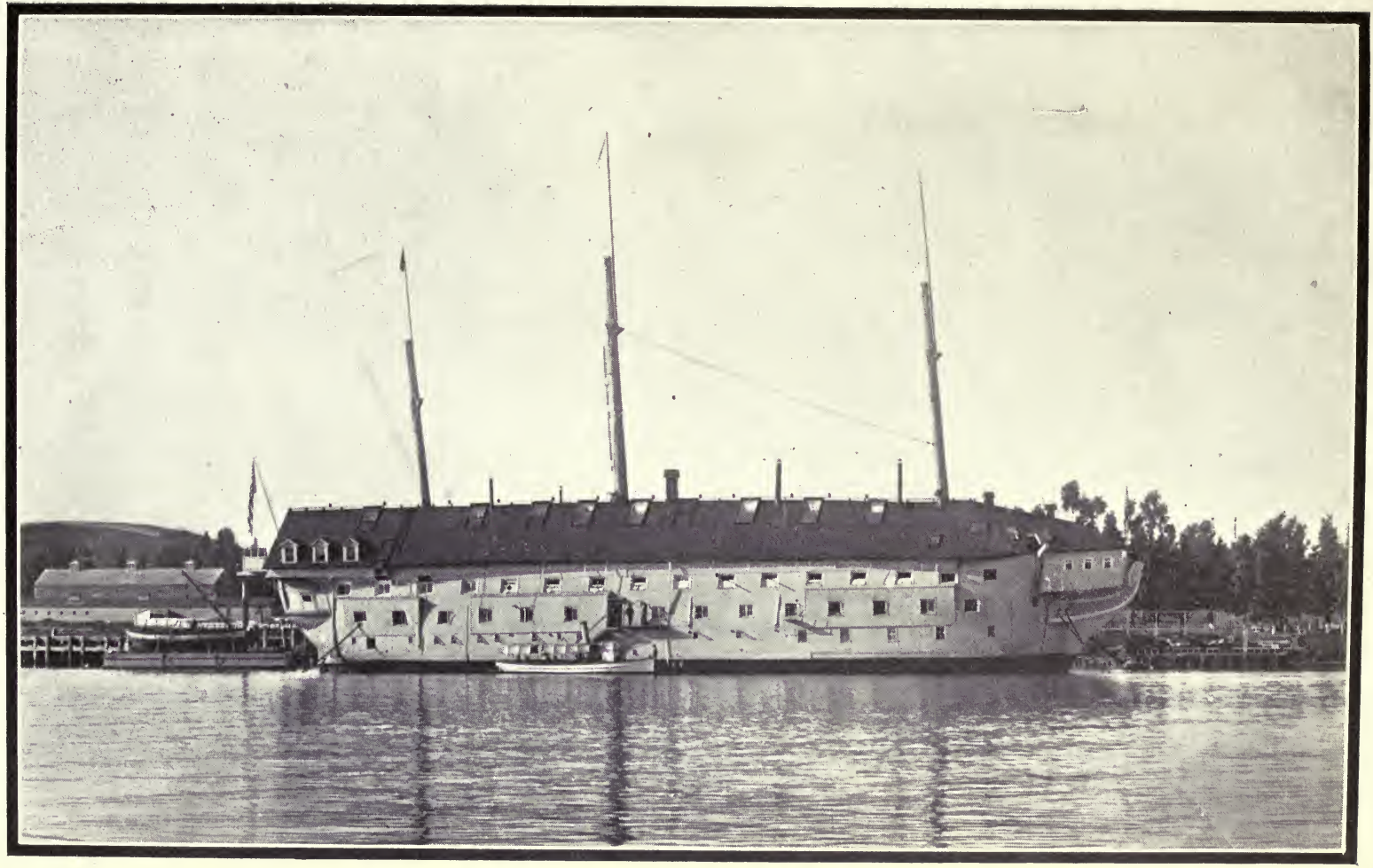
The first building to be placed under construction was the barracks; for their completion $74,000 had been appropriated, but the erection ultimately totaled $85,000. In this commodious edifice there is comfortable housing for five hundred apprentices, and the largest drill hall (three hundred by sixty feet) on the Pacific Coast; the gallery around it is occupied by the hammocks of the lads who are becoming accustomed to the duties and routine of naval life. Immediately after the erection of the barracks, officers' quarters were built at an approximate cost of $100,000.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, there were at the station sixty-two youngsters, who were quartered on the Pensacola, pending the completion of the barracks. On January 10, 1900, the barracks were completed and accepted, and were formally occupied on February 2d of that year. On January 23d, the commandant's house was completed, and the officers' quarters on March 23d. In this fiscal year the training station materially advanced in its work of "making" sailors, there being three hundred and ninety-two apprentices there, from various parts of the country. All of the apprentices must be Americans. As a Washington, D. C., despatch announced: "American citizenship is to be an unbroken rule governing all future enlistments in the naval service, and instructions to that effect have been sent to naval officers on recruiting duty in various parts of the country and at the naval stations. The only departure from the rule will be in certain cases of those enlisted as cooks, stewards and mess attendants, where foreigners, such as Japanese, are found to be of special value, added to which circumstances it has been found there are not enough Americans applying for these positions."

The third year showed an increase to five hundred and eighty-four apprentices, with a daily average of one hundred and ninety-six present; the absentees being on cruise, etc., under instruction. Of this aggregate, the Puget Sound district furnished thirty-seven. But the work and value of the Station was materially augmented this year by an order from the Bureau of Navigation that the Station should be utilized as an educational point for landsmen as well as apprentices; therefore, on September 15th, a rendezvous was instituted at San Francisco and enlistments were taken at the Station and at Los Angeles, with the result that five hundred and ninety landsmen were instructed during the year; four hundred and twenty-nine of whom were sent to different ships on the Pacific Station. This addition of landsmen made the total number of youths at the Station one thousand one hundred and seventy-four.

From that time the Station has steadily increased in popularity, attendance and efficiency in the needful training work. On July 10, 1903, Rear-Admiral William H. Whiting took command of the Station, he being succeeded in the fall of 1905 by Captain Charles P. Perkins, U. S. Navy. Under the direction of the commandant, Captain C. A. Gove, the training station has progressed in prestige and recognized efficacy, so that its excellent reputation has been maintained, and in many instances improved upon.

The routine of duty is naturally and necessarily comprehensive. Reveille 6 a. m.; bath, 6:20; breakfast, 7 a. m.; inspection of underwear, 8 a. m; sick call, 8:30; at 9 quarters are sounded, and the battalion forms on the drill-ground in front of the barracks, at which time inspection is had, and woe is the portion of the slovenly or untidy attendant. At 9:25 the dismiss is sounded, and at 9:35 the bugle again assembles the lads for practical training in the manual of arms, seamanship, signaling, schooling, gunnery, swim-



The old razee Independence, receiving ship at Mare Island Navy Yard.

ming, compass instruction, boxing, etc. At 10:25 dismiss is sounded, and at 10:35 once more they are assembled for instruction or drill (in both infantry and artillery methods) until 11:20; from that time until 11:55 they are at liberty. At 11:30, "mast" is held, when those who are reported as amenable to punishment are arraigned before the commandant, which is technically known as "being brought to the mast." At 11:55 mess formation finds them in ranks again, and in attendance at this duty they are always prompt. After mess, and until 1 p. m. they have liberty; at that hour drill is again taken up, lasting until 1:55. At 2:10 they have their fourth period, and until 2:55, and at 3:10 p. m. they have their fifth, and last, period, lasting until 4 p. m. At 4:05 p. m. they march to the bag-room and scrub clothes until 4:30 or 5 p. m., when they are at liberty until 5:25 p. m., when mess formation is again sounded for supper, and, after that pleasurable duty, the remainder of the naval day is their own, and until 8:40, when "hammocks" is sounded and the lads march to the gallery, hammocks slung and unlashed (everything is "tied" in the navy), and their respective occupants speedily in them. Then tattoo is sounded, followed shortly afterward by taps, and quietude reigns until reveille of the ensuing day.

During their periods of rest or recreation, there are abundant opportunities for the lads to amuse or profitably to enjoy themselves. There is an excellent library of nearly six hundred volumes of standard works, as well as some fifty magazines and the daily papers from the principal Coast cities. In the library, school is also held, under the special supervision of the chaplain. The library is also the general correspondence room. In appropriate localities are pool and billiard tables, boxing gloves, Indian clubs, punching bags and other gymnastic accessories, and for those of musical taste there is a piano that seldom lacks a performer, and then the lads who can sing, or think they can sing, make the environs melodious or discordant, as the case may be—but they amuse themselves, and others. There is a good orchestra and dramatic club, and a variety of enjoyable impromptu entertainments are continually being provided. Baseball and football clubs of the Station have rendered good accounts of themselves in contests with other teams. On Sundays divine service is held, whereat a very good choir takes a prominent and effective part.

Necessarily, minute and scrupulous attention is paid to the physical training of the lads, that they may be transformed from the stiff-jointed and drum-stick legged landsmen to the alert and supple man-o'-war'smen. Likewise is rigorous supervision exercised as to their moral education, for Uncle Sam wants men in his navy who have sound minds in sound bodies. And those who take pains to perfect themselves in their studies and instructions provided—and for which the lads receive pay during their curriculum—discover themselves on the road to rapid promotion and remunerative positions—in which they have a life tenure until retired on pension—or advanced to more responsible and better compensated rank. As the recruiting officer of the Station remarked: "There is no place, in any business or profession, where a boy who has no aptitude for special study, or the capability for tireless application, can so rapidly advance as in the United States Navy; nor where the increasing monetary compensation is so sure, swift and definite." Unquestioning and implicit obedience is the cornerstone of the efficiency of the navy; it must be exacted—and it is.

THE PENSACOLA.

A prominent feature of the Station is the United States Receiving ship Pensacola, whose construction, together with that of the Hartford, Brooklyn, Lancaster and Richmond, was authorized by the Act of March 3, 1857. These were among the first first-class screw sloops-of-war, and were all of something over two thou-

Writing home in leisure hours.

A close shave for the holiday.

sand tons burthen, about two hundred and fifty feet in length, forty-three feet beam and sixteen feet draught. The Hartford was Admiral David Glasgow Farragut's flagship at New Orleans and Mobile, while the Brooklyn, Richmond and Pensacola were part of his squadron and participants in his notable victories. The Pensacola was built at the Pensacola Navy Yard, Florida, from the designs of John Lenthall, and was completed just before the guns at Fort Sumter sounded around the world. From the Navy Yard she sailed for Washington to receive her stores, armament and equipments, after which, about August 1, 1861, she was put into commission under the command of Captain Henry W. Morris, with Lieutenant (now Rear-Admiral) Francis A. Roe, as executive officer. Shortly afterwards, the latter officer was ordered, with five hundred seamen, to occupy Fort Ellsworth, near Alexandria, and there remained, on the left of General George Brinton MacClellan's line, until the Army of the Potomac went to the Peninsula, when Lieutenant Roe, with his detachment, returned to the Pensacola. The vessel then started for her field of action as part of the fleet of Admiral Farragut, President Lincoln and his Cabinet being honored guests aboard the warship, and so remained until the Rebel batteries along the Potomac were neared, when they disembarked and returned to Washington.

Her passage down the Potomac River was an exciting and dangerous one, as the river was commanded (on the Virginia bank) for nine miles by a line of Confederate forts and batteries, whose strict orders were not to permit the passage of any vessel. Of these, the Pensacola ran the gantlet, and escaping serious injury, went to Hampton Roads, and then to the West Gulf blockading squadron, with Flag Officer Farragut on the Hartford, ar-

1. Captain C. A. Gove, the commandant. 2. The church pennant, the only flag that ever flies over the Stars and Stripes.

Preparing for a holiday dinner.

riving off the Mississippi delta March 7, 1862. The fleet assembled in the lower river, and on April 24th went up the river, supported by Captain David D. Porter's mortar-boats, and participated in the action at Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the latter guarding the north, the former the south bank of the river. Captain Bailey led the "Column of the Red" in the Cayuga, closely followed by Captain Morris with the Pensacola. The armament of the latter comprised one eleven-inch and one twenty-inch smooth-bore gun, one one-hundred, and one eighty pounder rifled gun, and two twelvepound howitzers, in addition to her broadside batteries. As the "Column of the Red" approached Fort St. Philip, its designated point of attack, the Pensacola opened with her starboard broadside, and compelled the gunners on the barbette battery to fly to cover, shortly returning to their posts, as the ship moved past, and reopened fire, when the Pensacola stopped her way and again drove the gunners at the fort's guns from their stations; the opposing force being at such short range that their vivid, profane vocabulary was easily audible one to the other. Then the Pensacola veered off to mid-river, and her guns thus no longer training on the fort, the Confederates vengefully riddled the Pensacola with a quartering fire. The vessel was shortly afterward charged by the rebel ram Manassas, the ram being skillfully eluded by Lieutenant Roe, who was on the bridge of the Pensacola, and who gave the Manassas a broadside as she passed that punctured the shell and carried away her flagstaff. Meanwhile the Hartford had run aground in trying to avoid a fire-raft, which was pushed up against her, and in a short

time the Hartford's port side was blazing half-way to the tops; the flames subsequently were extinguished without any cessation in the fire of the ship's guns.

The morning revealed a scene of wrack and desolation. Many dismantled vessels of the enemy's fleet floated clumsily down the river, while several of Farragut's ships were more or less disabled, three of them being unable to advance five miles up the river to the quarantine station, where the fleet made its rendezvous. In the contest the Pensacola had four men killed and thirty-three wounded, and suffered much damage to her hull and rigging.

On April 25th, Farragut sailed up the river—the Pensacola being an integer of the squadron—and engaged and silenced the batteries at Chalmette and receiving the surrender of New Orleans (Nowelle Orleans) on his arrival. Two days subsequently, Forts Jackson and St. Philip lowered the Stars and Bars. On the arrival of General Benjamin Franklin Butler (yclept "Spoons" Butler) and his command, Admiral Farragut refitted his fleet for an advance up the Mississippi to Vicksburg, there to effect a junction with Commodore Davis' Mississippi squadron. Being too severely injured to accompany the Admiral, the Pensacola was sent to the marine docks for repairs. These being completed, she remained on duty in the Gulf of Mexico for two years, occasionally serving as flagship for the squadron.

After the Civil War the Pensacola was thoroughly repaired and refitted, and, under the command of Captain John L. Worden, in August, 1866, sailed for the Pacific Ocean, remaining here, usually as the flagship, until the latter part of 1883, when she again went to the Atlantic under the flag of Rear-Admiral Henry Erben. Once more she underwent repairing and refitting at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and was commissioned for duty as the flagship of Rear-Admiral Samuel R. Franklin, and under the command of Captain George Dewey. On her return from European duty, she was sent on a special trip to Africa, and was then again transferred to the Pacific, and on March 25, 1899, was brought from Mare Island Navy Yard by Captain (afterwards Rear-Admiral) Henry Glass to Yerba Buena, and anchored in the bight (where she now is) before the training station, the command whereof being then taken over by Captain Glass.

Relative to the Pensacola, Admiral Dewey wrote: "My great interest in the Pensacola is not due alone to the fact that I commanded her for three years, but dates back to the Civil War days when, in the famous river fight below New Orleans, I was attached to the frigate Mississippi, which was immediately astern of the Pensacola, our bowsprit almost over her top sail. Because of our close proximity, the most friendly feeling existed between the officers and crews of the two ships. * * * During my command of her, I took some trouble to learn the meaning of the word Pensacola, and learned that its original Indian meaning was 'bay of plenty.' Evidently this significance was known to the builders of the ship, as her gangway headboards were carved with the 'horn of plenty.'"

Bird's-eye view of a western section of San Francisco.

OUR EXPECTANT HOSTESS

(San Francisco, the city that will receive and entertain the streams of visitors from all parts of the world during the period of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915.)

By Helen Lockwood Coffin

OF ALL the sisterhood of American cities, San Francisco is the busiest just now. She is setting her house in order and getting ready for company. It is no ordinary spring upheaval which occupies her attention. She is building additions, making alterations in the living room, extending the dining room, modernizing the kitchen, and "landscaping" the grounds. She cannot take a day off to do it in, either, but must keep to her regular routine of three meals a day, send her children to school, and her "men folk" to work. Then, too, she is continually practicing her vocation as hostess. Each day brings guests—important ones, too, capitalists whom she desires to interest to the point of investment, and whose interest waits on appetite. For the ultimate company for whom San Francisco is getting ready is no more nor less than the World at Large, and these transients are the advance guard, sent to spy out the land.

It is a queer sort of house this sister has, built after an original plan of her own. It is rambling, hap-hazard, upstairs and down, full of unexpected turns and mysterious corners and secret passages. The main hall runs on the "bias" through the center, with corridors branching off in a maze on either side. The whole thing is set on a corner lot, with all four sides open to the world, and yet there are only two entrances, a front and a side. Through these, most formally and politely, must all guests and even the family enter and depart. There is a fence of water, breaker-high and dangerous, to protect the grounds from trespassers. But once within the gates the hostess blows away conventionalities with a breeziness that is quite characteristic.

For hers is the breeziest house in the world. Good ventilation is one of her hobbies, and if one cared to pick flaws in the plan of her house, this is a good place to begin. In the raw fog of a gray afternoon there is almost too much ventilation, and one

is tempted to slam down the windows. But there are no windows. And next morning, when the sun comes out warm and bright, and the breeze has dozed down to a mere whisper, the most shivery guest of the night before has only the warmest praise for a hostess who has no roof but the sky, no walls but the atmosphere.

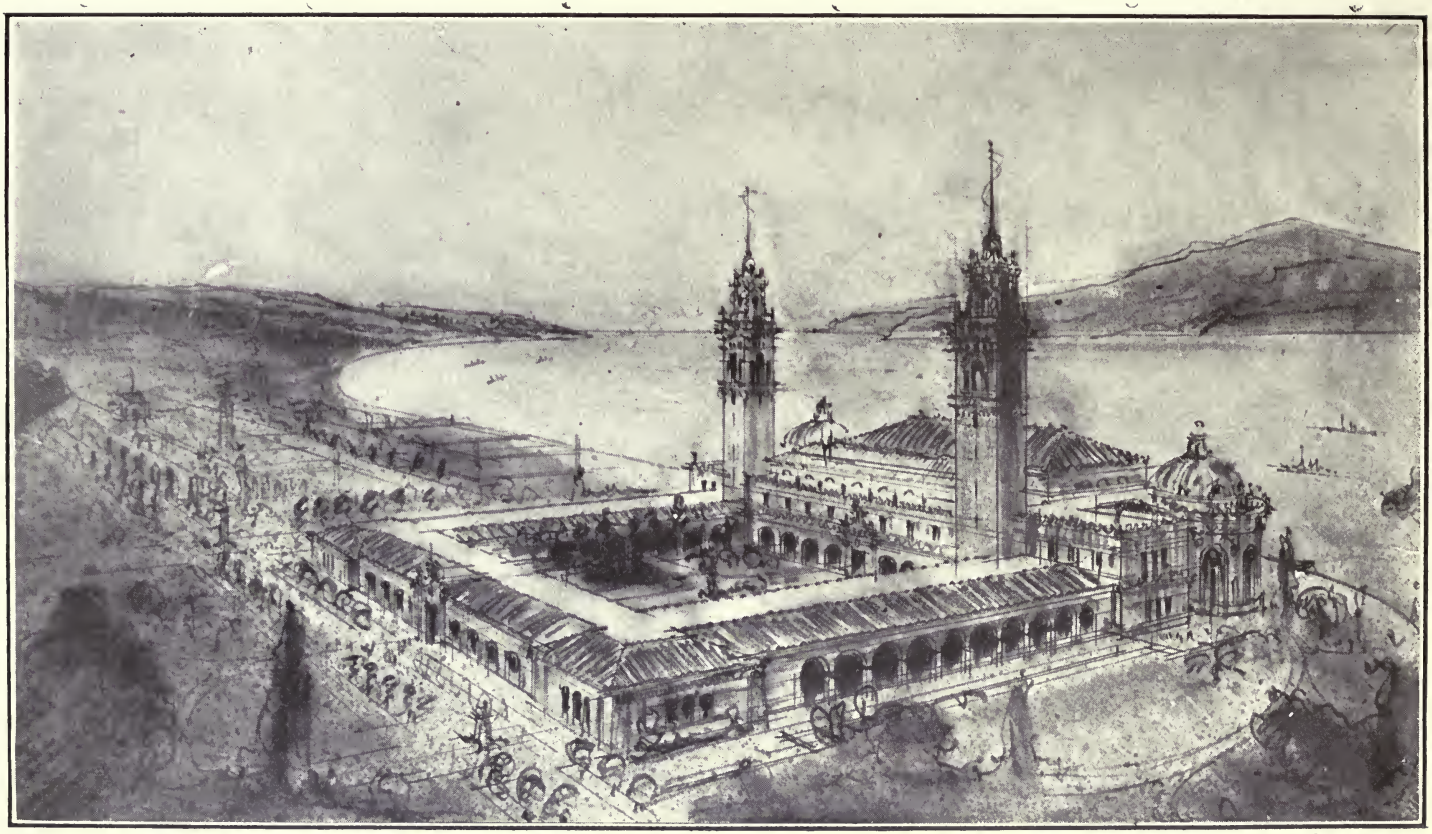
The ridiculous little bit of a thermometer which she uses only registers the ten degrees between fifty and sixty. Having no need for any other figures, she has, in an unusual spasm of economy, done away with them. Never can you keep calendar by the feel of the weather out here. July Fourth and January First frequently register the same degree. Every day is an outdoor day, and family and guests live in the open, their faces show it—they are tanned and rosy and fresh. They play all the outdoor games the world has ever known, and every new one as soon as it is invented. They play everywhere—in and on the ocean, up the mountains, in the parks, over the smooth roads. No small part of this sister's time is taken up with the planning and equipping of courts and links, and yachts and speedways. Those are direct results of the life outdoors, and then there are also by-products.

One of these is hunger, and another hobby of this hostess is the guests' dining rooms. Instead of just one, there are nobody knows how many. Some hoary statistician from the East began to count the collection. He got as far as the forty-fourth, after the two thousandth, and then he lost count. Once, another man of methodical bent tried to classify them according to nationality. French, Spanish, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, American, Bohemian—he got that far and then stopped, not because there were no more to count, but because for the moment he could think of no more nationalities. Each public dining room has its name, not a name that means anything special, but just one that is tagged to it, as children will do in play.

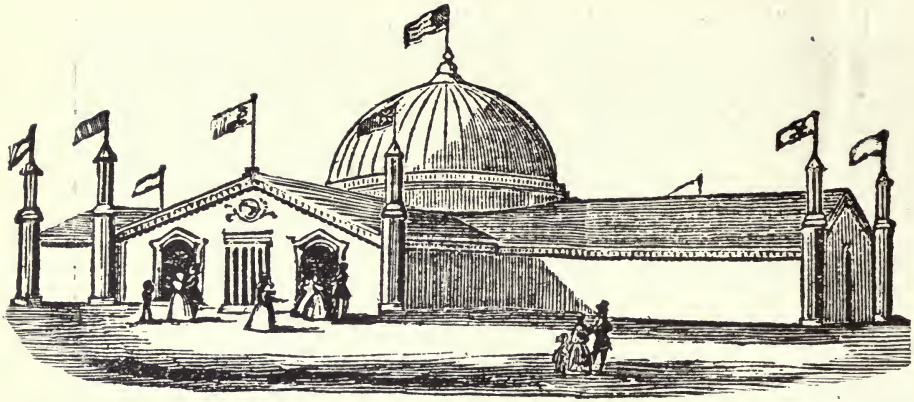
During the feast there is music. That is another hobby of the hostess, and everything that is done in her house is done to music. They eat to it, sleep to it, work to it, play to it. The tiniest cafeteria has its orchestra, as surely as its baked beans and maccaroni. Orchestrions keep the waiting throngs in the Ferry Building sweet tempered until their ships come in. You can take your choice of music—a phonograph or a pipe organ; ragtime or a symphony concert, musical comedy or a grand opera. Listen to whatever you please, all kinds are provided. *You* set the pace, and what you want you can have.

That's the sort of a hostess she is: her house is Liberty Hall. She keeps a "weather eye" out to see what is your desire, provides the ways and means, and then slips away into the background. That's the tantalizing charm of her. Seeking her is like playing a game of Blind Man's Buff with Alice in Wonderland. You cannot put your finger on her, and yet you know she is right there, for all about you the unblinded are shouting: "That's San Francisco!" Sometimes it's a breeze that saucily lifts a man's hat and whirls it away. As he runs after it, he says: "That's San Francisco!" Sometimes it is a shout of laughter, rising spontaneously from the passing crowd. "Hear that?" smiles somebody at you. "That's San Francisco!" Again, it is somebody getting up bravely after a bad fall, and dancing away as if unhurt. "What do you know about that?" they ask you proudly. And you, having learned the game by this time, reply: "That is San Francisco!"

That is the lure of this city, always to lead you on, making you try to find her, chasing after her up the hill and down, out to sea and in again, to give you always and everywhere a hint of her, but never the Lady herself. There is nothing more tangible than a mischievous breeze, a bit of gay laughter, a sunbeam, a faith that moves mountains, a supreme bravery that dares to begin again. And yet,



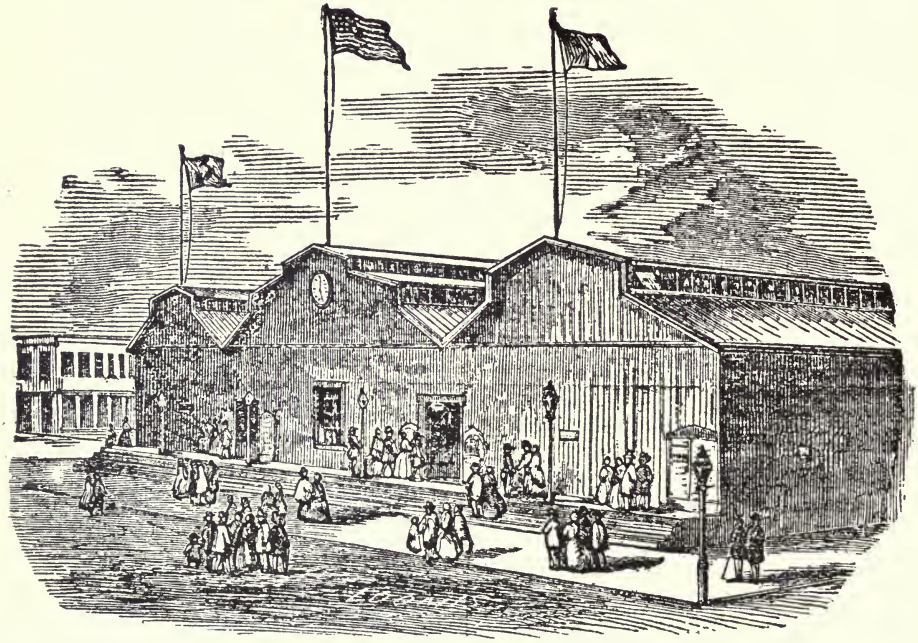
Bird's-eye view of the site of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, to be held in San Francisco, 1915. Showing its position on the bay shore along the entrance to the Golden Gate, which is seen in the middle distance.



San Francisco Exposition, 1858. (*From an old print made at the time.*)

how people love her—as she was, as she is, and as she is to be again. They are homesick for her when they go away, their eyes soften when they hear her name. They cast their fortunes in with her, and win or lose with her. Her little faults and mannerisms, her jewels, her gowns, her fragrances—not one would they have changed. They try to tell you why they love her, but they can't. "San Francisco is different," they begin, and let it go at that. It is a rule of the game not to tell, you must find out for yourself—and by experience.

The enticement begins with the ferries. Instead of coming with a rush of cinders and dirt into a crowded and still dirtier station, San Francisco takes the tired Overlander into a clean and quiet ferry boat, and gives him a delightful and refreshing ride



San Francisco Exposition, 1860.

The Union Ferry Building during a night illumination.

over the sparkling bay. The boat itself is restful, plenty of room to stretch in after the narrow confines of the Pullman; comfortable seats fore and aft, with good salt air to breathe and creature comforts of grill and "shine" for those so disposed. To beguile the time, she unrolls her scenery and lets him look at the pictures. Her particular "treat" is to use the Golden Gate as a frame and exhibit to him some charming marine views therein. Or if he is more of a merchant than an artist, she shows him her ships and wharves; for the warrior she has battle-ships, a navy yard, and a government military prison, with the promise of more. She is true from the very beginning to her motto of "Every man to his taste." There is a variety and spice in the life of her bay, mountains in the background, cities and towns grouped picturesquely along the shores, lights and life and buoyancy, people from everywhere in the garb they wear when at home. And always beckoning is the goal of the Ferry Building, wide at the base and slender-towered, with the cabalistic symbols "1915" blazoned in lights by night and in white letters by day, for those who sail to read.

It is a wise and clever move to precede the rush and confusion of the Ferry Building with that quiet, refreshing trip across the bay. Everybody who goes or comes to the city must perforce make highway of the ferries. There are 700,000 people in a radius of twenty miles from the City Hall who do not live in San Francisco. The three home towns of Alameda, Berkeley and Oakland, shelter about 250,000 of these. Counting five to the average family, and one of the five a wage-earner, in the big city, gives a regular army of 50,000 passing through the Ferry Building twice each day. Remember that this is a tourist's country, and add them to the number; add also the wives, mothers, sweethearts and babies—the irregular commuters—and you may have some faint conception of a Ferry Building crowd. The upper decks of the ferries are connected by "moat and drawbridge" with the upper floor of the building, so that the throngs pour in and out, upstairs and down, at the same time. One end of the long structure is Santa Fe; one is Southern Pacific; in the middle are the locals. Gateways by the dozens are labeled with the names of all the towns and cities in the vicinity, with now and then an "Overland." Flowers are for sale everywhere, and not only flowers, but packages of seeds. There is a receptacle where those so minded may deposit flower gifts for the hospitals. It is a fragrant welcome San Francisco gives her guests. Upstairs are the exhibition rooms of the California Development Board, more flowers, and fruits, and trees, a country fair in itself. Another long corridor is filled with mineral specimens. It is quite conceivable that many a country cousin, bound for the Fair of 1915, will become side-tracked in the upper rooms of the Ferry Building and go home contented, assured that he has seen the Only Fair, the Biggest and Greatest, and all there is of it.

Outside, the Ferry Building empties its crowds directly and precipitately upon the sidewalk. All of the cars in the city, except a few cross-lines, swing around the circle just outside this walk. You are supposed to know where you are going, how to get there, and when to get off. Woe upon you if you ask a question! That stamps you immediately as not being a "Native Son," and beyond that disgrace there are no depths to go. One of the first things San Francisco does to a stranger is to develop, or create, a pride in his birthplace. In self-defense, the alien at once proves up as a Native Son of Somewhere, and joins the Pennsylvania Club or the Illinois Club, or whichever he calls his own, and begins hurrahing for its corn, or its coal, or its scenery, or whatever it has that he can be proud of; he has to "blow his own horn," and blow it long and loud. San Francisco is too busy with her own to help him, even with one blast.

Along the waterfront of the city. The hydraulic drydock.

Liberty Hall has its drawbacks, just at first. "Nobody knows, nobody cares," where you go, or what you do, or how you get there. Until you learn not to ask questions, there are many hard bumps ahead of you. Once I had to go to Berkeley for the first time. It was not my fault, only my misfortune, that I had never been before, and I was conscious of deserving some credit for making good the deficiency at the earliest opportunity. I hunted up a gate marked "Berkeley," and tried to pass through. A crabbed ticket-taker growled: "Where's your ticket?"

Of course I didn't know where it was, and he growled again: "Git it, can't you? And don't delay traffic!" When I found a local window where people were buying tickets, I asked the man in charge how much it was to Berkeley, and he snapped: "Same as it always was!" I tried to explain that this was my first offense, but he was so cross I gave it up. Ask one of the conductors of a waiting street car: "Does this car go to—" and he interrupts by shouting: "All aboard," grabs you by the arm, hauls you up the steps, and extracts the exact fare from you.

"Exact fare!" What an imp of Satan is the elusive nickel, diving down into the most inaccessible parts of the handbag and refusing to betray its whereabouts, while the conductor stands impatient with one hand on the cord of the cash register and the other outspread for your fare, and all the Native Sons, with their fares ready, wait behind you and throng the steps and impede traffic. And no sooner do you find the nickel and crowd into the car than it is time to get off. This is as full of excitement as getting on. All the cars go up Market street, at least for enough blocks to make confusion and danger. Market street is the main hall in this sister's house which I mentioned a while back, and the one cut on the "diagonal." The car tracks are in the middle of this very wide street. On either side is the usual city traffic. Somebody spent a day counting the traffic once: 19,106 vehicles passed that day, and 3,826 were electric cars. He didn't count the people on foot. Nor did he take notice of the singular custom the streets have of grouping socially together on a corner when they come "a-biasing" across Market street, three or four in a bunch. You never can tell where anything is going when it turns a corner. Nobody but a Native Son can cross the street in dignity and order. He swings along, under the nose of this horse, just behind that touring car, rubbing shoulders with two or three dray horses. It takes more than a bevy of streets to disconcert him. Even the riveting machines and steam pile drivers, which are busy in every block, do not upset him. He has plenty of time to watch them, stopping right in the middle of traffic to see how things are doing.

He loves each rasp of the rivet, or he is no loyal San Franciscan. He overflows to the merest stranger: "Six years ago this was nothing but ruins —now look at it! Fine business—eh?"

It *is* fine business! Never can you get even with a Native Son by pretending that it isn't. The only way to embarrass him is to ask him something about his city that he doesn't know. After some experimenting, I have found an efficient and dependable weapon. I simply ask him to please direct me to the Public Library. Invariably he says: "What's that?" Then he wrinkles his brow, shakes his head, and finally confesses: "You've got me! Sure! Of course, there *is* one somewhere, but blest if I know where!" And off he goes. So great, I may remark in passing, is the educational influence of a public library. Another equally efficient weapon is to ask to be directed to a church—any church. Armed with these two questions, I dare face any crowd of Natives.

Once I found a street-car conductor who was different, but he was a Native Son of Ireland, with a bit of the blarney still about him, and a big,

Huge fantastic dragon being carried by Chinese during a celebration.

warm heart under his uniform. Usually, if you ask a conductor if his car goes through an interesting part of the city he growls: "How do I know? I ain't doing this for my health." But this one! He—by the way, he wasn't a conductor, only a motorman—he lifted his cap from a thatch of the reddest kind of curls and said: "If it's sights ye want, ye'll be afther comin' wid me." His car is one of the tiniest, as if "sights" were not attracting the biggest crowds yet in San Francisco. A sign almost as big as the car itself sets forth enticingly such destinations as "The Beaches," "The Presidio." A typical Western street car this, with a small enclosed space in the middle and the ends open, the seats in these open ends facing the street, and up two steps from the road. The motorman has a narrow camping ground in an aisle between the backs of the seats at the front end, and we sat near him on what he told us was "the foinest side for to see." There's a spice of danger in these seats—nothing to hold on by, only two steps between you and the pavement, and the trip is a series of mad dashes down steep hills and a leisurely crawling up steeper ones, varied now and then by sudden and unexpected turning of corners.

For a few blocks we went through the market section, then through Italy, touching a corner of China. We frankly found this interesting, and thereby disappointed the motorman. "Just you wait," he prophesied. "Keep your eyes glued straight ahead of you and you'll see something." Keeping glued to something sounded safe and encouraging in this uphill, downhill, nothing to hang onto trip, so we meekly did as we were bid. And then suddenly our eyes beheld the Glory. We came upon it at the top of a hill. Below us was spread the bay, and through the Golden Gate frame was also a glimpse of the "real" ocean. Along the shore was "The Most Wonderful, Largest, Greatest, and Most Beautiful International Exhibition Ever Held in Any Country"—in embryo. Just now it is only a wide strip of 600 acres of salt marsh, being filled in rapidly by prosaic and noisy dredges. "There's the site. Right forninst ye!" pointed the motorman, dramatically. It was on the tip of our tongues to exclaim that that wasn't the sort of a sight we meant. Then our eyes caught the wide reach of waters and back of it the mountains, at our feet tier after tier of streets, tumbling down into the water in a picturesque scramble, and over it all the sparkle of the brightest, warmest sunshine that ever danced over the world. From there on out to the Presidio our souls were fed with beauty.

There is beauty in the Presidio, too, but one forgets that in the face of so much more serious considerations. Beats there a heart so dead that it does not quicken to martial music? The most peaceful little mouse in the world carries her heart in her throat when a real soldier goes by. And the Presidio woods are full of them; it is the largest military reservation within the city limits in the country. In these khaki and olive-green days a soldier does not look particularly inspiring or romantic, or even very brave. He is of the earth earthy, and his business is only a trite and mechanical part of the day's work. Still, there is a thrill in watching the khaki-clad sentinel at the Presidio patrol his beat with his gun over his shoulder, ready for war. War! That seems the furtherest possible remove from this placid place, with the sunny outlook over the ocean. And yet those laughing waters cover the most formidable fortifications. San Francisco boasts of being the best fortified city in the country. There is the Navy Yard, too, you know, down on Mare Island.

"Fortified against what?" you ask, scanning the horizon for an enemy. And somebody, of course, will tell you, "Against the Yellow Peril." They are more afraid of that out here than they are of germs. You begin to wonder what the Yellow Peril really is, and the next thing you do is to go down to Chinatown and find out. As this is

Street scene in the Chinese Quarter, rebuilt after the big fire.

the largest Chinese settlement in the United States, it is, of course, the best place to study the Peril, short of China itself. Chinatown occupies one of the most attractive and valuable sites in the city, to the chagrin of typical San Franciscans, who want the best of everything for themselves. And Chinatown they cannot have, for the Chinese have read their title clear, and not even an earthquake can loosen their hold on it. In Chinatown are many hints of an older, higher civilization than ours. Watch the women in their native dresses, convenient and comfortable trousers and trig little hip-length coats, trimmed with braid in military fashion; hair sleekly oiled and ornamented with pins and combs, but no hat monstrosities. They trot around on normal-sized feet and shop for their families with despatch and an air of comfort which puts our fussy and fashionable skirtings, hats and shoes in the barbarian class. Their babies are round-faced, roly-poly pictures of perfect health, free from adenoids and anemia and nerves gone wrong. Their men move around on quiet, slippered feet as if stirring up trouble was the last thought they had. Underground, of course, things are different, but even then——

There is another underground peril of which nobody speaks, but of which there is continual thought. It is the sort of peril against which there are no fortifications. A few years ago it arose in its might and worked havoc unthinkable. But nobody names it. To-day they speak of "the fire," those a bit braver mention "the great disaster." They have done all they can to prevent its return. At regular and frequent intervals, reserve reservoirs of water from the ocean are to be found at the street intersections, each reservoir outlined on the pavement with red brick. There are one hundred of these cisterns, each with a capacity of 75,000 gallons. There are also ninety-three miles of pipe for a high-pressure system, two fire-boats, two storage reservoirs on the highest point in the city, and two salt-water pumping stations. "Never again can anything cut off the water supply," they tell us. All of the new buildings are fire-proof and modern, built with particular care to withstand the shock of another "disaster." Barring a few twisted wires here and there, several untouched ruins up on California street, and now and then a forsaken lot keeping guard over its dead memories, there are no records of that April day seven years ago.

No visible, tangible records, no reference to it in the talk of the day; everybody is forgetting it as fast as they can. If you look closely, you can see how tightly they have set their teeth to keep from talking of it, how grim and determined they are not to remember. I think that is what makes these people so gruff and impatient with those who ask questions: they are afraid they will break in on this hallowed ground. Then, too, there is a nervous shock in such an experience, and it takes time to recuperate. And again, they come of sturdy stock that is not used to crying when hurt, and does not quite know how to take sympathy. So they make a hard little shell for defense and pretend they don't care—they sing and laugh and play and dance. "For to-morrow they die!" No! Because yesterday they died, and To-day they are alive again!

The Portola Festival, when four hundred thousand visitors thronged the city.

THE OUTLAW TRAIL

By Edwin L. Sabin

THE OLD Outlaw Trail leads from Utah southeast on down across New Mexico to the far sanctuary of the Pecos and the lower Rio Grande: an historic, if ill-begotten byway of over a thousand miles.

Only a mere bridle-path, faintly hoof-marked, was the old trail at its best, devious and winding, yet even cunningly lessening the distance between two points—the point of departure, fearfully behind, and the point of arrival, hopefully before. Scarcely even a bridle-path, in many of those better places, is the old trail to-day. For it is, as a rule, neglected, and Time and Nature together are obliterating it and its secrets.

However, this morning of April, 1910, it awakened in its most lonely recesses to a new sensation; upon the abandoned wood road forming one link —between Burrows' Hole and the Frenchman's cabin—was lying, lax and motionless, a woman.

Through a cleft of the timber the sun shone down upon her. A pine-squirrel scolded at her, striped chipmunks scurried past her. A white horse, saddled and bridled, cropping the scant grass of the roadside, grazed near her. But in her khaki skirt and blouse, and high-laced boots, with red kerchief about her throat, gauntlets upon hands, hat gone, she lay cuddled and inert where thrown. Her hair was of pure blonde—fluffy and golden; her complexion, while fair and tinted, showed that her face was accustomed to the sun, which aroused her not.

The old trail was being awarded other touches of human life, for farther up were riding on, down through the timber, approaching the spot of the woman, two men.

A Westerner probably would notice first the horses—their color, style and marks. The one was a long-legged, high-shouldered bay, with blazed forehead and left fore-foot white; brand, quarter circle D on the left hip, a KP on the left shoulder. The other horse was a fly-bitten roan, lean but chunky; brand, a diamond and a Bar U on the right shoulder, with ear-mark of a swallow-fork. As for the riders, by his weather-worn face and stooped poise the man on the bay was well past his prime. A black hat, slouched and stained, was upon his head, a black shirt was open at the throat, dusty jeans and rusty boots completed his attire. His wrinkled leathery visage was drawn and tired, his eyes were bloodshot from the dust and fatigue. The man on the roan was much younger, and was swarthy, with the intensely black eyes and the thin mustache as black, of the type. He presented the broad-brimmed, straight-brimmed, leather-bound hat, the bandanna handkerchief loosely knotted, the checkered shirt, the brass-studded chaps, the high-heeled boots of the cow-puncher.

From the cartridge belt of the elder dangled a six-shooter; the younger apparently was unarmed. They rode steadily and hard, at trot and fast walk. It looked as though the old days of the outlaw trail had revived.

"You know it?" asked the younger man.

"Know it!" The elder spat, and wiped his lips and scraggly gray mustache with the back of his hand. "You are right, I know it. It's a trail that

a man who has rode it never forgets. No, not if he's rode it as I've rode it once or twice, with a posse close behind."

"When was the last time, Ben?" invited the other, casually.

The elder glanced at him sidewise, with a dart of suspicion.

"There are some things I don't remember," he said, "and some things I do."

The other laughed easily.

"One of which is the trail, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I didn't expect to ride it again, this way: but I remember it."

"A fellow never can tell what he'll do."

"No. But the outlaw trail only has the one ending, my boy, if you foller it long enough. Better men than you or I have pushed a hoss over this trail with gun loose and eyes in the back of their head, making for the Pecos; and what was the end? Why, bullet, knife or rope. That's the end of the outlaw trail to the man who rides it too fur. And what too fur is you don't know till you get there. Then you know mighty quick."

"You're a cheerful *campanero*," retorted the younger, with half a laugh, half a sneer. "What's the matter with you? Afraid of this sheriff of Rico? Who's he, anyhow?"

"He? Bah! They say he loves to play the lone hand, but that breed's petered out. We'll never see *him*. There's the law, though; and the law never quits. If it ain't the law of man it's the law of God. When you've lived the time I have, you'll know it, too."

"Well, there's many a good buck dies. But you've been over the trail before, and you're going over it again. I savvy that much. Where are we?"

"A third of the way to the Frenchman's cabin. We can make that by dark. Then the trail swings to the east, and forty-eight hours more ought to put us in the Glorietta country, where all the sheriffs 'twixt Denver and the coast couldn't find us."

"It's the border for me," quoth the younger. "Or mebbe South America. I'm told a boss vaquero gets big money down there. The cow-puncher is played out up here, same as the hold-up. This is my first and last trip over the trail."

"There's always a first trip and a last," responded the other, gloomily. "And sometimes they ain't much separated, either."

The younger scowled upon him.

"You *are* cheerful, to show a man out. There's twenty thousand to divide. Brace up."

Conversation lapsed. The younger man hummed, with enforced lightheartedness:

"The sheriff followed hard and fast, a *muy hombre* he,
He had a posse at his back, a rifle at his knee;
But when we turned our sixes loose we let the sheriff know
It took a Jim Dandy to bring us from Mexico."

As he sang, mutteringly, his roving black eyes gazed sharply right and left, and occasionally he glanced behind. He sat his roan lithely and straightly, vigilant in this bearing, also —and about him was a certain wild, picturesque attractiveness. But his companion, old and stolid, and prosaic in garb, rode mechanically, as if interested in only the trail before, and a destination.

The trail was but a faint line winding through the timber and down the slope from the pass above. Young pines, twenty inches high, had sprung up, interrupting evidence that it was a route long untraversed. At the bottom of the slope, where the trail merged with the wood road link, turning in the elder rider reined back sharply, and by his sudden halt, halted his partner also.

"It's a woman, ain't it?"

"Yes. Got throwed. There's her hoss."

"These are her tracks, I reckon. Go ahead—I'll cover you."

The older man rode slowly forward,

alert; he stopped beside the lax form and waved his hand back at his companion.

"Come along," he called.

The other joined him, and together they sat, for a moment, gazing curiously down upon the crumpled khaki.

"Hurt?"

"Just fainted, looks like."

The younger swung from the saddle, and dropped his lines.

"What you going to do?"

"Bring her to. Why? You wouldn't leave her this way, would you?"

"I sure would," answered the elder, grimly. "She'll come to, of herself; somebody'll find her that can tend to her better than us. We can't stop for her. And it may be a trap. Climb on; let's get out."

"It ain't a trap; it's a sure faint, all right," quoth the younger. "The hoss throwed her. She's a good looker, too. I'll just put her in the shade, anyway. Say—she *is* pretty, ain't she!"

The elder clambered grudgingly down.

"We'll put her in the shade, but we won't stay. I'll help carry her over. That's all. Grab her feet."

But at the first touch, the woman opened her eyes and stared upwards into abashed faces. They were round, blue eyes, innocent and appealing, distinctively feminine.

"Oh!" she sighed. She struggled, and sat erect. "Who are you? What are you doing?"

The younger man swept off his hat with a free, gallant gesture, and showed white teeth as with bold eyes he surveyed, admiringly, yet insolently, her mantled, bewildered countenance. The older man vented a grunt of distaste.

"Your hoss throwed you, didn't he? There he is, and here we found you. There's nothing to be scared of. Ain't hurt, are you? We were going to carry you over into the shade. Ready to be lifted?"

"No; I don't think I'm hurt," she said, tentatively stirring—and with womanly intuition removing a glove to finger her hair. "I must have fainted. I remember pitching out of the saddle, and that's all."

"Hoss run away?" queried the younger man, his smile and mien still insolent, while ingratiating.

"Yes. Something frightened him. I believe he smelt a bear. He ran in here, and by that time I was so weak I fell off."

"Where might you be coming from, ma'am?" inquired the older man.

"From Placerton." She essayed to stand; the younger man promptly helped her up. "Thank you," she acknowledged. brightly; and she continued: "I was going down to Red Top."

"Mebbe you'd rather go along with us, then," suggested the young man, his gaze bolder, enkindled by her figure as she stood.

"Shut up," growled his partner. "What's ailing you? This is no time for fooling."

Her eyes had widened, startled.

"With you?" she stammered. "Why, are you going to Red Top, too?"

"Sure," responded the younger man, readily. "I'll just ketch your hoss and we'll be off, if you can ride. How about it?"

"W-well——" she faltered, hesitantly. She glanced from one to the other; her color heightened; she laughed nervously. "I don't know where my hat is. Back on the trail somewhere."

"Never mind your hat, when you have hair like that."

The older man followed the speaker to the woman's horse, which had wandered.

"You fool," he grumbled. "Leave her be. We don't want no woman. What's ailing you? We got to reach the Frenchman's cabin by dark. She can find Red Top for herself; and if she can't, she can go back to Placerton. This trail don't hit either of 'em, and I'm damned glad, too."

"So am I," answered the other, succinctly.

"You mean you're going to take her, just the same?"

"Sure." And he added, signifi-

"She stood looking eagerly into the distance."

cantly: "She's seen us, now—and she is too pretty to leave, anyhow. Not for no sheriff to pick up."

"I don't care about her prettiness. But there's more than one way to stop her mouth besides taking her with us."

"Not for me," laughed the other, picking up the white horse's lines. "She comes. I'll take care of her. She is too pretty for any one-hoss sheriff of Rico." He led away the mount. Ben followed, grumbling.

The woman had been watching them—her face momentarily grew pinched and troubled, and she knitted her brows thoughtfully. But when the younger man returned with her horse, she smiled upon him frankly and friendly.

"Haven't I seen you both before?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," replied the elder, quickly. "We're strangers, just prospecting through."

"And now we've struck it rich, hey?" supplemented the other.

She flushed. His meaning was evident.

"Yes: fool's gold," muttered the other. "Well, let's be getting along," he said. He mounted his black horse. His companion waited for the woman, and to her foot gave his hand, hoisting her into the saddle with a vigorous, virile lift.

"Which way?" she asked.

"Down the trail."

"Is it far, as we go?"

"Some."

"My husband will be worried."

"Your husband! Say, you ain't married, are you?"

They were riding side by side, she and the younger man, with the elder leading, taciturn and disapproving.

"Yes. Don't I look it?" she demanded, gaily. "My husband's a minister."

"You married to a sky-pilot?"

"Surely." Her tone was of smart defiance. "Why not?"

"You ain't that kind," admiringly.

"Why? What kind am I, would you think?"

"A plumb man's kind. My kind."

"You're awful fresh, on short notice. I'm going to ride with your partner."

She spurred ahead. But under her simulated displeasure was a flattering graciousness and fellowship. A more sophisticated man, one more accustomed to skilled womanhood, would have been made suspicious by her so ready acquiescence, opposed to woman nature. Her adaptation of her speech to his was at variance with her character, one would have supposed. But he, her self-appointed custodian, left behind, chuckled to himself, congratulatory, triumph filling his shallow heart, his judgment foiled by her blue eyes.

She drew up beside the older man, who jogged on with scarce a nod in recognition of her presence.

"I'd rather ride with you," she volunteered; "if you don't mind."

"I can stand it if you can. Why, what's the matter with *him?*"

"Oh, he's just young and foolish. He doesn't approve of my choice of a husband."

"Married, are you? Where's your home?"

"Kansas City."

"Where's your husband?"

"I—don't—know." And she hesitated again in pretended confusion. "And I don't care," she resumed, with sudden heat. "He's in Kansas City, I guess. I told that other man he was a minister; but I can tell you that he and I don't agree. He's so narrow; and he's jealous. I shouldn't think he'd be jealous of me, should you? Just because I want to have a good time?"

She opened wide her blue eyes, compelling her companion to look upon her ere he answered. He shot a glance askant, and flushed under his wrinkled skin.

"Well," he admitted, "I don't know."

"You do, though. You think I'm silly to say such things. But somehow I feel like telling you. You remind me of—a friend I once had. I

always did get on with older men the best."

"Ought to have married one, then."

"I shall—next time," she returned, daringly. She sighed. "They're all right."

"I ain't as old as you might think."

"Let's see." She pondered. "You're fifty?"

"Yes, I'm fifty. Mebbe you would not believe me if I said I was over sixty."

"I wouldn't. Are you, really? The idea! You don't look it. Anyway, a man is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks. If I looked as old as I feel I'd be taken for one hundred."

"I'm right vigorous. I'm as young as any young feller of forty."

"And you know a lot more, besides," she encouraged.

He grunted.

"When do we get there?" she asked presently.

"Where?"

"Red Top."

"We don't get to Red Top before tomorrow morning," he answered, shortly.

"Oh!" she gasped, her alarm bursting to the surface. "Where do we stop to-night, then?"

"There's an old cabin ahead, if we can make it. Ain't afraid, are you?"

"Not with you about. He wouldn't hurt me, anyway. He's just fresh."

"He'd better not get too fresh."

The individual under discussion hailed them from behind.

"Say, I'm lonesome!"

With a little laugh she dropped back.

They camped that night in the Frenchman's cabin, and supped on bacon, butterless bread and creamless coffee from the spare supplies borne in the men's slickers behind the saddles. Thirty years before had the cabin been erected, of logs chinked, to house a recluse prospector; but the rusted stove was still serviceable, the roof was fairly staunch, and there was a bunk.

"What a lark!" exclaimed the woman.

The moon rose gloriously, flooding aslant through the pines; and standing outside, the woman uttered an ejaculation of delight.

"How beautiful!" she called, rapturously. "Somebody come and see."

The younger man came.

"It sure is," he agreed. "Want to take a walk?"

She shook her head.

"N-no, I guess not. I'm tired."

"I know you," he declared, familiarly, attempting to pass his arm around her. She deftly eluded him.

"Don't go too far," she warned, decisively. "I'm not so tired I can't stand alone."

"I know you," he repeated. "You ain't any minister's wife, I bet. You're one of that opery troupe that showed in Placerton last week."

"What makes you think so?"

"I saw you there. You did a dance. You don't fool me. I savvy that hair. Thought it was a wig or something then; but now I'm wise."

"Don't be so sure," she retorted, teasingly. "Maybe I'm both. Maybe I'm a minister's wife and on the stage, too."

"You can be anything you want to, I reckon," he cajoled, with bald gallantry. "Say," and he lowered his voice, with a quick backward glance into the cabin, where the older man was washing the few dishes. "How'd you like to keep on with me, and see old Mexico and South America? And live like a queen? I've got the stuff—ten thousand; and he's got another ten thousand."

Her face blanched; she stiffened, and surveyed him full with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils. She stamped her foot.

"How dare you!" she berated. "What do you take me for? Your words are an insult. You ought to be ashamed."

"Now, cut that out," he ordered, indulgently, but tensely. "It don't go, my dear."

"I demand to be shown the road to Red Top, at once."

He laughed, flatly.

"You do, do you? Red Top's thirty miles across the divide. What do you want to go there for, anyway. Listen!" He playfully pinched her arm. "You throw in with me, girl. Drop that husband business and the show business and we'll see the world. I can always get money. That's the life, ain't it?"

Her fire had died, apparently. Nobody but she knew what a hopelessness and despair had quenched it. She shifted to her previous tactics. She gazed down prettily, winking as if in debate, and about to yield. With her toe she traced eccentric figures in the pine needles.

"But what about Red Top?" she asked, vaguely. "They're expecting me at Red Top—my friends are. And this isn't my horse."

"We'll stop at Red Top on our way back from South America," he proffered. "Savvy?"

"And leave the horse?" She was very innocent.

"Sure?" He laughed gleefully, and pinched her arm again. "Say, you're all right," he vouchsafed. "I've had you sized up. We can travel together, I reckon. That Red Top's all a joke, ain't it? You bet, we'll leave the hoss when we pass back this way; we won't stop now. There's a sheriff somewhere's behind—a leetle sheriff, trying to earn his wages. Ever see a sheriff killed?"

"Oh, no!" she shuddered.

"We may have to kill this one, if he gets too close. Well, I got to go and tend to them animals." He continued in an undertone: "You keep mum. If I had his ten thousand," with a jerk of the head indicating the man inside the cabin, "we'd give the old boy the slip and light out immediately. But we need him on the trail a while yet. You want to watch him, though. If he goes to troubling you I'll fix him," and he tapped his chest suggestively, and swaggered off, whistling.

The woman re-entered the cabin, lighted by a candle. The older man was scouring the skillet.

"Oh, are you done?" she exclaimed. "I intended to help you."

"No use soiling your hands," he answered, rather gruffly. "What you been doing? Viewing the scenery with *him?*"

"Only out in the moonlight, in front. It's a perfectly lovely night."

"Suppose so."

"I thought you'd come out, too."

"Me?" He grunted: "I was busy, cleaning up. What was he saying? Filling you with his big talk?"

"He bothered me awfully," she apprised in confidence. "Don't you tell him, though. He wants me to go off to South America with him. The idea."

Her auditor grunted again, contemptuously.

"He does, does he? Suppose you said you'd go."

"No, I didn't say. But I'm afraid of him—he talks so queer. Has he got a lot of money?"

"No more than I have. He? And what he has won't keep. I'm old enough to hang on to what I've cached away. I'll show him through far enough by this trail, and then I'm going to circle back and develop a little mineral property I have up in the mountains. You think this is a pretty night, do you? Wait till you've been with me, where my mine is. That's country. You can see a hundred miles, and the deer come and eat out of your hand. This? Naw! South America, he said, did he? He'll get about as fur as San Anton', and there he'll stop and you'll be on the street. You pack with me. We'll double on the sheriff. He'll never know; he'll keep right on after the single trail, and they'll be two fools together. Say—you're a voodiville actress, ain't you? Didn't I see you in Placerton? I remember your hair. You come with me. We'll put in our summers up in the hills and winters we'll go wherever you like. That mine'll be our bank. Of course, I've got ten thousand now, cash; but we'll want more than that. What's ten thousand to a woman like

you? And I'm old enough to know it."

"What will he do, though? I had to half promise him."

"Who?"

"That other man."

"Him! If he bothers you more I'll plant him away, and the sheriff, too. 'Twon't be the first planting this trail's knowed."

"Where does it go to?"

"It goes to hell, begging your pardon. He's young and smart, and he's bent on traveling it. But I've learned." The speaker's ears were keen, for he abruptly warned: "Just keep quiet and lay low; and when the time comes, you and I'll throw in together."

She nodded. The young man suddenly stepped in. He cast a quick glance from one to the other. But the elder man was clumping over to hang up the skillet, and the woman was idly perusing a ragged bit of an old paper novel.

That night the woman, under a saddle-blanket and fully dressed against the frosty air, occupied the bunk; the two men extended themselves side by side in the opposite corner, near the stove. When one stirred the other was watchful; and their charge slept, by spells, in security.

All the next day they traveled, following the trail. The night was spent in a ruinous shack nameless but welcome, as a mere shelter, at the forks of the Little Blue.

And dawned the third day. It found the woman thin and wan, but merry, her spirits so constant that neither of her escorts could doubt her sincerity. Each was absorbed in his plans, which included her. Each fancied himself her confidant. There was something snaky and servile in the promptitude with which the younger helped her out of and into the saddle; there was something grotesque in the eagerness with which the elder sprawled to procure for her water, in his battered hat, from springs; there was something pitiful in the pleased readiness with which she accepted the touch and the drink—both naturally repugnant to her or to any clean woman.

And between the two men there was a kind of armed neutrality—a cautious, triumphant neutrality: a slow match burning towards a magazine. Meanwhile the woman chatted and bantered and passed from the one to the other, placating and flattering and alluring by words and eyes and figure. In either of the twain lay, she knew, danger; but in both lay safety.

She had a second game under way. For once she discarded a torn page from the old paper novel; and again she threw down a fragment from a torn underskirt; and again she slyly dropped her handkerchief—not the red but a lacy white; and she had a subtle trick of glancing hastily back, from curves, and of using hands prominently in hair or at throat, when a vista chanced to outspread behind or at the side. And once her eyes emitted a sudden sparkle, as of success.

But the fatuous men, her escorts, noted not; they had each other, and their plans, and her, to absorb them. And frequently they jeered of the sheriff of Rico; to threaten him, to curse him, to make light of him.

So the three traveled southward, while the old Outlaw Trail wound steadily toward the fastnesses of the Glorietta and of the Pecos country beyond.

Noon came.

"There's the peak," quoth the elder man. "That's Robber's Roost." He pointed. Twenty miles, through the transparent atmosphere, over the timbered horizon uplifted the jagged crest of a heavily wooded mountain—the storied first absolute haven of hunted men from the North. "And this here's Bandit's Spring." He dismounted, stiffly. "Reckon we can have a bite and a swig," he said, "if Mister Sheriff will give us time."

"Oh, good!" cried the woman. She, too, dismounted—swinging lightly down before the younger man could help her.

The trail here traversed a secluded basin, sunny and lush and fragrant,

wherein flourished immense primeval pines and spruces. The air was warm and still; the ground was soft, elastic, covered with bushes and fallen fronds and the debris of rotted trunks.

"Want a drink?" asked the older man, kneeling at the spring, which welled and trickled as he cleared away the gathered stuff that obstructed a long unused cavity.

The woman's eyes blazed into a dark blue; a vivid red sprang into the center of each cheek. She touched the younger man, and pointed significantly. He comprehended. There was not a second's delay. His right hand darted to his chest and out again. The flat, compact automatic pistol now in it spoke viciously—once, twice, thrice. With a gasping "Ugh!" the kneeling man toppled forward, and lurched face downward, his fingers twitching vainly at his holster and his six-shooter. But they soon ceased.

Swift as the assassin had been, the woman was as swift. She had stepped behind, as if fearfully; but the third shot had not echoed, when her arms were about him, pinioning him.

"Quick, Dick! Dick!" she screamed, shrilly. "Dick! Dick!"

They struggled, writhing, weaving back and forth. The man uttered an oath—his last. At a sharp crack he drooped, limp, his head suddenly ghastly. She let him slip, hurling him away from her with violent disgust.

There was the snapping of a dried branch, and another man came running. She looked, wildly, and he caught her just in time.

"Little girl, little girl!!" he panted, soothingly. "Thank God!!"

His aquiline visage was ashen, save where scratch and perspiration disfigured it; his eyes glowed, his breast heaved. So precipitously had he come that even yet a slight smoke wafted from his carbine muzzle. He held her tightly.

"Dick!!" she moaned. "They didn't hurt me. But I had to lie. I had to do something, Dick. They were two men and I was a woman. Oh, if I hadn't sighted you, near, I don't know what would have happened. I couldn't have stood it much longer."

"It's all over with, pet."

"They're dead, aren't they? I couldn't tell them I was your wife. If they had suspected I was the sheriff's wife—— I told them the first thing I could think of. If they'd suspected I was your wife, Dick—— I had to wait, and make them believe——"

"Of course, pet. There, there, my brave little girl."

"Have you followed long?"

"Thirty hours."

"They're old Gardiner and Mexican Pete, aren't they? I knew them from their pictures."

"Old Gardiner and Mexican Pete, sure, pet."

"They were threatening you, Dick. They hated you so. They might have killed you; they—Gardiner did—knew the trail so well. I had to go with them, and pretend, and wait. They insulted me, Dick, but they were two men, and I was just a woman, and the sheriff's wife."

And she fainted.

The Great White Throne; Day of Judgment Misunderstood

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

THE FALSE view of the Day of Judgment began to be introduced in the Second Century and human fear and superstition continually made it worse and worse. The Bible, on the contrary, represented it as a period of glory and blessing. The Psalmist's declaration, calling upon humanity and all creation to rejoice because the Lord would come to judge the earth in righteousness and the poor with equity (Psalm 98:9), is worthy of note.

A Blessed Judgment Day.

According to the Bible, the world's Judgment Day will be the world's time of opportunity for coming to a knowledge of God and then being tried, tested, or judged, as to their willingness to serve and obey God and His righteous government. Those found heartily obedient will be granted everlasting life with every joy and blessing appropriate to man in his perfection. Those rebellious to the light of the righteousness of Jehovah will be destroyed in the Second Death without hope of any future whatever.

That will be the time when all the heathen will have their trial, after they shall all be brought by Messiah's Kingdom to a clear knowledge of the Truth. That will be the time when the great masses of Christendom will for the first time hear of the real character of God and His requirements of them. Although some of them may have been in churches occasionally and may have seen Bibles occasionally, nevertheless the eyes of their understanding were darkened. They saw not; they heard not; they understood not. The god of this world blinded them (II Corinthians iv, 4.)

That Judgment Day, the thousand years of Messiah's Kingdom, will not only bind Satan, but chase away with the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness all the darkness, superstition and error of the world.

The Church will not be judged during that thousand-year Judgment Day, because her trial, her judgment, takes place now—during this Gospel Age. The saintly few who will gain the great prize of joint-heirship with the Redeemer, Messiah, will be His Queen and sit with Him in the Great White Throne of Judgment mentioned in the text; as the Apostle declares, "Know ye not that the saints shall judge the world?" (I Cor. vi, 2; Psa. 45.9.)

Former Views Were Erroneous.

Our former and very unreasonable view was that man, "born in sin, shapen in iniquity," depraved in all of his appetites, would be condemned of God in the Judgment Day on account of this heredity and environment, for which he is not responsible. The theory was that the heathen also would be damned in that Judgment Day, because they did not know and did not accept "the only name given under heaven." The theory was also that the masses of civilized society would in that Judgment Day be damned because they did not live perfectly, notwithstanding their heredity.

Now we see that the death sentence was upon Adam and all of his race, who were in his loins when he sinned. We see that they could not be put on trial a second time until released from the first sentence. We see that their release will be at the Second Coming of Messiah in the glory of His Kingdom, when He shall cause the knowledge of the Lord to fill the whole earth and open all the blinded eyes. Then, because of having satisfied the claims of Justice against the race, the Great Redeemer, as the Mediator of the New Covenant, will grant the world of mankind another judgment or trial—additional to the one given to Adam, in which they all failed and from the penalty of which failure Jesus redeemed them.

True, the measure of light and knowledge now enjoyed and wilfully sinned against will work as a corresponding degradation of character; all downward steps will need to be retraced.

"The Great White Throne."
Rev. 20:11.

Symbolically, the whiteness of the throne indicates the purity of the justice and judgment which will be meted out by the Great Redeemer as the Messiah-King. The heavens and earth which will flee away from the presence of that throne are not the literal, but the symbolical. The ecclesiastical heavens and the social earth of the present time will not stand in the presence of that August Tribunal. The people will not be judged nationally nor by parliaments and systems in society, but individually. The judgment or trial will not merely test those living at the time of the establishment of the Kingdom, but will include all the dead.

The books of the Bible will then all be opened—understood. All will then see that the Golden Rules laid down by inspiration through Moses and the Prophets, Jesus and His Apostles, are the very ones which God will require of men in the future and which Messiah will then enable the willing and obedient to comply with by assisting them up out of their sin and degradation. The judgment of that time, the test, will not be of faith, for knowledge will be universal and all the darkness and obscurity created by ignorance and superstition will have passed away. The test at that time will be of works, whereas the tests of the Church at the present time are of faith.

Another Book of Life Opened.

Pastor Russell declared that the Lamb's Book of Life alone is open now and only those called to be members of the Bride class and who accept the call are written therein. But in the great day of the world's trial or Judgment, another book of life will be opened. A record will be made of all who, by obedience, show themselves worthy of everlasting life on the human plane, and, if faithful, they will eventually be accepted of the Father to life eternal. All the incorrigible, all those who after the most favorable opportunities, will not give their hearts to the Lord and be obedient to the laws of the Messianic Kingdom "shall be destroyed from amongst the people."—Acts 3:19-21.

GOD IN THE HOME

"As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."—Joshua 24:15.

DO NOT understand us to teach that the world's opportunity for life everlasting or death everlasting is now. "God hath appointed a Day in which he will judge the world," grant the world a judgment or trial or test. That great Day is future. It is the Day of Christ, a thousand years long. It will be a glorious opportunity! Present right doing and right thinking, or wrong doing and wrong thinking will have much to do with the condition of every man and woman at that time. He or she will enter upon that Day of blessing and

opportunity either from a higher or a lower standpoint, proportionately as he or she has acted wisely and conscientiously at the present time.

But nothing that the world can do can interfere with God's great proposition, that a full opportunity for life or death eternal shall then come to every member of the race, because Christ died for the ungodly. The only class to whom present life means life or death eternal is the Church. And by the Church we mean, not church attendants, nor outward professors, but those who have entered into a covenant with God through Christ and who have been made partakers of the Holy Spirit, tasting of the good Word of God and the powers of the Age to come. If these should fall away, the Apostle forewarns us, it would be impossible to renew them again unto repentance. And there will be no hope for them with the world in the world's trial Day because they already have enjoyed their share of the merit of Christ's death.

A Great Privilege.

When, therefore, we speak of God and the home, we have in mind a family composed exclusively of saints who daily and hourly are following their great Redeemer's footsteps in self-denial, in sacrifice, in the narrow way which leads to glory, honor and immortality and association with the Redeemer in His glorious Kingdom which is to bless the world for a thousand years.

We believe the Bible teaches that there are many of the world who are reverential, kind and just to a large degree, who are not saints, who have not presented their bodies living sacrifices to God, who have not been begotten of His Holy Spirit, and not, therefore, members of that "little flock to whom it is the Father's good pleasure to give the Kingdom"—in joint-heirship with their Redeemer and Head. To this latter class our Master evidently referred when He said to His followers, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

To live righteously, soberly and godly in this present world to the extent of one's ability is what every one should do—no less. To live a life of sacrifice—to lay down our lives for the brethren, for the truth, in the service of the Lord, is another matter, which justice does not require, and which the Bible nowhere enjoins upon mankind. It is pointed out as a *privilege* to those who desire it, and glory, honor and immortality on the spirit plane is the reward attached to this invitation or High Calling. It is the selection of this special class of consecrated ones that is the particular order in the Divine program at the present time, because the faithful, the Elect, the "overcomers" of this class are to be the associates of the Redeemer in His great work of uplifting the world and restoring all the willing and obedient to human perfection, to an earthly Eden home, everlasting, in which God's will shall "be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

An Inundation of Unbelief.

In our day the shackles of ignorance and superstition are breaking. Men, women and children are beginning to think for themselves. They no longer believe the fairy tales of childhood. The dreadful hobgoblins and nightmares of the Dark Ages respecting purgatory and eternal torture are doubted by all, and by the great mass totally disbelieved. What have they now to attach them to the Almighty, since they have never been taught the love of God, the lengths and breadths and heights and depths passing all human understanding? This is the world's great need—to know God as He really is, a Father, a Friend, a God of love! And to thus know Him the people need to be taught how seriously they were mistaught in the past along the lines of hell and purgatory.

How could they ever truly love and worship a God of injustice and of hate

—one inferior to themselves—one who knew, foreordained and prepared for their torture before they were born. They must see that these things taught by the creeds of the Dark Ages are wholly at variance with the Bible, else they will never come back to the Bible nor be able to see its teachings in their true light. They must be taught that the sin and death, sorrow and trouble all around us are the wage or penalty of Father Adam's disobedience. They must learn that God purposes a blessing and uplifting which will be as world-wide as the curse.

Many religious leaders to-day deny that there is a personal God and ascribe everything to—a great Nothing, which they designate Nature-god. Is it surprising, in view of the fact that these teachings are being promulgated in the universities, colleges and theological seminaries, in the high schools and even to some extent in the common schools—is it any wonder that the rising generation is losing its God?

Awakened Parental Responsibility.

It is high time that parents realize the true situation—it is almost too late *now*. The seeds of unbelief already sown in the minds of the rising generation are being watered continually and are growing. All who love their families, all who love mankind in general, should awaken to the fact that a world that has lost its God must of necessity be an unhappy world. Platonic philosophy may serve the purposes of the few, but surely cannot serve the masses of our race. A godless world will ere long mean a discontented world, an unhappy world, and by and by, a world of anarchy and strife. This is what our world-wide education is leading to. Few of our race can stand an education which recognizes no God, no revelation of Him, no responsibility to Him, and no hope of a future life which will be effected by the conduct of the present.

THE TURN OF A COIN

By Harry Klipper

"WITH GOD'S HELP, will reach you by Friday. Can you hold out?"

The eyes of the imprisoned two met—each instantly grasped the situation—and Cowery's glance fell first. *They knew*—such circumstances tend to make all minds acute. Cowery's glance fell first: instinctively his gaze dropped to the little mite of provisions that lay between them. Possibly there was enough to save one, but the tidings just sent down was as good as a death-warrant to the other—*both* could not last till Friday.

The younger man—he had been foreman before the cave-in—there was no distinction now—raised his eyes to where a little water oozed from out the slimy side, near his companion; then sought the tiny aperture above, where the faintest gleam of light showed. Somewhere, far, at the end of its incalculable zigzagging course, this hole met the pure air of earth—and up there, ever keeping vigil, a very pretty, very sweet young girl—his betrothed of a week. . . . That picture had nerved him through the past three days.

The black, cavernous eyes of the other man were as unfathomable as an abyss. Motionless as Wesley, he sat in thoughts of his own. Neither spoke, yet both men were tortured by hunger and suffering. Wesley's left arm was broken—Cowery's left leg.

Wesley looked at his fellow prisoner. Somehow, now since the message from above, he hated the man, with a hatred never known before. Life could not, thought he, hold so much to this miner (he knew him, a single, solitary individual)—and yet——

"I—I guess we'd better toss, and have it over with!"

The other nodded silent assent. They had long before come to an agreement on the inevitable situation. Yet neither was in any sense a stoic. They were just normal, hard-laboring men, and living was sweet.

Wesley raised the coin between his thumb and forefinger—its fall meant the remaining food—life, probably, for one. A bullet from Wesley's revolver would end it all for the loser—by his own hand.

Cowery took a bit of candle from his pocket, and heedless of the risk, lit it, then stuck the end into the mud, where its light would enable them to see. There was a stipulation in this game of life that the coin must often turn—for death lay on the other side!

"Well!" interrogated the lover.

"Heads," muttered Cowery.

In an instant the pale, strong-cut countenance of the younger man grew tenser, his hand trembled the slightest, and *flip!* the gold had cast its shadow on the low wall of the cave-in, and, spinning slowly, returned.

Eager as an unweaned pup's, Cowery's eyes followed the course of the coin—and read its face the second it fell. In his eyes there sprang the horrible look of the lost! His hand silently reached for the foreman's revolver.

But suddenly he drew it back.

Wesley had not looked—had not dared to look! His gaze was on the ground, his body motionless as a sleeper in the tomb.

Cowery drew back. His black, roving eyes snapped—and suddenly gleamed like a smoldering fire.

And from out the dirty coat a grimy hand, directed by a cowardly heart, again stole—*and turned the coin.*

"The Book of Job," with an introductory essay advancing new views, and explanatory notes quoting many eminent authorities by Homer E. Sprague, Ph. D., formerly Professor of Cornell University, afterwards President of the University of North Dakota and lecturer of the Drew Seminary, editor of many annotated masterpieces, etc.

The world's greatest literature ought not to be merely the luxury of the few but a joy and an inspiration to the many. The editor's aim in the preparation of the present work has been to popularize for the average man and woman "The Book of Job," admittedly the finest literary creation of Semitic genius. How to make it instantly and permanently attractive has been the problem. After twenty years of study the editor gives us a new version, a more faithful translation, aiming to show the parallelisms of thought and expression, yet to preserve the poetical beauty of the epic. Avoiding the bondage of rhyme, he adopts the stately iambic metre, with rare deviations to make sound reproduce sense. As far as possible, a concise literal translation is given; but some half dozen euphemisms replace expressions that offend delicacy.

An introductory essay advances the theory that the "Book of Job" is an allegory of man's past, present and future, and that the main object of the discussion between Job and his three "friends" was the refutation of the too prevalent hard-and-fast doctrine of the Old Testament that worldly prosperity measures merit. It further proposes a more hopeful solution of the mystery of undeserved suffering in the light of the doctrine of Evolution, a solution first suggested as to man's spiritual nature by the Founder of Christianity to the astonished ruler of the Pharisees who came to consult him by night, "Ye must be born from above;" and further expanded by Saint Paul so as to include all created things in the throes of Evolution, involving even the immanent God. It accounts for Job's inconsistencies by the fact, often overlooked, that at times his unparalleled sufferings affected his reason, paroxysms of the wildest frenzy alternating with lucid intervals of perfect sweetness and light.

The explanatory notes are very numerous, yet stated with the utmost conciseness upon almost every disputed point. They are up to date. They stimulate rather than supersede thought. Like all the masterpieces the editor has annotated, the work is well adapted to private study, but is especially fitted for use in schools, Bible classes and colleges. It is really a *variorum* edition in the most compact possible form.

Flexible cloth; 12mo; $1.25 net; by mail, $1.35. Sherman, French & Co., Publishers, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

"The Turning of Griggsby," by Irving Bacheller.

"The Turning of Griggsby" is as conversationally persuasive as the author's "Keeping Up with Lizzie" or "Charge It." The reader never stops to think whether the plot is running smoothly: he simply reads and enjoys. Mr. Bacheller's stories really have the

leisureliness and the sprightliness of the happily inspired talk that makes some hours of life memorably pleasant. The story supplies the proper atmosphere and the proper mood; it changes the subject opportunely; it is jocose just long enough to give you the full flavor of humorous incident, and earnest in just the right measure to convince you of its genuineness.

Twenty years after the death of Daniel Webster, the Websterian age was in full swing, and in the little North-country village of Griggsby, as in countless other places, men in beaver hats and tall collars were playing Daniel Webster. Of course, Webster wasn't in fact the "sublime toper" of popular tradition, but powers of indulgence and reckless wit were conferred upon him in a way to excite the wonder and emulation of the weak. Whisky and statesmanship were the two sides of greatness; eloquence was its chief manifestation. In the words of Daniel W. Smead—auctioneer, musician and horseman—Griggsby was a "Vesuvius of oratory, full of high and grand emotion, mingled with smoke and fire and thunder." It is through the eyes of Uriel Havelock, a boy who came to Griggsby from a stumpy farm on the edge of the forest ten miles away, that the reader sees the picturesque follies of the Websterian age. The follies were bad enough in all conscience; Mr. Bacheller good-humoredly strips the glamor from them, and reveals the underlying evil as perhaps it has never been revealed before. The women were for the most part domestic slaves; the men were in many cases lofty-mannered brutes, with resounding tongues and callous consciences. The example of the "leading lights" was ruinous to the young. Young Havelock might have succumbed to the evil influence of the "leading lights" if it hadn't been for Florence Dunbar. Now, Florence was in love with Ralph Buckstone, son of Colonel Buckstone, Congressman and local great man. That is, she loved Ralph with the school-girl side of her nature, while to Uriel she gave charmingly the affectionate interest and admiration of a girl-woman. Ralph had saved her from drowning once, and didn't dare to tell her his love because he was afraid of her gratitude. And there you have the sentiment of the story, frank and shy and genuine.

Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

"The Price of Inefficiency," by Frank Koester.

The book is said to lay bare in searching analysis and startling deductions national ills and weaknesses, due to inefficiency, governmental or non-governmental, and largely responsible for the high cost of living and other harsh conditions. It stands also for specific remedies for the staggering cost, admittedly amounting to millions annually, of avoidable waste. The author, an engineer of international reputation, and now an American citizen, writes, not as an outsider, but as one who has cast his lot here. His treatment shows the analytical mind of the scientist and the philosophical breadth of the thinker. Comparisons with the methods and results of other countries give force and point to both his constructive and destructive criticism.

Published by Sturgis & Walton Company, New York.

"My Memoirs," by Marguerite Steinheil.

That mysterious human document recently published under the title "My Memoirs," is not interesting merely as an account of the ghastly double murder of which the author of that book, Madame Marguerite Steinheil, was accused and acquitted. Its sketches of the artists and men of letters who were Madame Steinheil's friends and admirers are to the last degree graphic and lively. Here is one of Zola. Madame writes:

"Zola lacked in conversation what he lacked in writing: delicacy, refinement, lightness. He was heavy, ponderous and rather aggressive.

"I teased him one day: 'How is the chase after human documents going on?' I asked.

" 'Quite well, Madame. I hunt my quarry everywhere, and all day long. Human documents, slices of life, searching character-studies, that is all there is in literature.'

" 'But what of the writer's personality? Is that of no account whatever?'

" 'It shouldn't be. I try to eliminate my personality from my books.' . . .

" 'And don't succeed?' I asked

" 'I have the misfortune of being possessed of a temperament which I cannot altogether get rid of, alas,' came the pompous reply.

"Another time, after re-reading 'La Terre,' I told him: 'You are a pessimist, Mr. Zola! You see only one side of life, the ugly and animal side; and but one kind of people, the bad kind. And to cap it all, you exaggerate. You believe yourself a realist, but as a matter of fact, you are an idealist . . . with an ugly ideal!' "

Published by Sturgis & Walton Co., New York.

"The Walled City: A Story of the Criminal Insane," by Edward H. Williams, M. D., formerly Assistant Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology, State University of Iowa; formerly Assistant Physician at the Matteawan State Hospital for Insane Criminals; Assistant Physician at the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane, etc.

This book, unlike any other, for general reading, is written out of expert medical knowledge, but is not a scientific disquisition.

Dr. Williams presents, in a manner not attempted heretofore by a competent writer, a picture of the every-day life of those within the "Walled City" —an hospital for the sick-minded of criminal tendencies. The book deals with the social life of the insane, the amusements provided for them, the care taken to prevent their escape— these features of their lives being often curiously interesting. Few persons, aside from those directly concerned with the care of the insane, have more than the vaguest conception of what these unfortunates are like, or how they are cared for. Yet his subject is of vital importance to each of us, since the collective population of these institutions is greater than that of all the universities and colleges in the general population. The book will be a revelation to most intelligent readers.

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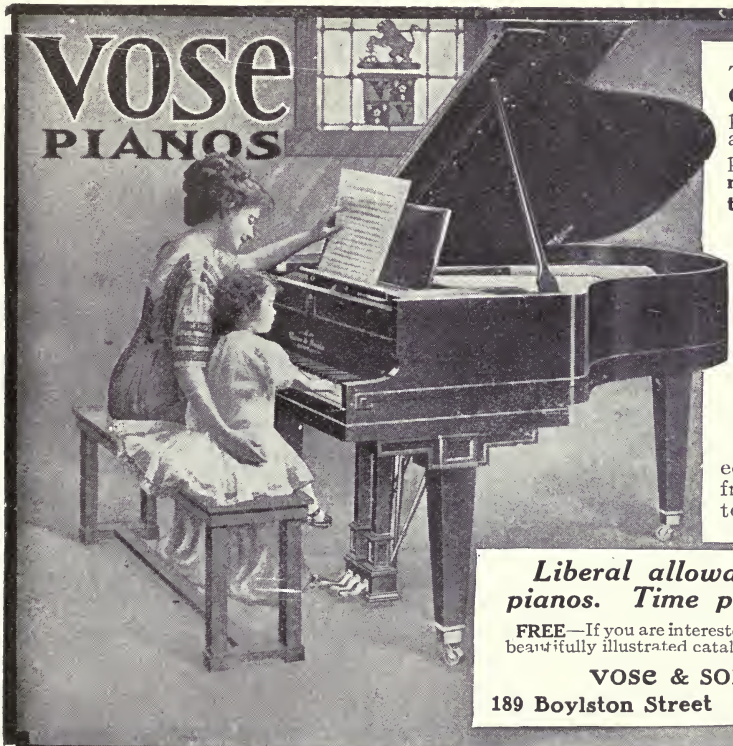

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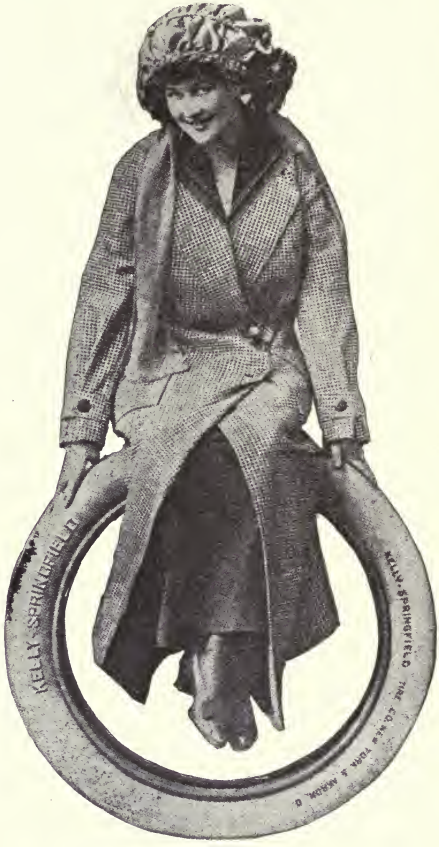

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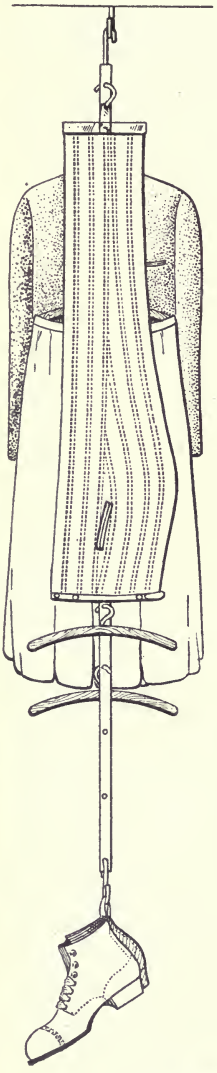

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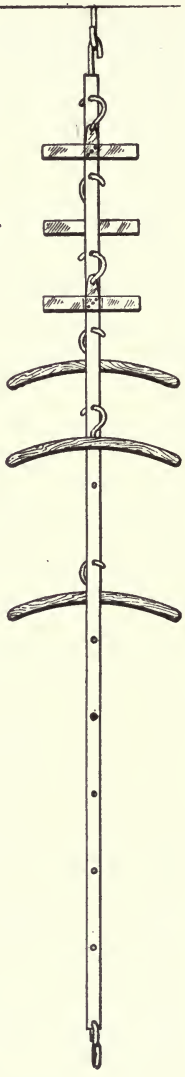

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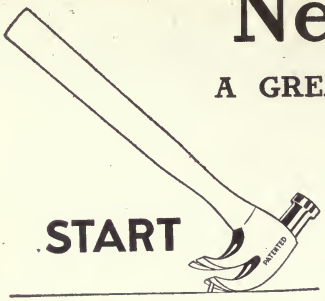

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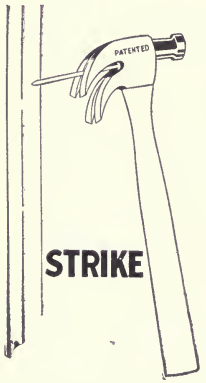

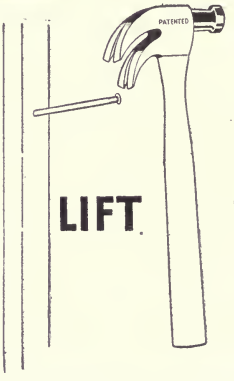

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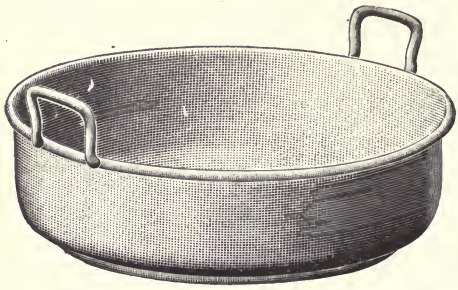

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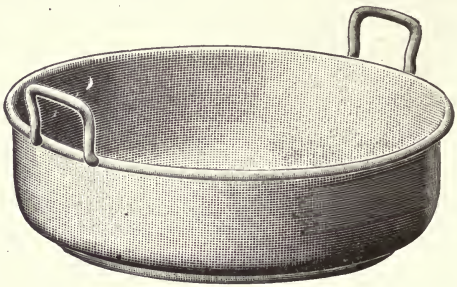

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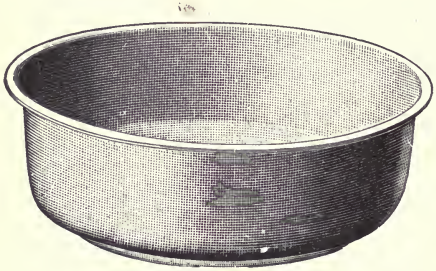

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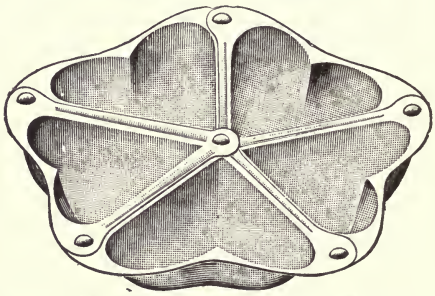

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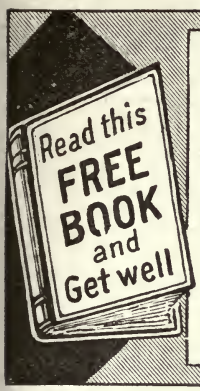

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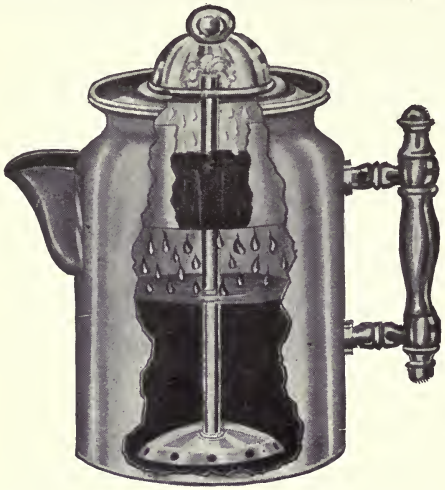

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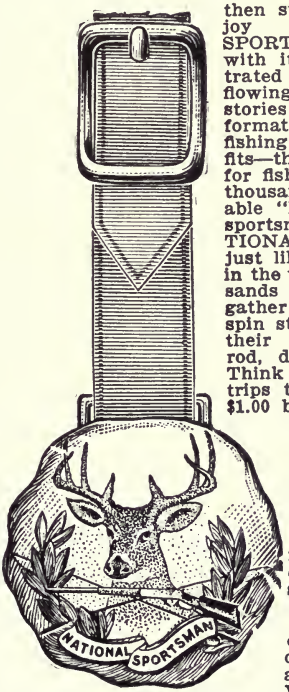

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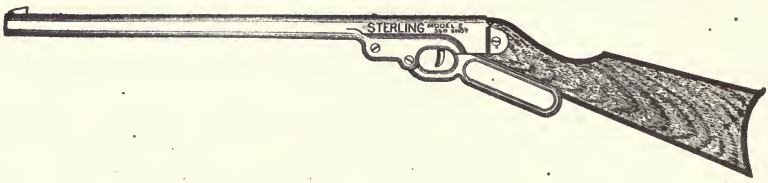

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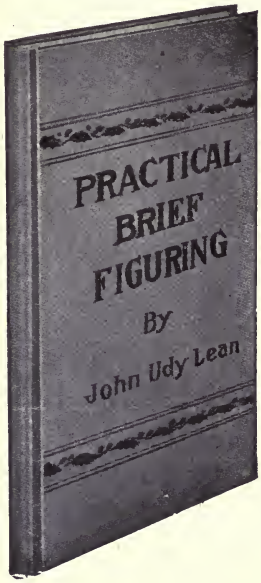

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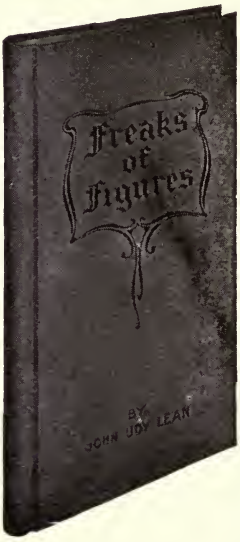

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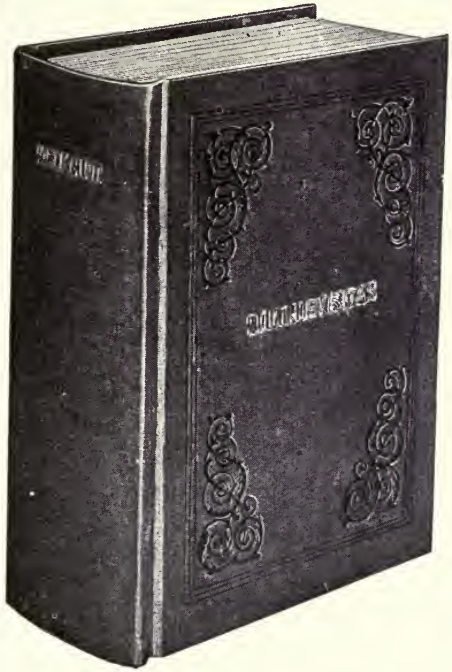

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

21 Sutter Street San Francisco

"Tenement Tommy"
Asks for
A Square Deal

HE lives in New York's stuffy tenement district, the most congested spot in America.

In his sultry three-room home there is scarcely space to eat and sleep. His playground is the blistering pavement of the ill-smelling streets, hemmed in by scorching brick walls.

No trees, no grass, not even a whiff of fresh air,—in the only world Tommy knows. Ash cans are his background, and the rattle and roar of traffic his environment.

Tommy's widowed mother is broken with worry; his sisters and brothers are as pallid and frail as he. The winter struggle has sapped their vitality. They are starving for air.

No medicine will help Tommy. What he, his mother and the other children need are: a chance to breathe something pure and fresh,—a taste of sunshine and outdoor freedom,—an outing in the country or at the seashore.

But between Tommy and his needs stands poverty, the result of misfortune. He must suffer just as if it were all his fault.

And that is why Tommy appeals for a square deal. Nor does he wish you to forget his mother, or his "pals" and their mothers,—all in the same plight.

This Association every summer sends thousands of "Tenement Tommies", mothers and babies to the country and to Sea Breeze, its fresh air home at Coney Island. A dollar bill, a five dollar check, or any amount you care to contribute, will help us to answer Tommy's appeal.

Send contributions to Robert Shaw Minturn, Treasurer, Room 204, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City.

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR

R. FULTON CUTTING, President

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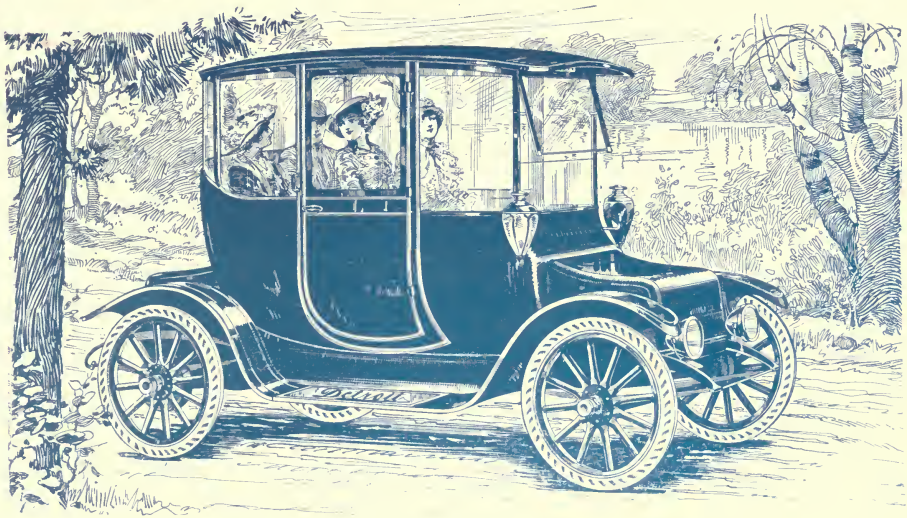
A lawn sociable by your class, Sunday School or Club.

A card party at your summer hotel or camp.

A subscription among your friends.



You Can Go *Everywhere* In a Detroit Electric

Here are a few of the places you can go in a Detroit Electric, quickly, comfortably, silently, surely :

To the office
To the shops and stores
To school with the children
To the parks
To make calls
To the bal game
To the farm
To your down town club
To the country club
To the theatre
To church
To a picnic in the country

In fact there is no place within a radius of 30 to 50 miles where you can't go with a Detroit Electric. (And that means 60 to 100 miles round trip without recharging).

Observe that by no means are all the places listed above on city boulevards. Detroit Electric automobiles are for much more than city driving.

These are the days that call you out into the open, away from asphalt pavements and level drive-ways. In a Detroit Electric you can answer the call and go out where the violets bloom —confident that you have ample power, free from worry over punctures or mechanical troubles.

For city use nothing approaches a Detroit Electric for convenience, luxury and privacy. It is the Ideal Town Car.

Detroit Electrics offer many exclusive and desirable features, such as Clear Vision body with curved glass rear panels, silent, direct shaft drive "Chainless," aluminum body panels, special Detroit Electric motors, our own Detroit Electric lead battery and other points of superiority.

Let our dealers demonstrate to you Detroit Electric merit.

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First came the Safety Razor, eliminating the dull blade and all danger of cutting oneself. And this reduced the discomfort of shaving 33⅓%

Next came the stick, the powder, and the cream, providing a more convenient method of producing a lather, thus reducing the unpleasant features of the shave 66⅔%

Now comes the shave of 100% delight

MENNEN'S
New Shaving Cream

A new kind of shaving cream that puts an end to all smarting and irritation of the skin—providing a quick, easy, comfortable shave for even the man with the tenderest skin or the toughest beard.

100% Efficient. No lengthy working up of the lather; no mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers; just a half-inch of cream, a few strokes of the brush, and a generous lather—instantly.

100% Comfortable. No "rubbing in" to irritate the skin; no free caustic to burn and smart the face; a cool finish, and a healthy skin.

100% Convenient. The large hexagonal screw top is "man's size." It fits the fingers; easy and quick to come off and go on; can't roll away when you put it down; the cream is locked in the tube—sanitary.

Go to the nearest druggist today. Ask for Mennen's new shaving cream, 25 cents. If you would prefer to try before you buy, write us for a free sample; or for 10 cents we will send you our Demonstrator size, good for 50 shaves.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY
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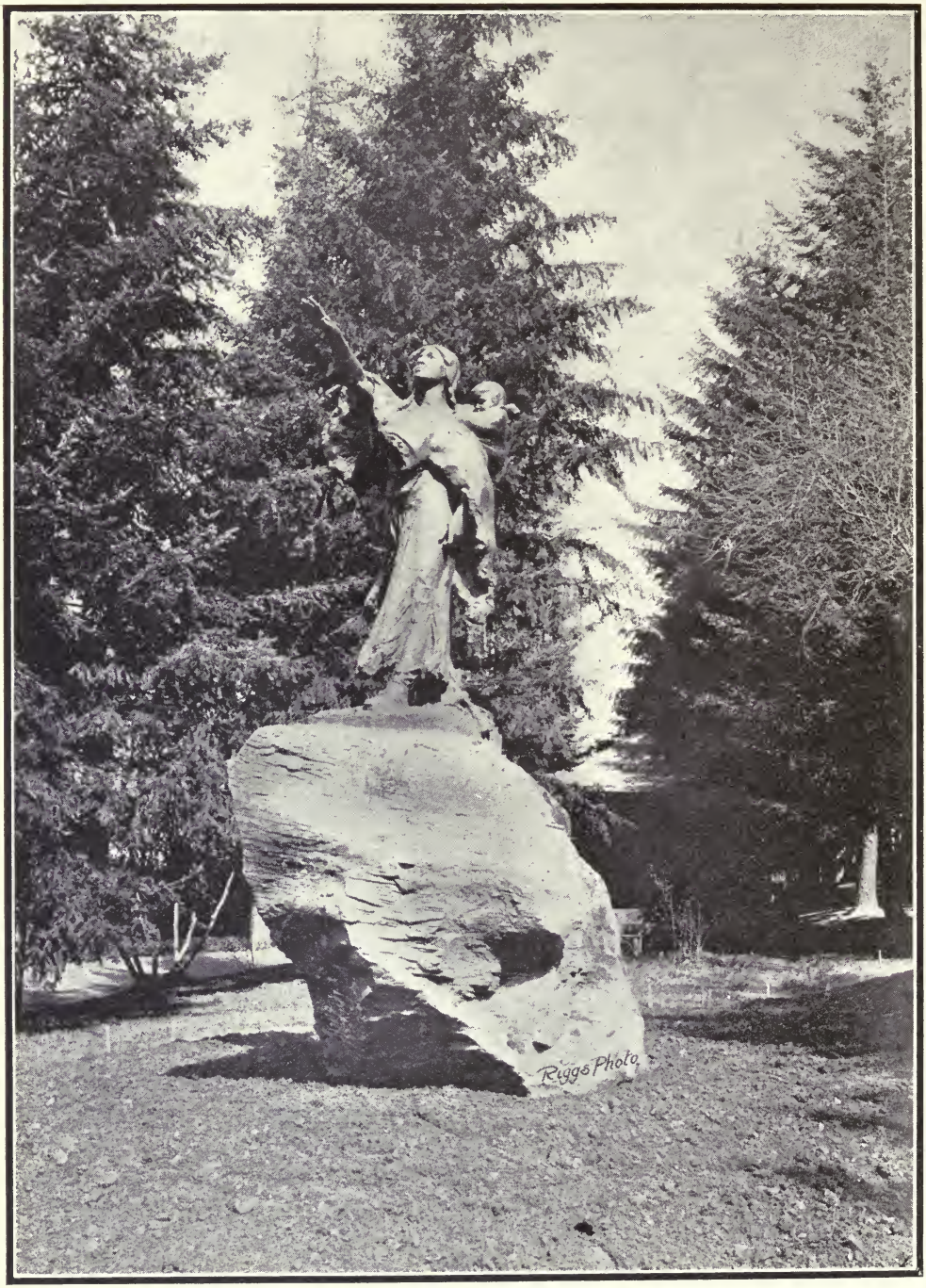
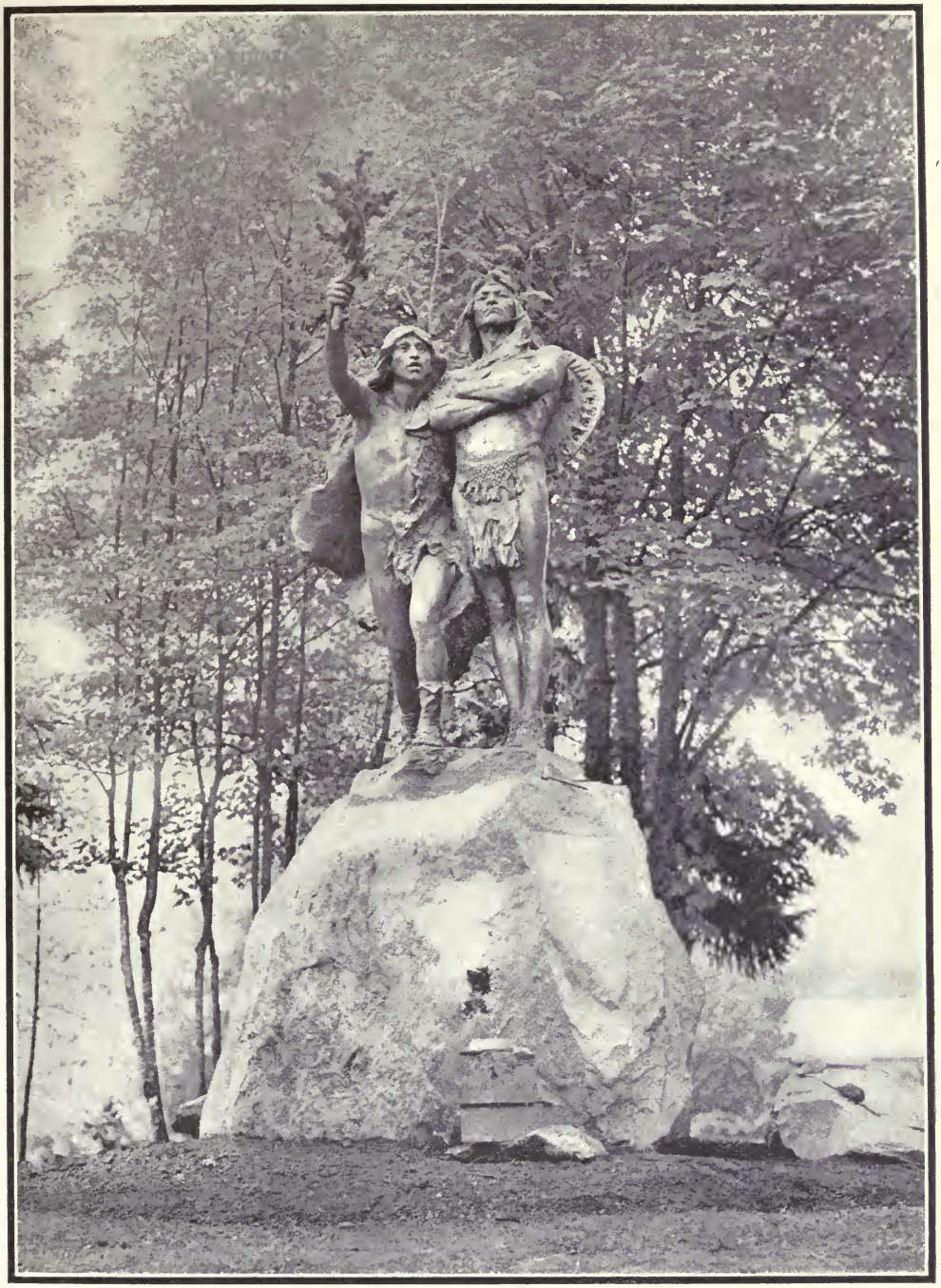
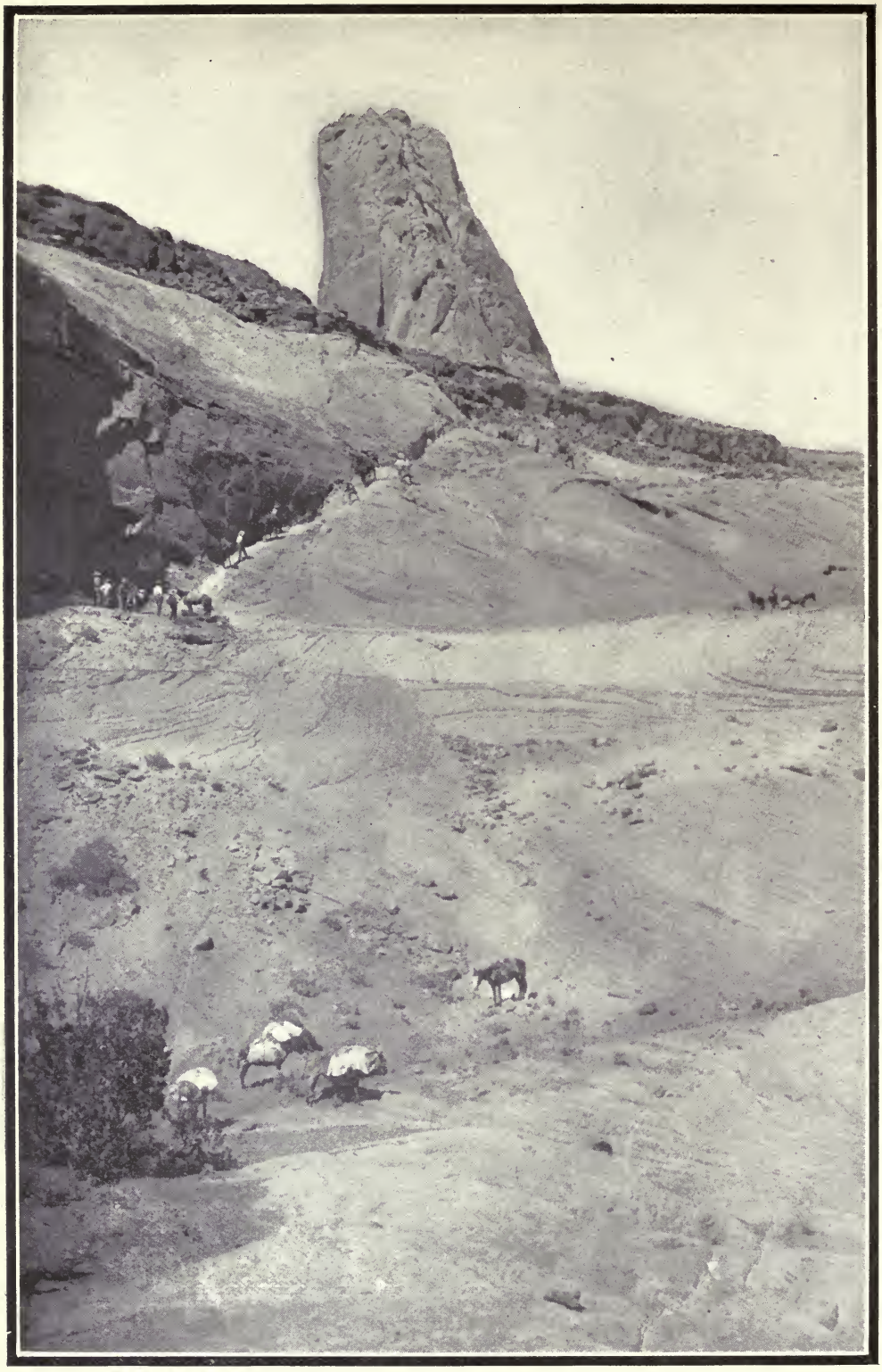
Destiny of the red man. A. A. Weiman, sculptor. *—See Page 133*



Sacajamea, the Bird Woman. Alice Cooper, sculptor. *—See Page 133*



The coming of the white man. Herman A. McNeil, sculptor. —*See Page 133*



Pack train of a surveying party, Navajo trail, ***Arizona.***

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OVERLAND MONTHLY

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VOL. LXII San Francisco, August, 1913 No. 2

The last hitch on a stubborn pack.

THE MULE as a "MOVIE" of the WESTERN TRAILS

By James Davis

MONSTROUS steam engines daily cross the continent, drawing over firmly-bedded rails that are evenly graded with the finest of surveyor's instruments, many million tons of the various commodities that contribute towards our present mode of living. Today, the great Shasta Route connects San Francisco with other commercial centers in Oregon and Washington. Long trains steam over the plains of the Sacramento Valley, and eventually become lost in the upper canyon where the mountains make progress slower, and traffic more expensive. From the small way stations, the method of transportation changes. Here the small towns in the interior employ heavy freight wagons hauled by four and six horse teams. Five or six, and often more of such wagons, may be seen at a single view, winding back and forth slowly, trudgingly, over the "double S," turns that wind the wagon road to the crest of the foothill barrier.

Follow any of the wagons from the stations near Shasta, and it will lead you to some sequestered mountain town, nestled as it were at the foot of the gigantic Klamath Mountains.

"So this is the end of the world?" you will say half-affirmatively. "Here

"Where's your bell?"

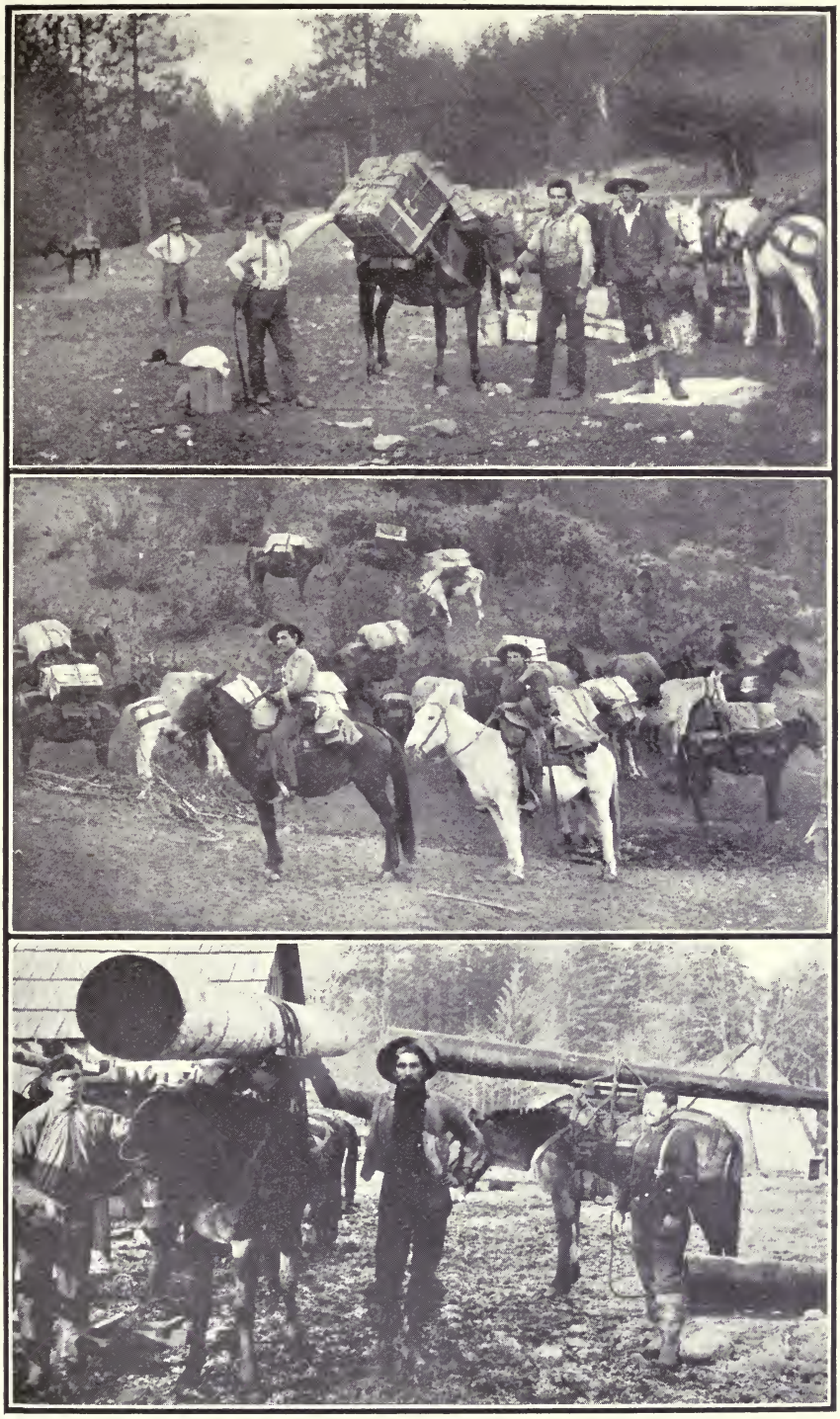
is where the road surely terminates."

Before you rise great, forest-covered peaks, with here and there a bare spot where protrude the pinnacles of granite cliffs, of metamorphosed stratas that represent countless years. You are amazed to gaze upon it, but to cross that barrier with all that cumbersome bulk that you saw loaded in the wagons, the very impracticability as it appears to you at first thought will bring a smile of incredulity.

It is true, however, that no barrier is invincible before man's genius, or his lust. The thirst for gold has led the Pioneer where nothing else could have warranted his venture. His ambition has wormed a tiny path over the lowest gap that he might look over the fortress of Nature into the treasured stream beds beyond, and upon the gold bearing veins that shoot into the heart of the black slate and porphyry belts. But after all, the richest placer or quartz mine is worthless to a starving man. Some one must be employed to carry him supplies, to equip him with clothing, implements and food. Here is where the packer comes into prominence, for it is he who must daily battle with what the season sends him, and there is no one better qualified to occupy the van than this seasoned frontiersman who has quit the riata and the steer to take up the lash rope and the mule.

Shortly after the discovery of gold in California, the miners entered into the region between Mt. Shasta and the coast. They built trails over the passes to the camps which they established in the heart of that seemingly impenetrable region. At that time, many hundreds of miners worked the bars of the well known rivers, and it took a proportionate number of packers to supply their needs. The outfits worked all through the open season, furnishing supplies of many varieties. At that time such men as Domingo and Sacramento headed the big Spanish outfits in which there were often as many as sixty or seventy mules to the string. At the present time the number has diminished to twenty or thirty. Twenty-seven mules will keep three active packers busy. In every outfit there is generally the "boss packer," the "second packer," and the "bell boy."

The freight to be transported to the camps is unloaded at the packer's corral. Here the muleteers "put up" their loads, which means an apportionment of packs. Every mule is loaded with two "side packs," each weighing 150 pounds. These "side packs" are composed of smaller packages lashed together tightly with a cargo rope, and may be boxed goods, sacked beans, dried fruit, codfish or whisky. A day is usually spent in this preparation. The morning after the loads are ready, the boss calls his men out at dawn to saddle the string of mules that are not always easily handled after the brief rest. As soon as a mule is rigged up, he is tied to his assigned load in the cargo. The whole string is placed into position in this



1. When the immigrant quits the city for the mountains. 2. All tightened and ready for the start. 3. Unwieldy machinery and "crazy" shaped merchandise never daunts a resourceful packer.

Putting the last hitches on a blindfolded mule.

same way, and when the time comes to load, the well regulated order, combined with the dexterity of the packers, makes it possible to load a mule per minute.

On an average a loaded train drives fifteen miles a day. The "bell mare" is the leader of the outfit, and many of the younger animals become so attached to her that it is impossible to separate them from her. These are known as "bell sharps."

As soon as the outfit reaches the camp grounds, the mules are unloaded and the cargo fixed. While the boss and the second packer are stripping off saddles, the bell boy begins work in the culinary department. He is expected to have "chuck" ready by the time the saddles are off and the mules have been started towards the night's range.

In camp, the bell boy gets breakfast while his two companions rustle mules. This may seem a hard task, but in most instances mule rustling is comparatively easy. Sportsmen who spend their tiny two weeks' vacation in the woods cannot realize how it is possible to get such an outfit on the trail and in motion in such short time. The boss, upon finding the bell mare, takes hold of the clapper and beats the bell so that it may be heard at a great distance. At the same time he gives the packer's call, which is very soon answered from a dozen different directions by the braying "long ears." With the aid of the dog that accompanies every outfit, the mules are soon in camp lined up to the semi-circle of saddles.

So well do these stubborn creatures become trained to the business of working under difficult circumstances that such top packs as heavy pipes, huge cooking ranges, and long pieces of lumber are carried to camps that are themselves stilted upon the precipitous mountain side like overhanging swallows' nests. These mule trains penetrate the remotest spots in

A mule train on the last swing into camp.

the mountains, and frequently take many chances of being dashed to destruction by the heavy burdens that they must carry.

Although the system can hardly be supplanted by a better one for the same conditions, yet it is not an indestructible one. There are times when mule after mule is "hung up" on the trail by some unforeseen contingency, and in the most perilous portion of the trail the whole train will be thrown into consternation. In one instance where a careless stranger had tied the loose halter rope to the mule's saddle, rather than the usual way of tying it about his head, the animal was caught by a wind-fall, and not being able to free itself caused a block that plunged six mules over a precipice. Another similar occurrence caused five mules heavily laden with pipe to jump over a brink into a deep hole in the torrent beneath them. The water being very deep, the animals were turned on their backs and the two packers had to dive into the scrambling mass in a vain attempt to free the drowning creatures.

Every year many thousand pounds are in this way carried far into the interior, rendering possible the pursuits of the gold seekers that go farther than any other class of people in the search for honest money. Where a rich vein gives promise of permanence, the prospector imports a stamp mill to crush his ore, and here again he employs the packer. A quartz mill with its heavy rock breaker jaws, its ponderous stamps, its huge mortar bed, requires no small amount of skill

On the roof of a continent: the trail over a Sierra divide.

on the part of the packer. In some cases, as in packing the Huntington mill, the packs were exceptionally unwieldy. The muller ring weighs about 450 pounds. Until a very few years ago, it had always been handled as a top pack. Since, however, the muleteers have invented the scheme of placing the mule within the circle of the ring, thus eliminating even danger incident to the ordinary side pack load.

Again, a train of mules have performed the difficult feat of packing heavy steel cables weighing several tons. Here the mules are loaded as single units, each carrying two coils of the long wire, and attached to another to the front or the rear, with a similar load. By adopting this method the whole thing may be loaded on a train and the most difficult trails and the steepest mountains become as accessible as the treeless plains to the freight train and its engine, or the automobile.

It is not an uncommon sight to see twenty or thirty mules heavily loaded with lumber, scaling a rugged cliff trail up to a tiny hole in the ground where some prospector has run down a lead or trace of gold. Nor is it uncommon to see returning from such a treasure cavern a whole string loaded with sacks of ore, plodding toward an apparatus fifteen miles away, where the gold may be separated from its crystallized vaults.

The trains are continuously on the trail from the time the warm spring sun rots the snow on the highest passes, until the same barriers are again locked in the arms of a silent white force. Many days are spent in the cold, mountain meadows, where night after night is spent by the packers on the frozen ground, sleeping in damp, repulsive saddle blankets. The season-worn mules, gaunt from the long siege of work and the scarcity of food, seem racking before the inevitable alpine blizzard. The vigor with which we first saw them is gone, and now from their glaring, greenish eyes shines the light that betrays torture. Although the packer cringes before the same power, yet the season never disheartens him. He meets the most strenuous day with a grim smile, and is always ready with a jovial song, or a stinging practical joke. The bell boy is usually the "goat" when more susceptible material is not present, though frequently an

A rocky mountain fortress threaded by a trail used by a mule team.

adventurous traveler falls into the meshes.

To a packer, an overcrowded chicken roost is a license to enter. A packer who is always blessed with a most voluptuous appetite possesses a strange fascination for friers. But even in such ventures as raiding chicken roosts he avails himself of any and all opportunities, at all hazards, to obey his master, the king of the practical joke.

Whenever the boss had a good "nip" he would run out the line on his reel about as follows:

"We had three outfits in Trinity Center that night. It was Fletcher's first trip. He was a big, raw-boned sort of a kid who wanted to be in it all, but was timid and chicken-hearted, so he worried. We had been getting chickens all along, so I told Fletcher it was up to the bell boy to get them that night. He agreed to it. Well! Fletcher took Carter along with him. Carter was the neatest of the lot when it came down to chickens, and he knew how the kid was, so he went out expecting some fun. They had with them a grain sack in which to carry home the spoils. The night was as dark as pitch, but not too dark for Carter's cat-eyes to locate the roost. Carter went in to get the birds, leaving Fletcher at the door to hold the sack, and incidentally to give warning in case the owner happened around. Every time Carter would bring a chicken to be stuffed into the sack Fletcher would urge, nervously: "That is enough, Carter! that is enough!' To which Carter would remark:

"'Be gosh, he's fat, Charley.' Then he would plunge the chicken into the sack, and remark, as he turned to search for another: 'Fine pullet! Fine pullet!'

"'Come on, that's plenty!' Fletcher would whisper.

"'Just felt of another one in there.'

"'No! we can't use so many; no need of wastin' 'em,' the bell boy whined.

"'Oh, but she's talking to me,' Carter would reply.

"Well, this kept up until twelve chickens were in the sack, then the pressure got too strong. Carter went back for the thirteenth chicken, but when he returned to the door, Fletcher had fled.

"The next morning Fletcher began bragging about the exploit. Well, we let him go on. We didn't say anything. We put the chickens on old Mose and Tricksy, because it was almost impossible to catch either on the trail.

"Late that afternoon I rode up to the head of the train, and announced to Charley that the Sheriff was at the rear of the outfit with two warrants. I told him they were not sure about one of the men, but Fletcher was in the mesh, because a deputy had heard him blowing about the raid, when the birds were being loaded.

"Well, sir, Fletcher's face got as pale as a ghost. His words stuck in his throat, and before long he was crying like a baby. 'God!' he muttered between sobs, 'think of my mother and sister. Say, boss,' he would say in calm moments, 'It's an awful disgrace to think a fellow would steal—even chickens.'

"'Yes,' I agreed. And my sympathies would all go out to Charley, who, noting my serious mien, would sob like a baby over the gravity of the situation.

"'I'll tell you. Charlev. I'll keep him back there, and you get off and catch the chicken-mules, take them off and hide them.' The next hour Fletcher spent in trying to catch the snorting sharps, but it was useless.

"'How about it—all right now?' I asked as I rode up again.

"'No! Can't catch 'em.'

"'Run them into the timber,' I then suggested. At this remark the horizon seemed to clear.

"'I'll do it,' he said, excitedly.

"Not being able to run the bell-sharps away from the bell-mare, this plan failed, so Fletcher tried rolling the mule over a precipice. Even this failed. Finally we couldn't hold out any longer, because Charley was des-

perate. By this time he was begging to be relieved, so he could take to the woods to evade arrest.

"Carter took my big buckskin, and hurried to the front. He rode up beside Fletcher, and said, nervously, but sincerely: 'Pull that bell off that yellow mare, and let's hit for the brush.'

"By this time, camp was not far away, and Fletcher had determined to make a stand. 'I'll kill him,' he said, digging the spurs into his pony's flanks.

"Carter and Fletcher raced for the old '30,' but Carter's horse was faster —and when the rear of the outfit drew into camp, Carter was trying to convince his accomplice that it was needless to add murder to chicken stealing. It took six hours to show that fellow that it was all a farce. Fletcher never plucked another bird from that day."

The bell boy, though by far the best prey for such ventures, is not the only one who suffers from the humility of ignorance. A certain retired packer was once returning from a trip into New River, a mining camp in Trinity. He had with him on this trip a likely looking individual, whose ambition was to see a bear, wild, in the mountains. "It happened," said this packer, "that we stopped at Jackson Lake to spend a day fishing for lake trout. We took all day priming our friend with local bear stories. By the time evening came on our charge was somewhat shaky, because we had told him to keep on the alert, as one was likely to come down out of the timber any time to feed around the lake. Just at dusk, Ticknor, on pretext that he was going down to get the mules, managed to get above the lake, where he began to roll boulders like a bear that was in search of ants."

" 'That's a bear now!' said Brad,

Playing circus on the kitchen-jack.

hitting for the dark underbrush with long strides.

The traveler, who had armed himself with a sharp hatchet beforehand, made good use of our advice to always run up hill to escape from Bruin, and scurried over the gigantic boulders of the talus slope at the right of the lake like a native chipmunk, and very shortly reached the crest. Here were several stunted cedars with huge trunks of several feet in diameter, and about seventy-five feet in height. The traveler swung lightly up one of these that appeared most suitable because

of its size and accommodations in the way of branches.

At twelve o'clock that night, the packers had begun to worry. Their calls up to this time had brought no reply. At last an answer battling with the murmur of the night wind reached their ears. The two men began the search upon the mountain side. Their calling now brought repeated answers that were audible enough for a conversation.

"'Where are you?' Ticknor roared at the top of his voice.

"'I am up here!! I'm all right and safe! How are you fellows?' came the reply. 'Did you see the bear?'

"The two packers returned to camp and slept soundly until daylight, when they were aroused by a man yelling at the top of his voice calling for help.

"We ascended the cliffs as hurriedly as we could,' said Brad, 'and upon reaching the top we were hailed by a human figure who sat perched at the top of the tallest cedar, in a tuft of boughs. The tree was shorn of all its limbs except these very few at the top.

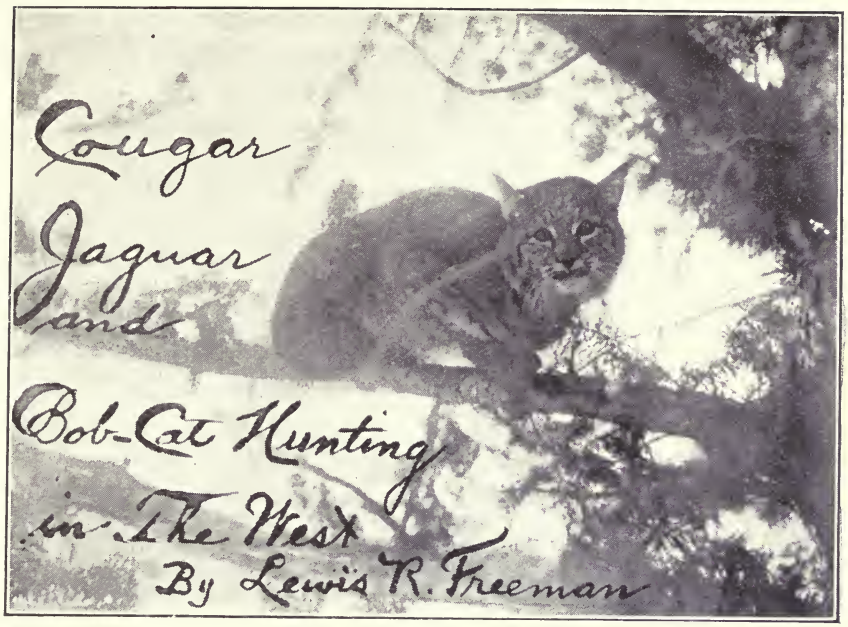
"'What ye doin' up there?' I asked.

"'Oh, I knew he couldn't get up after I cut off all the limbs,' he said, triumphantly, 'but you know I can't get down now. Do you think it's safe to come down?'"

PRIMEVAL ECHOES

The rank weeds, tall, now over-spread the field
Where once the wheat grew green abundantly.
In serried, strong, straight symmetry they stand
Defiant pagans, unregenerate.
Their lithesome lines in ecstasy a-lilt
To lift oblation lavish to the sun;
Lift, too, my soul, unlike the plants of man.
Unprized by him; deemed useless, save to stir
The wrath of thrifty husbandman, or chance
To pique the civic pride of urbanite;
And yet to me, a dweller in the field,
No grant of growing grain by labor tilled;
No formal garden gay with gaudy bloom;
No hand-trained, trellised bower by man e'er made;
Could bring such whispering poetry as these.
To me, akin to dust from which they rise,
And to the sun, toward which they ever leap;
They are the link which rivets certainty
To that far time when, thrilling with accord,
I heard proud pagan Pan in Arcady
Play on his primal pipes a palinode.

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.



A California Wildcat treed by hounds Photographs taken by the author.

PROBABLY no animal in the world, large or small, is known under as great a variety of names as the mountain lion of the temperate west coasts of North and South America. In the American and Canadian Northwests, he is called the cougar and "sneak-cat;" in such parts of the South as he is found, panther, or "painter;" the Southwest and Mexico, Mexican lion or *leone Mexicana;* and in South America, puma and an endless number of Spanish names. This assortment is possibly due, as in the case of the many-named among his human brethren, to his notoriously bad character; for it is a fact that the police dockets show that the criminal with the worst record is invariably the one with the greatest number of aliases. Certain it is that his character is bad. It is not the big, bluff, open badness of the grizzly, nor the cunning, half-playful badness of the fox, but a mean, sneaking, cowardly and often vindictive and murderous badness that is entirely his own.

Almost impossible to hunt by stealth and take unawares, he is himself the most stealthy of hunters, and rarely takes his prey but by surprise. He is admirably fitted to pursue and to avoid pursuit. So soft of foot is he that he runs over the dried leaves of the cottonwood and sycamore without making a sound. He has not any of the jerkiness of action of other quadrupeds, but runs with a stealthy, gliding step that carries him on with the swift, smooth, undulating movement of a snake. Of a uniform color from tip to tip, save for a slight shading on back and belly, he presents little to distinguish him from the fawn and brown of the rocks and dead grass over which he preferably moves. But the greatest difficulty in hunting him by ordinary methods lies in the fact that he rarely goes by day from his lair in a cave or thicket. Often, when he

The author with the skin of a jaguar shot with a revolver, near Panama.

has gorged himself on a cow or deer, he will lie for three days or more, seeking neither meat nor drink. His ability to endure hunger and thirst is remarkable, especially in the arid regions where scarcity of water makes scarcity of prey. On the desert he will often go over a week without food or water, and yet show the lack of neither in his appearance.

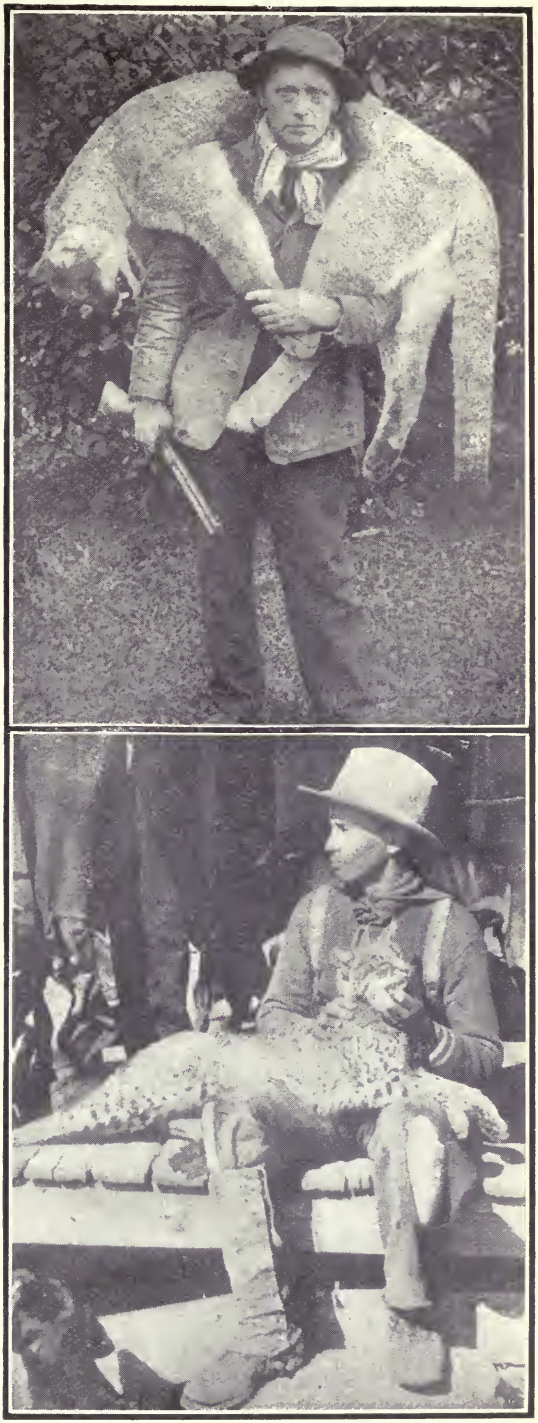
Wherever the mountain lion makes his lair within striking distance of a settled country, he feeds principally upon stock killed and carried off from the nearby ranches. Young pigs are his choice, and it is due to his weakness for them that he is most often detected and shot. Owing to the fleshiness of a pig's neck, its wind is not as easily shut off in the grip of the powerful jaws as is that of many larger animals, and squeals and a commotion in the pig-pen will bring out the mountain rancher with his gun quicker than any other alarm. Lambs and calves also suffer heavily from cougars, and even the old animals are not exempt from attack. When the animal killed is too heavy to carry off, the lion drinks his fill of blood, usually sucking from the jugulars in the throat. If there is not enough blood to satisfy him, he will lunch further upon the carcass itself, picking about and eating only the choice portions. Once leaving a carcass he rarely returns to it except in seasons of scant food conditions, and many a lion-killed cow and deer is left for the coyotes to banquet upon.

Deer are usually killed from ambush, most often being sprung upon from a tree and ridden to their death with a pair of cruel jaws biting through their spines and the claws of the powerful hind legs tearing their flanks to ribbons. They are occasionally pursued in the open, and neither white-tail nor black-tail, nor even the fleet-footed antelope, can escape the dash of a full-grown male or female cougar. The latter's agility is no less than that of the famed cheetah or Indian hunting leopard, and with its very considerable weight behind it, the impact of its spring is something tremendous.

Two Wyoming hunters tell of seeing a full-grown buffalo cow knocked to the ground by an infuriated mother mountain lion whose lair the latter had unwittingly approached. The buffalo succeeded in shaking off its assailant, which was shot by the hunters. In California, the cougar is known to attack all kinds of big game with the exception of the grizzly. A long-horned steer will over-match him, but an ordinary cow falls easy prey if the lion is hungry or fierce enough to persist in its attack.

In all of the Western cattle districts the presence of mountain lions keeps the cowboys on the qui vive to protect the young and weak of their herds, and instances are by no means uncommon of full-grown animals falling a prey to these miscreants. On a trip which I once made down the Hardy—an offshoot of the Colorado near the latter's mouth in Lower California—I passed in my boat a couple of fine old steers that had become mired in endeavoring to ford a treacherous slough. On reaching the first cattle camp I at once reported the circumstance, and we set out to the rescue of the unfortunate animals with a four-mule team and drag chains. On reaching the first of the mired beasts, a huge red "stag," he was lassoed around the horns, and, with some difficulty, dragged to firmer ground. The vaquero who was in charge of the work called my attention to a multitude of tracks along the bank, converging and intermingling at the point where the steer was stuck, and as we rode on to the next bend, where my map located the other animal, he explained that more often than not the unlucky beasts which became fast in the river mud, unless discovered and pulled out, fell victims to lions and coyotes. He was describing, in his excitable, gesticulative Spanish way the sufferings of the helpless beasts under the jaws and paws of their assailants, when we pushed through a runway in the "carrisa" and came upon as graphic an illustration as ever narrator was given for his story—the second of the steers killed and eaten to the mudline by voracious carnivora.

A solitary coyote skulking back into the tules was the only sign of life apparent beyond the circling buzzards; but some great four-inch tracks, well preserved in the firm mud of the upper bank, gave clue to the real perpetrators. The lower steer was saved through his having worked out from the shore, leaving twenty feet of clear water between his bloating sides and the ever-watchful lions. For the next few days a patrol was sent out along



1. A Colorado hunter and his quarry.
2. A New Mexico wildcat just shot.

the river to report on any further trouble, and one morning a vaquero rode in with a great yellow inert mass lashed on behind his high-seated Mexican saddle, from which a tawny tail dangling along the ground was setting the pony on his tiptoes with nervous excitement. The man had found the animal sneaking away from the carcass of the mired steer, and after failing in an endeavor to rope it, had dropped it with one shot from his automatic pistol.

Scientists have declared that the wonderful agility of members of the cat tribe is due to the unusual length and fineness of the fibre of their muscles, in both of which particulars the latter are said to infinitely surpass those of man or other animals. The stories told of the remarkable jumps made by cougars seem almost beyond belief, and many are no doubt grossly exaggerated. It is claimed that a lion running from the hounds, in the mountains back of Santa Barbara, leaped a clear eighty feet from the brink of one side of a ravine, which was perpendicular, to the other side, which was sloping. The flying animal struck on a slide of rock at a point estimated to be about twenty feet lower than the place from which it jumped, and was so much jarred that it fell in endeavoring to climb into an oak a few hundred yards farther up the mountain, and was torn to pieces by the dogs. The fact that this jump was "down hill" would make it seem a possibility that eighty feet in a lineal direction was covered—but one would feel much surer if he had been there himself.

Almost all writers on the subject agree that the cougar will not take the trouble to hunt small game, though they are said occasionally to feed on foxes and porcupines if nothing else offers. Chickens are generally considered immune as far as lions are concerned, and farmers rarely calculate on guarding against anything but coyotes and wild cats. An exception to this rule, however, fell under my notice at my ranch in the Simi Valley, Southern California, a couple of winters ago. Several of my tenants were raising chickens and turkeys quite extensively, and with ten-foot meshed wire fences interlaced with barbed wire, seemed to feel quite confident that their poultry was safe against any four-footed creature that might come down from the rugged, brush-covered mountains to the north. One night, however, a great commotion was heard in one of their hen-houses, and the men rushed out to find several dozen dead chickens, the yard and house intact, and nothing to show what was responsible for the trouble. This was repeated several times—always at different points—and still no clew was gained as to what kind of a beast could get over a ten-foot fence without leaving some mark of its coming or going. Never once was a chicken found eaten, nor were feathers found near by to indicate that any had been carried off. The mysterious animal seemed simply to run amuck and claw and bite the terrified poultry for its own pleasure.

About this time I was spending a week with the family of one of the tenants, shooting quail. One night, just as the lights had been put out, we heard the family dog, a young setter, come whimpering across the yard and scratch and whine at the door. A moment later there came a thump and a crash from the hen-house, and then a bedlam of squawks and cackles, rising above the sound of a hundred and fifty pairs of wings flopping and beating against the sides and roof of the little building. I was still dressed, and seizing my shotgun, burst from the door, followed closely by the farmer and his son. The moon was more than three-quarters full, and shone brightly on the seat of disturbance, revealing almost at once a board ripped from its place on the side of the coop which opened into the wire-fenced yard.

As I rushed up to the fence, out of this opening shot a long, yellow body, and without seeming to touch the ground, flew full into the side of the

1. A Texas mountain lion. The animal pictured here was one of the largest ever killed, weighing two hundred and forty pounds. 2. An Arizona lion that paid the penalty of a bad record on the cattle ranges. 3. A gray lynx of the Rockies (mounted.)

doubly staked and braced wire netting. The taut wire threw it off like a catapult, and it darted back into the screaming din of the coop to land with a thump against the opposite side. Out it came again, apparently wild with terror, and this time I gave it both barrels of No. 6 through the wire. Bang! Bang! boomed the farmer's gun behind me, and Bang! Bang! and again Bang! exhausted the half-filled chamber of the boy's "pump-gun"—seven charges of bird-shot in all, fired at under four paces.

Once more the gleam of yellow flashed against the wire, and once more it was sent sprawling. Then it came straight at us, and we all beat a hasty retreat while it flattened itself against the wire and bit and clawed desperately at the unyielding meshes. Suddenly the roving yellow eyes caught sight of the top of the hen-coop and it dropped back to the ground, crouched for a moment, and then went sailing—no other word quite does justice to that easy, effortless leap—off, and out, and back to the mountains.

There was a big hunt next day, in which the whole countryside joined, but never again was the midnight marauder even sighted. It had evidently entered the yard by jumping over the coop, and in its efforts to enter the latter had clawed off a loose board. When discovered, it was unable, in its fright, to locate the top of the wire to jump at, and as a consequence spent a disagreeable minute or two in the yard. Why the shot, small as it was, did not have more effect at the close range, I am at a loss to understand, unless it was that most of it, owing to our excitement, went wild.

About thirty chickens were killed in the brief space of time the lion was in the coop. The latter was about twenty feet square and ten feet high, and I have often thought since what a fine chance some biograph company missed in not being able to expose a film on that frightened lion as he raged around and lashed about in that almost solid mass of fluttering fowls.

There is a widespread idea that the cry of a cougar resembles that of a child in distress. I have heard the cry of that animal on a number of occasions in many parts of North and South America, and if the popular belief is well founded, I will only say that the child must be in very great distress indeed, and I beg to be delivered from a nursery full of them. The cry is really as piercing as the sound made by an electric car in rounding a sharp and insufficiently greased curve, and is almost as loud and raucous. The sound is about the same as the wail of the ordinary tomcat on his nocturnal rounds, and bears about the same ratio in volume to the cry of the latter as its maker does to the tom in size. Any fear it will engender, however, must be imaginary, for of danger to man from a cougar there is little.

I have often been asked whether or not the cougar, unprovoked, will attack a man. There are practically no well authenticated cases, in my knowledge, to show that it will. An instance is cited of a negro that was killed in Mississippi many years ago by a panther, and in Montana and Wyoming one occasionally hears tales of lions following lone travelers for miles, to finally circle ahead, ambush and kill them. It is difficult to trace one of these stories down, though it is a common occurrence to have a cougar dog one's footsteps and approach quite near him if the country is rough and brushy. It is related that a butcher in Calaveras County, California, was once carrying a quarter of beef behind him on his horse as he rode from one town to another just at dusk. Suddenly there was a rush from the roadside, and a cougar sprang upon the meat, and by its own weight and through the plunging of the frightened horse, succeeded in dragging it to the ground. As soon as the intrepid butcher could rein in his horse, he returned to the spot of attack and despatched the foolish brute, which steadfastly refused to leave its plunder, with his revolver. The animal

1. An unusual photograph—a mired steer which was killed by a mountain lion a few hours after the "snap" was taken. 2. Morning's bag of mountain lions shot by government scouts in Yellowstone Park.

proved to be a young one, hardly more than half-grown, and had evidently not yet learned when and where to fear.

There probably are cases when men have been attacked by cougars, but they are not sufficiently numerous to more than prove the rule to the contrary. The fact that that animal so often follows man's trail is most likely due to an inherent desire for bloodshed that is somewhat more than neutralized by inherent cowardice.

I once, inadvertently, gave a cougar ample chance for an attack, had it been so minded, and though I should not care to go through the experience again, I have no doubt that the result would be the same. My ideas on the subject were not as firmly fixed at the time of the incident as they are now, and as a consequence I experienced a very bad quarter of an hour.

It happened in Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona, in the spring of ninety-eight, just at the time when the last of the season's storms come in rains in the valley, hail and sleet in the foothills and lower spurs, and snow on the higher mountains. I was camped in the canyon, well inside the boxed-in stretch. The cook had deserted a week before, and my companion, a well-known archaeologist of Boston, had gone out to Jerome for a few days to settle by telegraph some business that needed his attention in the East.

Late one afternoon the air became close and stuffy, the breeze died out, and great black clouds came wheeling down from the veiled summit of Mount Franklin. Soon the thunder began to roll and rumble among the crags and echo with deep reverberations through the canyon, while the lightning, flashing vividly, shot in zigzag lines from cliff to cliff. Then the rain came in torrents, and I retreated, supperless, into the tent, which chanced to be under the tallest and thickest pine on a little bench at the bend of the river.

The thunder roared louder than ever, and pulling in the tent flap, I looked out. The lightning was leaping from pole to pole, and heavens and earth were ablaze with its shuddering light. Suddenly it flashed upon me that lightning always struck the tallest trees, and, grabbing my arms full of blankets, I rushed out into the rain, not stopping until I was in a clear space, well beyond the range of the big pine. Then I rolled up in the blankets—there must have been nearly a dozen of them—one after the other, making a big, half-soaked bundle, almost as high as it was long. My arms, head and shoulders were out of the main wrappings, but I protected them somewhat with the loose end of the last blanket.

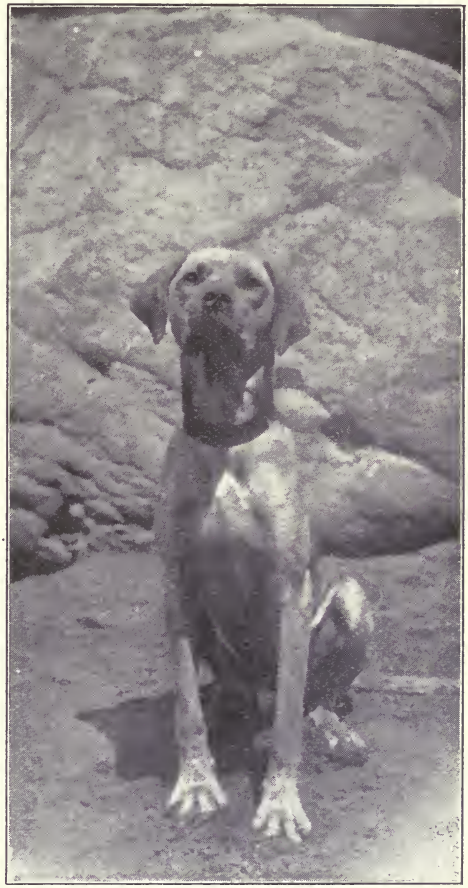
At the end of a half hour the rain ceased, and the heavens began clearing, but the thunder and lightning were still busy, and I was afraid to trust myself in the tent under the big pine. Congratulating myself on not being wet through, I was just getting ready to unroll, when out of the darkness beyond the end of the blankets came an ear-splitting yell. I had never heard the cougar's voice up to that moment, but I was not deceived in it for a moment. It is at this stage in the story-book tales of cougars that the kind-hearted traveler usually starts out with the condensed milk-can to succor the distressed child. Brute that I was, I felt no such impulse. I knew where the distressed child was, but I also knew that it was wrapped fully eighteen inches thick in warm Navajo blankets, and was very loth to expose its shivering frame to the elements.

Twice more sounded the cry, and twice more I restrained myself from starting on the errand of mercy. It seemed to be coming nearer and nearer, though I could have sworn that the first cry had sounded from just beyond my feet. Again that siren shriek!! This time it was so near that I thought I detected the blankets vibrating in sympathy, and it was not for several seconds that I traced that phenomenon to my trembling knees.

For several long moments I waited

in breathless anxiety, wondering if the monster would begin at my feet and eat me up by inches, or mercifully kill me first by starting in on my head. At last my ears, strained to catch the slightest sound, detected his step as the cushioned feet were drawn; one after the other, from the sticky mud. Then he crept into my range of vision. "Thank heaven, it will be the head," I thought, and waited, with humped shoulders, for the impact of his deadly pounce. I could barely make out the outline of his body, so that the fiery, vitreous eyes seemed moving all alone through the darkness. Now they passed behind and out of my range of vision, but still the spring was not made. Now they gleamed on my right, still moving about the bundle in a circle. Now they disappeared beyond my horizon of blankets, and I realized that the worst was to happen after all—I was to be eaten from the feet upwards. At this, the overwrought nerves gave way, and the big chestful of air I had been holding so long went ripping out through my vocal chords in one wild yell. That was the true cry of the distressed child at last; would no one come to its aid?

As if in answer to my call, I heard some one breaking through the brush at top speed, and my heart beat high with hope. Then I perceived that the sounds were retreating. My preserver had seen the lion and turned back! All I suffered in the next ten minutes I will not attempt to describe, but at length, reassured by the silence, I rolled out from my blankets and found myself alone. The cougar had evidently had no idea that the funny-looking bundle contained a man, and at the first intimation that such was the case—my cry of distress—must have taken flight, and it was his retreating steps that I had first taken for those of a deliverer. The wary beast certainly missed the chance of its life by its flight, for I doubt very much if a young, fairly fat and entirely eatable boy was ever laid out quite so helplessly under the nose of a hungry cougar.



One of the leading hounds used in the chase to round up the "cats"

In hunting the cougar the only satisfactory method is to run it down with dogs, tree and shoot it. Even this can hardly be called a satisfactory method, however, for unless the hounds can be put upon a hot trail they will usually lose it for that of a wild cat, coon or coyote. The greater part of these animals killed on the Pacific Slope has been run down while the dogs were following the scent of a wild cat or coyote. Some few have been ambushed and killed by mountain ranchers, and occasionally one is slain by a quick snap shot in a chance encounter.

The cougar is more generally distributed over the Pacific Coast than any other kind of big game, and while its killing is encouraged by a heavy bounty, it is holding its own better than the deer, protected though the latter is, by the most stringent laws. If there comes a time when the game of this country is extinct, it will be pretty safe to venture that the cougar will have been one of the very last species to succumb.

* * * *

The habitat of the jaguar, roughly speaking, is all of tropical North and South America, over which it is found quite as generally as is the mountain lion in the rougher districts of the temperate and sub-arctic regions of those continents. In Mexico the jaguar is occasionally encountered as far north as the thirtieth parallel, and even across the American boundary, while in Paraguay and the Chaco de Argentine it is as frequently met with as far to the south. In both of these border zones the cougar is also found, and hybrid specimens of these two closely related members of the cat tribe, though rare, are not unheard of.

The jaguar is much more heavily built than the mountain lion, and many specimens which I have seen in American and European zoos appeared far more powerful than the best of the African leopards in adjoining cages. While quite as cunning in its operations as the cougar, the jaguar is a far more formidable antagonist than the former, and among the natives of tropical America the fear of it is scarcely less than that of the Bengalese of the East Indian tiger.

In a number of months spent in the forests of the Amazon, Orinoco and Upper Parana, there was hardly a night in which my rest and, to a certain extent, my equanimity, was not disturbed by the cries of prowling jaguars, yet in all of that time I had not more than two or three transient glimpses of that elusive animal. My men—whether Venezuelans, Paraguayans, Argentinos, Brazilians or Indians—were never without apprehension however, and, while lax enough in the performance of their regular duties, never needed encouragement in keeping the camp fire blazing on the hottest of nights.

Authentic instances of unprovoked attacks on men by jaguars are as hard to trace down as those concerning cougars, but of the fact that an angered "tigre" will show fight I had an amply satisfying demonstration.

One morning in November of a couple of years ago, while spending a month on the Isthmus watching the progress of the Panama Canal work, I chanced to encounter in the brush, not a hundred yards from a construction spur of the railway, a very sizable jaguar which, for some reason, had extended his nocturnal round into a daylight promenade. By the merest chance, luckily, in addition to a machete for cutting underbrush—the inseparable companion of any one straying from the beaten track in this part of the tropics—and my camera, I had an automatic pistol stuck in my belt, and it was the reassuring presence of the latter, no doubt, that inspired me with sufficient courage to try for a picture.

In my experience with a number of the several members of the cat family there is always a moment immediately following that in which one of them is surprised by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a man, in which the animal remains perfectly motionless, principally, no doubt, in the hope of escaping observation. The first move is almost invariably up to the man, and if he will stand still, or only move slowly and quietly, the beast may often be held for a minute or more before it takes alarm and breaks away in flight.

My approach over the damp earth of a well cleared path through the brush had been almost noiseless, and I doubt very much if the animal in question was aware of my presence an instant before I brought up with a jerk on discovering his. My pistol was my first thought, and this once in hand, my second thought, probably

suggested by the picturesque pose of my scowling *vis-a-vis*, was my camera. The latter was a small, short-focus folding affair which, beyond extending the bellows, needed no adjustment whatever. The path and the surrounding jungle, though heavily in shadow, as far as direct sunlight was concerned, were pervaded by that powerfully actinic reflected light which often renders it possible to make instantaneous exposures in the tropics under conditions which would be considered quite prohibitive in other latitudes. The distance was about twenty-five feet.

The click of the spring which accompanied the running out of the bellows caused my subject to drop to a threatening crouch, which action deflected my attention from the camera to the pistol, and left me in apprehensive doubt for eight or ten seconds as to whether or not he was going to fly, and if so, whether at me or from me. The idea also suggested itself to me that perhaps I had best anticipate him in the flying act, in which event my line of flight was already pre-determined. But while nervously fingering the trigger of my pistol, I wavered in resolve, the tenseness gradually left the sinewy figure before me, and it slowly resumed its standing position, though an angrily switching tail and back-laid ears indicated that distrust and suspicion were by no means dispelled.

With the slowest of movements, I again transferred the camera to my right hand, centered the motionless yellow and black figure in the finder, and, with the pistol still held ready, used the thumb of my left to press the button. On the quivering ears of that poor jaguar the click of the shutter must have fallen like the roar of one of the big blasts up in the Culebra Cut. He immediately started to bolt, and thus assured that I was not the worst frightened object present after all, my faltering courage came back with a rush, my twitching forefinger closed down on the trigger of the pistol, and almost before I was aware of it, three bullets had been fired after the fleeting form of my late subject.

The shots were discharged with the pistol still in my left hand, and with no attention whatever to aim, which may account in a measure for the fact that a subsequent post-mortem failed to show where any of them took effect. They came close enough, however, to lead the very capricious beast at whom they were directed into a belief that there was a matter behind him that required prompt attention. Wheeling about as though set on a pivot, he launched his body into the air, and had already made one stupendous leap in the direction of the spot he had instinctively diagnosed as the seat of trouble, and was just rising for another when, more carefully than before, though from a hand which I daresay shook no less than when it was holding the camera, I discharged in quick succession the three cartridges that still remained in the clip.

One of the bullets went wild, but either of the other two "soft-noses" that went mushrooming into the breast of the animal would have been quite sufficient in itself to have eliminated him ultimately as a serious trouble factor. Being a cat, however, he died reluctantly, and the energetic mass of fur, paws, jaws and claws that came clumping down at my feet had more than a little life left in it, the immediate necessity for letting out which as a precautionary measure involving some wildly indiscriminate slashings with the big machete that almost ruined what would otherwise have been one of the prettiest hides that ever came out of Panama.

As might have been expected under the circumstances, the negative was a failure. A sympathetic inspection of a print from it by a person who knew where to look, might have revealed a couple of light dots, which, however, bore about as much resemblance to a couple of goose-berries with the sun shining upon them as to the vitreously gleaming fire-ball orbs of the infuriated "tigre." The rest

of the animal might have been searched for in vain, and not a single one of three different brands of patent intensifier, nor even a combined bath of all three of them mixed together, would induce my jaguar, or at least such impression of him as was on the film, to change his spots.

* * * *

The several varieties of the lynx-wildcat branch of the genus feline have about the same general habitat as the mountain lion, and though differing greatly in physical particulars, most of the temperamental peculiarities of their long-tailed relatives as well. There is a popular idea that the lynx is only an over-sized species of the ordinary tabby cat, and as such scarcely more formidable than a husky "tom;" but one who has had first hand experience of him will not hesitate to agree with the Chilkat Mission Indian poet who wrote:

"There's nothing so wild as the wild-cat—
The tame cat's as tame as a child;
But he steals all the cream from the wild-cat.
And that makes the wild-cat wild."

Though the explanation of the manner in which that animal has become so ferocious may not stand the light of scientific research.

The bob-cat has been well described as "a pair of jaws upon two paws." The cougar, after fastening upon his prey, does nine-tenths of his execution with his marvelously developed hind legs; his little gray brother, because of the almost abnormal concentration of power at the forward end, uses his slender hind legs only as props for the real executive department at the other extreme. A thirty-pound bob-cat, cornered, will best a trained bull-terrier of the same weight four times out of five, and can usually reduce two or three ordinary bear dogs to ribbons in half a minute. A fifty-pound cat, if it can be made to fight, will outmatch anything that breathes of within twenty pounds of that weight.

I recall several rather ticklish moments spent in prodding snarling bob-cats from swaying tree-tops in endeavoring to make them jump to the waiting dogs, but my only bob-cat experience with a real thrill in it occurred on the ground, and with no eager pack at hand to create a diversion. It happened on a boat trip which I made down Hardy's Colorado several years ago, after a misunderstanding with my Indian rowers, which left me with three or four days of floating and paddling to do quite alone. The incident chanced the morning after the desertion of the capricious Cocopahs.

After getting my breakfast upon the bank, I had pushed the big, square-ended scow into the sluggish current, and for half an hour, a victim of pure contentment, laid on my back and smoked without making a move or a sound. Ducks came spinning down the river in tight little flocks of a dozen or two—teal, mallard, widgeon, spoonbill, red-heads—flying hard and low, and offering fine, sporty shots. A beaver slapped the water with his tail in front of me, and my eyes were just quick enough to glimpse a score of brown bodies scurrying from the bank into the water and under a great pile of drift. A moment later I caught sight of a moving object that was running along the edge of the water a quarter of a mile ahead, coming in my direction. At first, on account of its size, I took it for a mountain lion, but its darker color and "high" way of running told me that it must be a wild-cat or a lynx, even before it showed me a side view and a short tail. But what a cat it was!!

On he trotted to me and down I floated to him—he was getting bigger every moment. I pushed a handful of cartridges into my rifle, and got a bead across the side of the boat without showing more than the top of my head. At a hundred yards something seemed to smell wrong to him, and he turned and looked behind.

Nothing appearing out of the way in that direction he again came trotting on, but glancing suspiciously from side to side. Another hundred feet and he espied the boat and brought up short, front legs braced out straight, head in the air, and hind legs doubled up for a whirling jump of retreat. I was waiting for a shoulder shot, but was forced to content myself with what offered.

Straight into the air he sprang at the bite of the bullet, just as a tuna leaps when hooked, to come down with a splash into the water several feet from the bank. Quite confident that the shot had been fatal, I threw the gun aside and sprang to the oars, watching over my shoulders as I rowed. For a moment the grey mass floated as though lifeless, and then, revivification coming with the cold touch of the water, it commenced to flop and bite and snarl, beating the water to a foam in its struggles, and before I had covered half the distance it had rolled to a footing in the mud, and a second later went bounding wildly up the bank and into the compact jungle of "carrisa."

The boat went spinning back into the stream as I leapt to the spongy bank, but I took after the lynx, trusting to a propitious current to land it on my side of the river. A trail of water and blood led up the bank, and following this, I plunged into the close-growing "carrisa," not doubting that I had a long and difficult chase ahead. Imagine, then, my surprise at being greeted with such a sputtering yell as only an animal shot through the lungs and mad with pain, anger and fear can utter, and feeling the rip of claws on my puttees and the rather more tangible grip of a pair of jaws upon one of my knees. Frightened as I was, I still had enough undissipated instinct of self-preservation to shorten up my hold on my rifle and fire point blank into the spiteful ball of sputtering energy about my feet.

Springing back as I shot, I regained the open, to bring up, almost paralyzed with consternation, on noting the appearance of my legs, especially the left, upon which the cat had been the busiest. The legging was splashed with blood from top to bottom, and the knee was weltering in gore. For a moment I would have sworn that the leg was half amputated, and that only the excitement was keeping me up—I had heard of such cases—but a hasty examination showed that the blood was not my own, and that the knee was hardly more than nibbled.

Then came the extremely disagreeable task of following my quarry into the jungle of cane grass. I have no recollection of hating to do anything quite so much in all my life, especially after the shock of the first encounter, but he was too great a prize to lose, and I finally managed to force my reluctant feet upon the trail. I took no more chances of stepping upon the wounded animal, but felt my way along, inch by inch, poking the gun ahead at every step to find a clear space for my foot.

I would never have located him but for the fact that the first shot had pierced his lungs, the constant coughing enabling me to keep the right direction. Several times I came close upon him, and heard the crash of his blind dash away, but could not locate him closely enough for even a chance shot. Finally, his retreat took him in a circle, and he broke from the "carrisa" into the comparative open of the river bank, where I succeeded in cornering him between an overhanging willow and the water. His chest was pierced by my first shot and the second had broken his back and destroyed the usefulness of his hind legs; yet he valiantly reared himself on his powerful forepaws, and, with hate and fury glittering from eyes that were already glazing in death, awaited my approach. After snapping him with a small camera—the same, by the way, which figured in the Panama jaguar incident three years later—which I chanced to have, secured to my belt after breakfast, I despatched him with a third bullet, and went in search of my boat.

Mt. Shasta, Northern California, from a photograph taken in midwinter.

LEGENDS OF MOUNT SHASTA

By Lizzie Park Fleming

LYING in unbroken masses across Northern California, the Sierra Nevada, Cascade and Siskiyou Mountains mingle together. From out of the wilderness, Mount Shasta, one of the great views of the world, lifts his head above the fir trees that fringe the timber line.

Shasta was not always as docile as now; at no very remote period the mountain was an active volcano, the overflow of lava at the last eruption being on the western slope. The great cone is eternally covered with snow and the crater forms an immense cup on the summit.

The Creation.

According to some of the California Indians, Mount Shasta was the first part of the earth formed. Ages ago, before Time was, the Great Spirit, they say, made a hole in the sky; but when he saw that it was all flat beneath, he threw down rocks and earth and ice until he had formed a great pile. He stepped upon this, and wherever he stepped, streams of water flowed.

Running his hands over the side of the mountain, he caused the forests to spring up. Plucking the leaves from the trees and blowing them into the air, they became birds; those falling into the water became fishes. He smote the rocks with his staff, and they turned into beasts; from his staff he made the grizzly, but the grizzly was so fierce, he hollowed out the great mountain for his tepee; this they knew —for they had seen the smoke from his fire long before the coming of the white man. When the white man came he called the tepee Mount Shasta. Then the Great Spirit left, and no more the smoke curled out from the smoke hole.

The Spirit Child and the Grizzly.

Another interesting legend is that years and years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit grew very tired of living above the clouds, so the thought came to him to take his family and dwell upon the earth for awhile.

Immediately he set to work making a hole in the sky; there were hills all about, and upon one of these he threw rocks, earth and snow until he had formed a large mountain. This was Mount Shasta, and became the Great Spirit's wigwam; this they knew, for smoke came out of the smoke hole.

It was not a wise move, however, for although he was lord of all, in endeavoring to rule his children from the earth, he lost control of the winds, and they ran riot, scattering devastation far and wide; they laid low the forests and did not even respect the great wigwam, but shook it to its very foundation. The Great Spirit was very angry and told his little daughter to go up to the top of the wigwam and command the winds, in his name, to go back to their caves until he called them forth. "Do not put your head above the smoke hole. They will hear your voice and obey." When the child reached the top, it looked so bright above that her curiosity got the better of her, and she put her head a little way out for just one peep. Her imagination had never pictured anything half so beautiful as the sight

that met her gaze—mountains, rivers, trees and flowers. Forgetting all caution, she climbed higher, when the great wind-blower, with a shriek of laughter, caught her up and she was whirled through the air. After what seemed to her a long time, she knew she was nearing the earth, for she felt the leaves of the trees brushing against her as she descended. Very gently, the wind let her down, and she found herself in a dense forest beside a beautiful waterfall. Nearby a well-trodden path led to the stream. How glad she was to be on earth again; and while thinking she would follow the path, which surely would lead to her father, she fell asleep.

Now this stream, just below the fall, was a favorite fishing place for an old grizzly and his two sons, and it was not long before the child was awakened by the sound of some one coming through the wood. It was the grizzlies. The sons were the first to see her, and called their father to come and see what they had found, but she was so frightened she dared not open her eyes at first. When she did, the three stood around her, and she soon found they did not intend to harm her, for they took her up tenderly and carried her home to the mother grizzly.

In those days they walked erect and used their arms as men. They were all very kind to the little golden-haired girl, but the mother, being wiser than the rest, knew that the child was no earthly being, but she kept her own counsel, for she could not bear to part with her. The girl grew to womanhood with no other companions than the grizzlies, and when she was old enough she became the wife of the elder son.

The children that came to them inherited the wisdom of their mother, with the physical strength of their father, thereby forming a race of grizzlies with better ideas of life. Instead of living in caves, they built for themselves wigwams. These were all built facing the holy mountain, and formed a village at its base. A sacrificial stone was set in the midst, where offerings were made to the Great Spirit.

The tribe multiplied rapidly, and became very powerful, but when the old mother felt that her life was nearing the end, she became very much afraid, for she knew she had wronged the Great Spirit by not returning his daughter, besides the sin of the marriage of her son with one not of earth.

At last she bade her son, the child's husband, climb to the very summit of the mountain so that the Great Spirit would surely hear, and ask him to come down to her confession. He consented, and stepped down upon the mountain where (it is said) his footprints remain to this day.

There was great rejoicing, and they gave him a royal welcome; but their joys were soon turned to sorrow, for, when he heard the old mother grizzly's story, he was very angry, and said: "Know you not that you have committed an unpardonable sin in keeping a daughter of the Great Spirit, and doubly so that she should mate with one of a race so degraded? Depart from this place and let your habitation be in the wilderness. and I shall send fire and flood to destroy your dwellings. My curse be upon you and your descendants. Even the speech you now have shall be taken away, and no more shall you stand erect and walk, but four-footed, looking downward."

A great cry of anguish arose from their midst, and his daughter, throwing herself upon her knees before him, begged for her children. Her pleadings softened his heart, for he added: "Because of your kindness to my child, you may, when fighting for your life, rise up and use your arms. This I grant for my daughter's sake." He glanced angrily at the old mother, but she knew it not, for she was dead.

A great black cloud swept by Flames, smoke, stones and earth issued from the top of the mountain, ran down the sides and buried the village, but the Great Spirit and his child were gone.

"And they all fled in terror and hid themselves in the forest."

Appeal to the Great Spirit. Modeled by Cyrus E. Dallin.

All who could, fled from the place and found refuge in the forests and mountains, and although the grizzly is the most dreaded animal, the curse is still upon him, and he goes on his four feet with his head downward, except when fighting his enemy, man.

It is said the Indians, who claim to be descendants of the Spirit child and the grizzly will never kill one, but when a grizzly bear kills a man, stones are piled upon the spot and an offering made to the Great Spirit, and many such piles are to be found in that region.

Buried ruins of a village have also been found about the base of Mount Shasta, but the Spirit's fire in the great wigwam no more sends forth its smoke.

THE ONE WHO WINKED

By W. Gerrare

OLD MOSCOW, white-walled and golden-crowned, gleamed in the fierce heat of a July sun. Young Bernard Winder, of Winder & Company, Export Merchants, Birmingham, white-faced and red-haired, glowed no less brightly in the glare of noon. He was talking business with Ostrov, a Russian buyer, and they wended their way towards the Praga restaurant. There was a reason for this choice. Their conversation was to be of the prices of nails and galvanized sheets, of credits at the Volga-Kama Bank, and other matters of business unlikely to interest an outsider—but in Russia one cannot be too careful. At the Praga they seated themselves at a table apart, in an alcove near the music, and from habit, Ostrov took a seat where he could not be seen, leaving his companion a wider outlook.

When the coffee and cognac stage was reached, the waiters withdrew. It was the hour of the siesta. Most of the company had already dispersed.

"Ten days now before you start for the Nijni fair," observed Ostrov. "Time will drag heavily, eh?"

"I can amuse myself," answered the Englishman.

"Zat is good: only may I ask in what way?"

"Oh, different ways. The other day I walked across the Krimski Bridge, and got lost in a sort of park. Some people were playing at tennis. Hearing English spoken, I thought I would show them *how* to play."

"You Englishmen do everyt'ing," remarked Ostrov, without interest.

"I had only my business card with me, so handed that to them to introduce myself. The girl thought it funny, and persisted in calling me Winder & Co., with an American accent. She didn't tell me her name, but yesterday I received this." He fumbled in his pocket and produced an envelope, out of which he took a large card."

"Ah, an adventure!"

"No; only an invitation to the Alexander Palace to-night—you see, Mrs. Joseph G. Parsons—at home."

The Russian examined the card excitedly. "Zat is a history—a scandal. All Moscow speaks only of it. I will tell you." He hastily gulped down the contents of his liqueur glass, and filled it afresh. "But first tell me why the letters R. S. V. P. are crossed off and 'Come V. P.' inserted?"

"Perhaps they are the initials of Miss Parsons."

"Ach, zat is so: her name is Vivienne. It will be a great affair. There will be dancing and a tombola—a lottery, you know—for favors, very expensive ones, for Mr. Parsons is a very rich man—American millionaire."

"So that explains why he lives in a royal palace," commented Winder.

"Zat is ze story—ze scandal. But first tell me, do you know Mr. Keading, the American consul?"

"I know of him."

"Zat is a very smart man—a rascal, maybe. He try to find a house for Mr. Parsons, who want a palace, and in Moscow is not one such as he can buy in Italy, where palaces are as many as peasants' huts in Russia. Mr. Keading have one fine idea—to sell Alexander Palace to Mr. Parsons. He see good business—big profit—and he

has made a sale—one hundred thousand roubles, I hear."

"Not payable all at once," objected Winder.

"No, but soon enough. Oh, Mr. Kneading know ze Russian character so very well. First he go to Prince Dolgoruki, our Governor-General, and say: 'One very rich American from Venice come to Moscow mit his family, and no place is fit for such millionaire party.' Then he suggest that the Prince receive Mr. Parsons at Alexander Palace as his guest, and tell him that Mr. Parsons will make him a very handsome present, and spend much money in Moscow, which is good politic for Russia. So Prince Dolgoruki, he oblige Consul Keading and Mr. Parsons of wild and woolly West. Soon Mr. Parsons arrive mit family, and all live at the Palace! Next, Consul Keading sell Palace to Mr. Parsons."

"Impossible!"

"For such a smart man as Consul Keading much is possible. Easy to sell if Mr. Parsons want to buy. Prince Dolgoruki has debts; he lose much money in cards at the English Club; he expect very big present for palace accommodation from such rich American as Mr. Parsons. Nobody else at Consulate, so Keading arrange all very nicely—easy business. Mr. Parsons, he trust all to Consul, he know no one in Moscow; not speak Russian, not understand, so taken in, cheated by big rascal."

"He must be a fool, Ostrov."

The Russian shrugged his shoulders expressively. "No, he is only very, very rich. He make all his money himself, so not great fool, only very simple man. His wife is magnificent lady, having diamond tiara and ze grand manner. Everywhere she meet many people, she entertain at Nice and Venice. The Russians like her, and she like Russia. She collects ikons and old silver, also she buy many furs; and she invites many officers and distinguished people to her dinners, and she and her daughter spend much money."

"And what has become of Prince Dolgoruki?"

"He is living at the Palace, too."

"Odd situation."

"Is it not so! But all Moscow understand," explained the Russian, with a shrug. "No one is surprised, but all wonder what will happen next."

"Well, what will happen?"

"I do not know. It is a drama or a comedy. Here is the position. Mr. Parsons and his family living in the Palace already bought and part paid for, and they wait every day for Prince Dolgoruki and his retinue to give up their apartments. Consul Keading telling Mr. Parsons every day zat ze Prince will go very soon—to-morrow or day after—zis week or next week. Prince Dolgoruki, he waiting for American guests to go, and asking Consul Keading every day when so long a visit end, and his handsome present come. Interesting, hein?"

"Except for Keading."

"He is smart man; he receive the money, when he receive enough he will go. When all is found out there will be a 'schimpfen'—how you call it?"

"The devil of a row."

"Zo! And you will go to-night, and will find there much amusement."

"Perhaps."

"Ah, what a chance to see the drama of life," said Ostrov, enviously. "The gardens will be illuminated, and there will be a brilliant company. Perhaps somewhere Prince Dolgoruki and the American millionaire will meet face to face—perhaps even the drama finish to-night—what end—nobody knows."

"Has the Prince received any of the money?"

"Who can say. Perhaps Consul Keading keep all for himself, and then go away."

"Well, it's not our affair, and now to business." Winder leaned forward over the table, and his voice sank to a whisper—"opposite me is an officer plastered with decorations, and whilst you have been talking, he has winked at me several times."

Ostrov understood, but he answered carelessly: "I will tell you later. Well, shall we go?"

Winder received the bill. Meanwhile the officer arose to depart, and passed them by with no more notice than he bestowed upon the correctly obsequious waiters. Ostrov no sooner saw him than he rose and bowed, the Englishman somewhat tardily followed his example.

"It is he, Prince Dolgoruki, His Excellency the Governor-General himself," muttered the Russian.

II.

When Bernard Winder left the Praga Restaurant he decided to forget what he had heard, and to regard the recital of Mr. Parsons' adventures as simply one of the amusing stories with which Ostrov was in the habit of entertaining his acquaintances. It was unusual, improbable, if not impossible. Driving homeward across the Grand Square, there loomed before him the gigantic church of Vasili Vlajenni to disturb his ruminations and convince him that in Moscow even most absurd imaginings had been given substance and translated into fact. The existence of that building could not be explained away, neither could the existence of Miss Parsons, nor that of the invitation in his pocket. What was to be done? He drove to the British Consulate, only to find that the Consul was away at Carlsbad. It was but a few steps farther to the English church; thither he went, but was disappointed to find that the chaplain was on his vacation in England. He finally decided that the only thing to be done was to call at the U. S. Consulate and have it out with Keading himself. Here a clerk informed him that Mr. Keading was with the Governor-General, and advised him to call early next morning if his business was urgent, because he knew that Keading had arranged to leave for Penza the following afternoon. Winder left the Consulate with the conviction that, if the story was, after all, true, Keading must be arranging for a speedy flight across the frontier—perhaps he was to receive another installment that night. On the way home, he fell to musing upon what Prince Dolgoruki intended to convey by that wink, and he came to the conclusion that the Prince must be well aware of what was happening.

At the Palace he arrived that evening faultlessly attired. Mrs. Parsons received him graciously. She was a handsome figure in gray, shimmering with sequins, with a tiara of diamonds in her iron-gray hair. She told him that her husband and Vi were somewhere in the grounds, and that she would join them later when all her guests had arrived, for it was more pleasant there than indoors on such a hot night. He passed through on to the terrace, and paused a moment to admire the wonderful view. The dome and spires of mother Moscow were shining in the bright moonlight; a myriad stars twinkled in an unclouded sky; among the trees were a thousand colored lamps which lent an air of unusual gaiety to the grounds. The ever attractive tombola was arranged in a brilliantly lighted kiosk, and away off, in a copse, an improvised camp-fire threw long shadows across the sward.

Winder passed from one gay group to another without chancing upon an acquaintance, until a group of young people hurried by, and one, turning for an instant, tapped him lightly on the arm with her fan, and called "Winder & Co." laughingly.

Indoors, the reception rooms were mostly deserted, but in one of the anterooms Bernard chanced upon a spare, bald-headed man in evening dress, who seemed to be having some difficulty in making a bearded Muscovite waiter understand his requirements. As Bernard spoke Russian fluently, he offered to interpret, and the stranger thanked him.

After the waiter had withdrawn, they entered into conversation with the ease of English-speaking people in foreign places.

"Isn't this a charming place," remarked Bernard. "One can quite understand that Mr. Parsons would like to make it his own."

"He has bought it," answered the stranger.

Quite unconsciously, Bernard winked.

The action was not lost upon the observer, who seemed to acknowledge it with a momentary gleam in his cold gray eyes, but the thin, clean-shaven face he turned to Bernard was absolutely impassive as he asked: "Why does that surprise you?"

"Because it is Crown property and a royal residence."

"Sure. I know all that. It made extra difficulties, but they have been overcome."

"By extraordinary means, then."

The stranger seemed amused. "Just dollars," he answered.

Bernard shook his head incredulously.

"Do you know the price—four hundred thousand roubles—there is no secret about it."

"Neither Mr. Parsons nor any one else could buy it for such a sum."

"But he has, for I happen to know."

The old man's quiet confidence annoyed Bernard, who retorted: "You might as well tell me that he has bought Windsor Castle."

"I've had better bargains in Italy," went on the stranger, "but this is Russia, and here Alexander Palace is good enough for me."

"Oh, I see—I apologize, Mr. Parsons. Of course I'm very sorry, but really I did not recognize——"

" 'Nuff said. I understand. You have nothing to apologize for, Mr.—"

"Winder—Bernard Winder."

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Winder. Vi told me about Winder & Co. You are a business man and look at things from a business point of view. Go on, please. What is it you think about my deal?"

"I have said too much already. If there is anything wrong, your Consul will explain."

"Yep. Keading will explain. But first let's get this straight." He meditated for a moment, took a sip of ice-water, and asked quietly: "What is it you suspect? A frame-up?"

"No, no—only looking at the matter from a business point of view all does not seem quite right to me," faltered Bernard.

"And from that point of view do you see where the crookedness comes in?"

"If you were here as the guest of Prince Dolgoruki it would be all right."

"But as prospective purchaser I do not rightly fit in, is that the idea?"

"Yes. It would be just as absurd as if the Duke of Westminster were trying to buy the White House for his home in Washington."

"But I have already paid a hundred thousand roubles—seventy-five thousand, only yesterday," said Parsons, screwing up his mouth.

"Then I ought to tell you what I have heard." Bernard told the story, not omitting the part the Prince had played. He said that if Keading still had the money, some of it might be recovered from him if he could be found at once, but if any had been paid over to the Governor-General it was probably squandered away already, and should be regarded as lost. He went on to explain that if legal proceedings were taken, they would in all probability drag on for years, and eventually end unsatisfactorily; whilst if the Governor-General or his friends were threatened with exposure, Mr. Parsons would probably find himself put across the frontier in twenty-four hours, bag and baggage, with the prospect of conducting his claims and legal proceedings by correspondence.

Mr. Parsons listened attentively, but when the story was finished he was looking beyond, but not at Bernard. He did not interrupt. His thoughts were elsewhere, and they wrought a perceptible change in his appearance. Bernard, noticing this, stopped in astonishment, for he saw before him a man who looked twenty years younger than the Mr. Parsons

he had addressed. This man had a firmly set mouth, a keen look in bright gray eyes, and some color in his thin cheeks. When he spoke, it was with a rapid utterance, terse and with great confidence.

"I will get Consul Keading here, and he shall explain to us, for I want you to be with me in this, Mr. Winder. There will be no law-suit, for I believe I can straighten the whole thing out within twenty-four hours. But—I will ask you as a favor not to mention anything of your suspicions to Vi; her enjoyment will end soon enough. And don't tell Belle. It would do no good. It will sting badly enough when I break the news to her, as I must some day. No; you don't appreciate all that it means. You can't. You are too young. For five and twenty years Belle and I have faced everything together. We have weathered storms—blizzards—and basked in the sunshine, too. Yes, sir, I am what Belle has made me. I never forget that, and it will hurt her most to know that when the crooks offered Gad Parsons the green goods he didn't have the horse-sense enough to know it. But I'm not down and out yet. If you are nearby when the tombola is run out, Keading and I will not need to hunt far to find you."

III.

The gardens were still thronged. Around the camp fire were real Siberian frontiersmen, as Bernard recognized by their strange speech. They were telling stories and singing songs. There he again met Miss Parsons and her companions.

"Well, Mr. Winder, how do you like our palace and its festivities?"

"Most delightful. Really, I must congratulate you——"

"It's fine," she interrupted joyously. "It would be nicer still if we had the whole of the Palace. The Governor-General, you know, is living here as well, and you can't imagine how hampered we are for room even the servants are complaining. You know, Pa bought the palace." She stopped suddenly, for Bernard, quite involuntarily, had winked. "Why do you do that? I don't know what it means, but it is not very polite, so please don't."

"I beg your pardon. Really, I didn't mean to. It's a nasty business habit I have contracted somehow."

"It's about business I want to talk to you." She led the way across the lawn to the music-room. "I want you to find out for me when Prince Dolgoruki will leave."

"Why not ask him?" suggested Bernard.

"Because that is of no use. He always says to-morrow, or the day after. But he doesn't go, and that makes me tired; gets on Ma's nerves, and tries Pa's patience, so you see it is serious. If he doesn't go, or will not go, I want you as a business man to find out why, and also tell me, if you can, a way of getting him to go at once."

"That will be difficult, because he is Governor-General, and can do just whatever he pleases in Moscow."

"But the Russians are such nice people that I am quite sure Prince Dolgoruki would not do anything to annoy us, not intentionally, so I cannot understand why he stays on here when he knows his presence is not convenient."

"Your Russian friends might explain."

"I have asked them. One told me that Prince Dolgoruki could not possibly tear himself away as long as I am here. That sort of talk does not help me much. And when I told another that Pa had bought this place, he said it was just like an American, and that he thought he ought to buy me the Ermitage at St. Petersburg before any other American got it. Really, I don't know what to think. Of course, if the Alexander Palace is not Prince Dolgoruki's to sell, why, then——" She paused, very hopeless and dejected, looking very appealingly into Bernard's eyes.

"I have heard some gossip, but really I know nothing of the facts."

"But do you think it possible?"

"In Russia anything is possible."

"You know Russian ways. I wish you knew American ways, too, and you would then understand our position. It's pathetic."

"I know one charming American, and I assure you, Miss Parsons, that my time and services are always entirely at her disposal."

"Thank you. Not less gallant than others, though a Russian would always offer me his life."

"I am not so presumptuous as to suppose mine could be of use to you; but the facilities possessed by Winder & Co. are——"

"Can't you forget Winder & Co., and this once be yourself. I want advice and help, but the business is private and personal, so does not concern Winder & Co."

"I understand."

"I shall have to explain things to you. In the West, a man may make money, and it is not counted against him; and it is not to his discredit if he spends what he has; but in New York society it is not the proper thing for the same man to make a fortune and spend it all. The best way is for your grandfather to have made money, your father to have hoarded the fortune, and for you to squander it in the conventional society way. Pa made money years ago out West. Perhaps he had to, for he liked making money. Now, I can't hoard. I never could. So, as we don't fit in with the society plan, we agreed to skip a generation in order that I can spend in a proper way what Pa made."

"And I am sure——"

"Listen! You don't know American Society. There you must be just so all the time, or not at all. To be in our best Society is like gliding on a single strand of wire stretched high over Niagara; and not any easier, unless you are held up by four hundred supports reaching right down to the bedrock Knickerbocker foundation. If you can't keep an erect poise you soon topple over. Once down, you are down all the time and never see the wire again except to admire it from a long, long way off."

"Is it worth it?" asked Bernard, with some slight disgust.

"For itself, no; for other things, yes. Life is easier in Europe, but it isn't life. I love America. It is the only country where one feels alive all the time. You don't know what it is. You can't. I'm different. I'm American, real American—every living, throbbing cell in me is American. That's not enough: I want to be America. Just that. I want our people, when they see me, to say: 'Here's our young America—we're proud of her. She is welcome anywhere.' If that's ambition, I'm ambitious, and I'm glad of it."

"So am I!" exclaimed Bernard, fired by her enthusiasm.

"I'd rather fail on the other side than succeed anywhere else, even in London. I might succeed, but there's Pa. He is the dearest and best father in the world, the right sort, the sort you find only in America. I'm proud of him, and he just lives for me, but he is really not at home anywhere this side of the Rocky Mountains. He is so generous, so willing to sacrifice himself, that he's around with us everywhere we want to go, though we can't make him forget Dorado."

"Why should you?"

"Don't you understand? It is because New York Society won't recognize Dorado; it has cut out the West and everything that Dorado and the rest stood for. Even here Pa only likes that camp fire and the Siberian pioneers. With them he is always at home; and they seem to understand each other pretty well, although they have only about twenty words in common. There is one of them, that giant, Piotr, our boatman; he has killed three men with his bare fists, and I don't know how many more with weapons. Well, he would just go through fire and water for Pa, and he always understands immediately what Pa wants done. Of course, Pa's our trouble, ma's and mine. He's as clever as he is good, and as kind as

any man could be, but he's too ready to protect us, that's all. Whenever anything threatens us, he is liable to slip right back into the old ways of his younger days in Dorado, when the town was wide open and everything was primitive. You understand now, don't you? If we have been tricked here, and Pa gets to know it, he'll take things into his own hands before we can reach out, and his troubles will be settled, Western style. Our troubles are different. It makes me dizzy even to think about this Palace business, Mr. Winder. I seem to be falling off the wire even before I have both feet on the strand, and to be tumbling down, down, to the uttermost depths. After anything of that sort, I couldn't go into our Society, and evermore I should have to haunt Riviera hotels. Instead of being acclaimed 'Young America,' Pa would hear our people say: 'Vi Parsons—isn't she the daughter of that crazy galoot who wasted a million trying to buy the Kremlin in Moscow, and got kicked over the frontier by the Tzar's uncle. Poor thing! Poor thing!"

"I'd hit the man who said that!" exclaimed Bernard, hotly.

"So would Pa. That's just the trouble. I don't want pity and sympathy after I've failed. If we haven't bought the Alexander Palace, I'm dead—dead. It will be all over with me socially, unless we can keep Pa from knowing. It isn't the money—Ma and I can manage that part of it—it is managing Pa, keeping him in the dark. I think the matter could be hushed up, so that our people would not hear of it, but Pa is another proposition. I don't know what we can do with him, that's why I have appealed to you, Mr. Winder. We must get to know the truth, whatever it is. We must get to know it before Pa does, and before he even suspects that anything is wrong. Don't forget that he is as sudden as any Jack-in-the-Box. Please find out everything for me, and if it should prove as I dread, we'll talk it over with Ma, and do something right away. Promise!"

"I'll do all I can, and will let you know what success I have."

IV.

Everywhere throughout the grounds Bernard hunted for Mr. Parsons; he found him at last shaking a cocktail with the precision and speed of an adroit bar-tender, for several Russian officers. Later, after the favors had been distributed in the kiosk, he spoke to him, and they went off together to a remote room where Keading was waiting.

"Now, Consul, before we get to business," commenced Mr. Parsons, seating himself comfortably in a low chair, "when is our noble guest, Prince Dolgoruki, leaving us?"

"He says the day after to-morrow, and I think he really means it this time."

"He was to have gone when he received the last installment. The deal is now off because the vendors cannot give possession."

"Are you mad?" cried the Consul. "You have a splendid bargain, and just because we can't hustle things through fast enough, you——"

"Ask for the return of the money," interrupted Parsons.

The Consul merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Prince Dolgoruki has never intended to give possession, nor did you ever intend that I should have it. You have got me in this, Consul; do you see any way out of it?"

"If you are foolish enough to withdraw now, you will forfeit the deposit money, and I think you deserve to lose it," said the Consul, brusquely.

"Instead of receiving more to-night as you expected, you will return what I have already paid."

"I do not understand."

"You will." He touched a bell, and Lomatch, his majordomo, appeared at the door. "Lomatch, take Consul Keading to my retreat in the Tower, and see that he is not disturbed when there."

"What do you mean? Do you for-

get I am Consul—that this is Russia."

"I can't alter that. Your game is up, though you don't seem to realize it. That journey you were about to make to the other end of Europe is postponed. What you need is a rest, and a quiet time, just to think things over. Find some way out for me, and you can send for me whenever you have any proposition to make. There will be some one at your door."

"This is an outrage! He turned angrily to Winder. "I shall require, you, sir, as a witness of this assault."

At a signal from Lomatch, Piotr and another burly Siberian frontiersman entered the room and took up positions on either side of the Consul.

"To His Excellency, the Governor-General," shouted Keading, turning upon his heel and walking towards the door. His jailers followed in apparent acquiescence.

"Mr. Winder, I think I will see Prince Dolgoruki; Lomatch will bring down what money is found on Consul Keading; just add it up and let me know how much it amounts to in roubles. Lomatch will take charge of the Consul's gun. I shall see you later."

In the ball-room, Vi Parsons was leading the cotillion; Winder merely looked on until the company began to disperse. In the cloak-room the remarks of some of the guests who had descended from the card-room startled him.

"Magnificent play!" exclaimed one.

"The American knows his game," said another.

"Sublime! By the devil, the play was terrific," agreed a third.

Just then Winder saw Vi beckoning to him from an ante-room.

"What is the meaning of it all?" she asked. "They say Pa was in the card-room playing against Prince Dolgoruki, but there must be some mistake. Pa never plays."

Mrs. Parsons, tired and careworn, corroborated. "It is more than twenty years since your father played, Vi. He promised he would never play again for other people's money, and he has broken his word."

Just then Mr. Parsons entered the room, buoyant and triumphant. Mrs. Parsons glanced at him inquiringly.

"I have won fifty thousand roubles from Prince Dolgoruki, Belle, but it was my money, not his. I have not bought Alexander Palace. It is not for sale. Next week we will go with Mr. Winder to Nijni-Novgorod, and he will show us the fair." He handed the money he had just won to Winder. "How much does that make now altogether?"

"About twenty-two thousand roubles."

"Then pay it into my account at Yunker's Bank in the morning. Prince Dolgoruki can't play cards, can't understand English: he can only make faces, and he does, all the time—but thank you for that wink, Winder!"

Later that night, when Mrs. Parsons had laid aside the diamond tiara, and got into a comfortable dressing-gown, her husband related the whole story, and she saw him get younger as he recounted the details.

"Gad," she asked, "whatever made you do it?"

"Only the opportunity, Belle. Too far East is West."

She nodded. "Gad, you are just that same old Gad Parsons with whom I was in love at Dorado, and I'm proud of you. You've been in the right all along, but I didn't know it. Forgive me, Gad. I won't forget again."

"You have always been Belle of Dorado to me, and you always will be. I don't have to go to Dorado: anywhere you are is good enough for me. But really I like to see you where you properly belong—in Society. When we have seen the Nijni-Novgorod fair, I think we will accompany Bernard Winder back to London, and then conquer New York."

His wife nodded complacently. "Vi will be pleased," she said.

THE JUDGMENT

By Katharine H. Stilwell

IN THE WHISPERING winds of the gray dawn, in the first call of the birds, and in the fading shadows of the night, the Moqui Indian reads the portent of the new day, and is forewarned of great changes and happenings impending within his pueblo.

To the silent worshipers who gather upon the highest roof in the first dim gray of dawn for their strange devotions to the sun, each passing moment is full of meaning, each sound bears some message. These silent worshipers in the little pueblo lying just south of Taos, had long noted many unusual conditions, signs, omens, that clearly forecast to them startling events, perhaps crime, within their village. But long weeks had slipped peacefully by, until the new moon of March showed its silver crescent in the sky, then with the setting sun came two fleet runners from the larger pueblos bearing messages for the Governor. Messages that demanded the immediate arrest and trial of Avatca, the noblest young brave of the pueblos.

Avatca, the leader, the idol, of all the younger Moqui men; handsome, fleetest of foot, and with gifts of tongue rarely known; he had no equal. Yet the governors of all the larger pueblos had demanded his arrest and immediate trial before the highest tribunal of the nation—the supreme council, which convenes for few causes, and those only of the gravest character. Grave indeed was the charge against Avatca. To dare confess to one of alien race, knowledge of certain jealously guarded religious ceremonies, and to utter words held sacred, is the greatest crime a Moqui can commit, murder being to them infinitely less; and for this crime there is but one punishment—to be made an outcast among all men marked by the severed ears and branded face. The brief incident upon which this charge was based had been almost forgotten.

In the late winter days a white man wandering, lost, in the vast mountain range across the valley, had by exceptional skill and bravery, saved Avatca's life when that young Indian was attacked by a pair of hungry pumas. Moqui gratitude is proverbial. Avatca cared generously for his rescuer, and led him back to the nearest trading post of the Navajos where horses and a guide to the outer world could be secured.

Ever jealous and malign where their old enemies of the pueblos are concerned, the Navajos who guided the white man back to his people returned to accuse Avatca of this greatest crime. They swore that in the long days tramping together through the mountains the white man had won the young Indian to dangerous confidences, and by skillful questioning had drawn forth much that in Moqui law is forbidden to the tongue, so knowledge of sacred things had been revealed and a sacred word uttered. And with these assertions the Navajos had taunted the chief men of the other pueblos.

The whole village was plunged into deepest shame and grief, for every one was proud of Avatca and honored him. The old men regarding him as the future head of their nation, had eagerly instructed him in the most ancient, sacred traditions and rites of

their people far beyond what is usually taught the youths of the tribe. The young men who became his intimates and knew him best, knew the secret of his passionate love for Pahlu, the Governor's daughter. They alone knew that when again the season of the flute and corn festival should come, Avatca, without warning or consent, would seize the girl, as did the chiefs of old, and bear her to his own roof; though already her father had promised her to a chief of a far northern pueblo. This mattered not to the impassioned young brave; he revered the old ways, and he loved in the old way—a way that would tolerate no check or bar from either the girl or her people. Though he never seemed to notice her—in fact, seemed to scorn all women—yet his intimates knew he noted well her every look and movement; and they never doubted that he would take her for his own when the time he had fixed should come.

The trial of Avatca is one of the greatest in tribal history. Throughout, the young Indian steadfastly asserted his innocence; attributing the accusation to the scheming trickery of the Navajos. But the sternly silent old men of that highest tribunal had little mercy for one who could be so accused, who could bring such shame upon their nation. And so even the eloquence of Avatca failed to move them, until in a moment of desperate exaltation, he demanded, as proof of his innocence, that he be subjected to the severest test known to any tribe, an ordeal not invoked in any pueblo for more than three generations. He demanded as his right of trial the judgment of the snake.

"The judgment of the snake" is one of the oldest Moqui legends. "Once there lived a chief who, to prove his innocence of the ruthless murder of a powerful rival, called upon the Great Father of the skies to give his judgment to the most venomous serpent of all the desert land, and if he (the chief) were guilty to let the snake's venom strike him dead before a mighty concourse of his people, but if he were innocent the snake should strike without power to harm him. The chiefs of the nation gathered, and again and again was a snake released to judge the accused man, and many times did the snakes strike him, but when they struck no one could catch the faintest sound of the shrill ripple of the warning rattle. So that great chief lived long, and ruled as chief had never ruled before, to the honor and glory of his land and people."

This happened many years before the white man knew of the land of the Moqui. But since that time have all men known that the snake's venom flows not unless the shrill rattle vibrates.

The rite had not been performed for so long that it had become to the tribe in general a half-forgotten tale, and all its weird ceremonial but uncanny whisperings they hardly dared repeat even in the night watches over the flocks and fields down in the valley. Yet a man's life must be given, or honor and power won through these old fantastic mysteries.

The desperate demand of Avatca appalled his stern, relentless judges, but even the supreme council was without authority to deny him the gruesome test; so it was decreed that, as the rite should only be held when the moon is at the full, it must take place on the night of the full moon of the trial month, March.

On the morning of that day, Pahlu, the Governor's daughter, was the first in the long line of women to pass swiftly down the many steps that, dropping aslant the sheer face of the mesa's cliff, led over to the threadlike trail connecting the pueblo with the deep water basins of a lower mesa. These basins had always been the pueblo's one unfailing source of water. Here the women came each morning to carry back to the pueblo in their large water jars (tianajas) the day's supply of pure, cool water.

Pahlu lingered long filling her tianaja slowly, in order to catch every word of the morning gossip of her

crowding companions; for having greater liberty than she, they knew more of the imprisoned man, and of the coming event of the night. Pahlu loved the handsome Avatca. He had been her childhood's closest companion. Together they played all the delightful stone games that Indian children love so dearly, and later he had made for her her first loom. Avatca was always kind to her, and she loved him with the deep devotion for which the shy, silent Moqui girl has ever been noted. To be sure, he ceased to notice her when he grew older and became an initiate of the great fraternities, for then he had better things of which to think than of foolish girls. Yet since recently her years had given her the right to wear her beautiful hair in big whorls above the tiny ears, and also wear the fine blanket of a chief's daughter, she had fancied that his eyes often rested approvingly upon her.

Loitering there beside the water basins the girl suddenly formed a desperate resolve. She resolved to be near Avatca in the hours of his supreme suffering, to witness the dread rite, though it was forbidden to all women. Only the supreme council, the priests of the fraternities, and a few specially appointed sub-chiefs would be permitted to be present. The girl's soft eyes were alight with her desperate purpose when she swung the full tianaja to poise it securely on her head, the wonderfully developed muscles working like silken cords beneath the fine skin of shoulder and arm left bare by the draping of her blanket, a draping used only by the Moquis.

All the long day she toiled at her metate, or tended the bubbling ollas that rested on beds of glowing coals. The sun was setting when she was free at last to seek the place she loved best—the highest roof.

This child of an ancient, and still almost unknown race, stood sharply silhouetted against the radiant evening sky. The sweet face bore the rare flush of perfect health, accentuated by the quaint fashion of the hair,, whose wavy masses, divided by the clear white line of parting traced from the low brow to the slender neck, were gathered above the ears and wound firmly on u-shaped frames of fine reeds. The pliant folds of her beautiful blanket, clinging closely to the perfect outline of the lithe, slender figure, were caught here and there by dull silver clasps that generations before some Moqui workman had wrought and molded with an artist's touch. All the scene was wonderful in its beauty; seven hundred feet below stretched valley, fields and river, and still beyond the far, wide desert and mighty mountains. At her feet, built massively on the level surface of the mesa nestled the three tiers of the pueblo's great building. It was thus her people were forced to dwell in the olden time when they were ever the prey of the predatory valley tribes. Tribes stronger in numbers, desperadoes of the plains, who, knowing nothing of permanent home or habitation, sought always to wrest their living from the industry and possessions of the pueblo tribes.

Pahlu loved her little pueblo, and best of all, she loved the upper roof, which was, save very rarely, all her own after the devotions to the rising sun. The other women preferring the lower roofs where they could sit with metate or loom, and exchange with their companions news from the larger pueblos. She knew all the beauty of this strange tableland of the sky. She knew where the purple shadows would rest first, as the sun sank lower; where the faint pink and blue and gold of the wide, barren desert would linger longest. When the soft gray would begin to creep up the sheer sides of the mighty cliff. And when, as if in answer to the call of the tiny valley birds, night would swiftly enfold her world. Suddenly the great peaks of the distant ranges reflected so intensely the level rays of the sun that all their rugged outline seemed swept by the flame of some giant torch whose glow lingered, quivering, pulsating, with a beauty beyond words.

Night was swiftly falling as she looked upon the activity of the lower roofs and mesa, upon the busy women and happy, crowding children. Far below, village men were ascending the cliff, having finished their day's work among the flocks and fields down in the valley. Beyond the playing children, out on the clean-swept surface of the surrounding mesa, there were large black holes. These were entrances to the deep subterranean ceremonial chambers, or kivas, of the fraternities. From all these projected heavy ladders, the only means of entering the strange, dark chambers. All the kivas, save one, were grouped on this part of the mesa. Far out on the rough. worn edge of the western limit there was one more kiva, and to this Pahlu's eyes turned eagerly. It was known as the "old kiva," for it was very old and very sacred. It was there the weird ceremonies of the night would be held, perhaps the life of Avatca sacrificed.

Twenty feet below the edge of the mesa, just beyond the old kiva, there was a cave where, during all Pahlu's childhood, the big gray eagles nested. Lying flat with her little body balanced precariously over the edge of the cliff she had spent many wonderful hours watching the big birds and their awkward nestlings. But in time the eagles abandoned the cave, and there were no more big baby birds to watch. Still she clung to the old habit of watching the narrow ledge, hoping always that other birds would come to the old nest. In these idly dreaming hours she had discovered the dimmest indications of a trail that seemed to lead towards the nesting cave. It dropped first into one of the rough little gullies worn by time in the edge of the cliff, and then led out to two small projections that were like worn steps and completed a path to the cave. The longer she studied the dim trace of trail, the more certain she became that in some earlier time it must have been used to reach the old kiva. After a while the child's curiosity compelled her to attempt the old trail. It did not seem especially dangerous to one who had lived always on this eerie mesa, used always to the dizzy, thread-like path to the water basins; and so she passed safely to the cave.

The cave was larger than she had judged it to be, looking from above. It extended sharply upward and back quite a distance into the cliff. Exploring it all carefully, she found at the back a large opening closed solidly with hewn stone set in primitive cement; and she knew the work must be very old, for it was different from any done now. It was perfect and unaffected by time, except where the upper part of the wall swerved slightly outward a large stone had become loosened and had slipped forward half its depth. Climbing the rough sidewall, Pahlu soon succeeded in dislodging the big stone and send it thundering down to the mouth of the cave. She was much alarmed, for if she should be discovered she knew her punishment would be the severest. But the noise was not heard above, and after a time her courage returned, and she drew herself up into the space where the stone had been. She found that the stone did not measure the full depth of the wall, and had only left exposed the ends of heavy timbers that seemed firmly embedded in the mass that closed the opening. These timbers must support the ceiling of the old kiva. Disappointed that entrance could not be gained to the old chamber, she determined, at least, to look within, and so began to break and remove with her short knife the cement from around the heavy timbers. But it required several visits to the cave before she removed entirely the hard cement and could look into the old room. The entrance was partly closed, and so only the dimmest outlines of the kiva were visible.

Her point of observation was evidently opposite the altar, the poles bearing the sacred masks and kilts being on one side, and on the other what she judged to be a pile of pajos, (prayer sticks), though they were much larger than those now in use.

Still disappointed in the result of her hazardous venture, she could only press some soft fabric into the opening she had made, so that neither light nor draft could betray her, and go cautiously back to the village. As the years passed, she followed the old trail many times, often removing the packing from around the heavy timbers to look again into the sacred chamber, but the dim interior showed no change or hint of use. Undetected in following the dim trail, she grew to love the solitude of the cave; it was there she kept the simple treasures of her childhood, and it became to her her castle where it seemed all her brightest dreams would be fulfilled.

When the darkest shadows of the falling night rested upon the mesa she would again follow the ancient trail, for only in the deepest darkness could she hope to evade the keen watchfulness of those guarding all the mesa. There was no conscious purpose in her desperate venture. It was only the compelling instinct of intense love. She would dare all dangers to be near Avatca in his hour of supreme trial and suffering; there was, too, a strange faith that the Great Father might heed the pleading of her love if she were near the sacred shrine.

It was late before the moon rose high enough to send the dense shadow of the tiered dwellings far out on the narrowing mesa, but at last it touched the first depression of the ancient trail, and Pahlu stole out to pass the guards and gain the shelter of the little gully. With face hidden within her blanket, and so silently that she seemed but the shadow's denser part, she crept within the first depression and passed swiftly onward; but in the deeper darknes beneath the cliff where the two worn projections led out over the deep chasm there were difficulties that strained even her strong nerves before she stood safely within the cave.

Noiselessly she climbed to her niche within the wall, and removed the pliant mass pressed between the heavy timbers—knowing the darkness could tell no revealing tales, and that her small body would bar the betraying draft.

Accustomed as she was to her tribe's strange rites, the scene before her was the strangest, weirdest, she had ever looked upon. Two old men crouched beside the ceremonial fire and fed it with small twigs that dropped with odd regularity from their clawlike fingers; and their bare bronze bodies reflected queerly the flames their fingers fed. The sand pattern laid for the altar had its sands dyed in hues and shades she had never seen before; and its pictures were more intricate and contained strange symbols. The smoke dimmed walls, visible to her now for the first time, were entirely covered with fantastic tracings of deep religious meaning; while the thin smoke that wreathed out from the fire in wraith-ribbons of gray, floated and twined and twisted in curious forms about the ancient chamber.

There were fifty or sixty men within the old kiva, most of whom she recognized as important men from the larger pueblos; and she knew they had come since sunset as swiftly, as silently and unnoted, as come the first gray tints of a new day. The ceremonies were far along in their course, all but two of the sacred masks had been returned to the poles, and long, carved boxes were being closed and placed to form wall benches.

Her father was presiding with the high priests of the great fraternities on either side, in the order of their importance. Whatever had been the ceremonies preceding, they had left their deep impress upon the faces of the assembled tribesmen. There was an intensity of feeling, an exaltation of religious fervor, that seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with strange power that all felt, by which all were uplifted.

Standing motionless before this highest tribunal of his nation, to be judged by the rites of a dead past, the superb figure of the accused had a dignity of bearing that was kingly.

After a time two masked and kilted priests arose and placed before the semicircle of the council, not far from the majestic figure of the accused, several cones of closely woven branches, and Pahlu then realized that the ceremonies were over except for the supreme test.

With much gesticulation in perfect unison with strangely intoned chants, the masked priests took from their kilts snake whips of unusual pattern and size; at the same time the chiefs of snake and antelope fraternities began the soft, weird beat of gourds that must always herald the release of the deity of their clans. So within the old kiva the wail of ancient chants throbbed slowly forth to the rhythmic beat of the gourds, and the wraith-ribbons of smoke rose and fell, and twined and turned seemingly in time with the weird music. Then through all sounded the strained voices of the priests repeating in deep gutturals ancient invocations which had not been heard for generations. Finally, bending low, the kilted priests opened wide one of the woven cones. And from that cone crawled the largest, most hideous snake ever seen in all the desert land.

Slowly the snake drew its unusual length from the confining branches, its flat, ugly head swaying heavily to the strange music that rose and fell with such perfect rhythm. After a time, with the instinct of its kind when too early aroused from the winter's lethargy, fierce rage began to swell its folds and quicken its motion. The head no longer swayed heavily, but darted viciously here and there, as the creature glided swiftly around the wide circle marked by a broad white line of sacred meal. Then suddenly it coiled, and with a clear roll of its rattle it struck rapidly here and there. Even within the august semi-circle of chiefs and priests there seemed to pass an instant's quiver, if not of fear, then of something closely akin to it, as the huge snake gathered again in undulating coils, and with a roll of its rattle that almost drowned the rhythmic, sensuous wail of chant and beat of gourd, it struck well out beyond the circle of sacred meal. Slowly, strangely, the large body contracted and drew itself sullenly within the enclosure marked and guarded by that broad white line; and in all the time that followed, it did not again encroach upon the sacred boundary. At last, with what almost seemed reluctance, the snake glided toward the motionless man it was to judge. Still, not the faintest sign of fear or emotion was shown by the silent, majestic figure. The snake's darting head reached out to him, the wailing music swelled with the quickening throb of the gourds. Every face within the old chamber was drawn and set with the tension of the moment, as the snake sounded a shrill and deafening roll of its rattle and struck at the quiet brown figure. The involuntary intaking of quick-drawn breath broke unconsciously from each man, save the motionless one at whom the snake had struck. But the snake had failed to reach the man, and again it drew sullenly back. Close to the white line of the sacred limit its swollen folds wound in and out, and the swaying head seemed trying to feel its way through strange, unknown conditions. Again winding forward, its mottled bulk reaching far across the space in front of the man, it slowly circled several times about him, as if to find some adequate explanation of its puzzling failure. Suddenly in utter frenzy, it darted forward, coiled, sounded yet a louder roll of its rattle—and struck. This time there were great drops on the faces of the strong men within the old kiva, but again the snake had mistaken its own length and had fallen several inches short of reaching the bare brown limbs of the man so quietly waiting judgment. With rage that grew with baffled purpose, the snake struck rapidly, until the old chamber seemed filled with the shrill roll of its rattle, and still the silent, motionless man gave no sign or quiver of fear. The tension and strain upon all the assembly had

become almost unbearable. Pahlu saw her father's hand tremble as he dashed the big drops from his drawn face—the man who, in every snake dance, tossed many of these creatures with his strong, white teeth as a terrier shakes a rat; yet, as the deity of his clan endowed by the ancient rite with divine power of judgment, the snake had become to him something unconquerable, fearful. The huge, repulsive thing drew still nearer the sacred limit, its beady eyes fastened on the quiet figure in the center, and again the music swelled in wilder wail to the now rapid throb of the gourds, and slowly the snake began again to sway and undulate to the wild throbbing strains, and the forks of the darting tongue gleamed with strange distinctness. A gasp that was almost a cry broke from the strained throat of one of the assembly when, like a flash, the snake glided in narrowing circles about its intended victim, coiling in much less than its length from the man's firm limbs; the whole of the creature seemed to rise in the air as it hurled itself upon the man and buried its fangs deep, deep, in the brown ankle, where it clung desperately for a moment—then dropped inert across the quivering foot.

The snake had *struck* the man at last! But no one in all the kiva had heard the faintest roll of the warning rattle.

Over the superb figure of the accused man passed a strong muscular contraction, the dark eyes glowed with joy, and he swayed slightly backward. No word was spoken, no movement made, until the masked and kilted priests slowly arose to release another snake, when, moved by one common impulse, each man within the semicircle of the council raised the left hand of authority and uttered the one word "A-ta-a-qui-ma" (enough.)

As the word rang through the kiva, Pahlu felt the strong grip of a man's hand fastened upon her shoulder, heard a voice ring out in strange commands, heard a rush of movement within the kiva; then the mass of rocks upon which she crouched swung gratingly inward. It was the old Indian trick of the balanced stone—this hewn mass set solidly in cement. Then the gripping hand tore her from her niche and flung her forward to face the outraged priests and council.

It was riot that followed her exposure. Angry hands caught at the girl, tore at her, and dragged her in all directions. The priests cried for vengeance, human and divine. The mighty council reviled her. And the father cursed his child.

A gaunt old Indian had discovered her because, standing close beside the opening, he had heard the bitter cry of love, and had seen a little hand reach into the kiva between the heavy timbers when at last the snake fastened upon its intended victim. And because he had discovered her he believed the right of punishment to be his own, and raising his long knife he struck at her with all his strength. But as he struck, he himself was felled, and between the injured girl and the enraged men stood Avatca, who, by the ceremonies of the night, had been made the peer of all his people—the word of law.

With his arm thrown over the loosened garments and bleeding shoulder of the injured girl, he spoke. His words were those of command and love, the impassioned utterances of one newly clothed in power, as having but then turned from the presence of forces unseen.

By his command was the girl's life spared for him, the rage of priests and council quelled.

So again through ancient mysteries a great chief ruled long, to the glory of his land and people.

THE "AROLAS WAY"

By Lewis R, Freeman

"The shooting of these miscreants is not enough. The army should be given a free hand to deal out stern 'military justice' to all having cognizance of the fact that a man is going to 'run amuck.' "—*Extract from editorial in home paper.*

Old Spanish residents of Manila, at every recrudescence of trouble with "juramentados," are much given to comparing the peaceful condition of Jolo during the latter part of the regime of General Arolas, who governed that island in the eighties, with the reign of terror which has been the rule since American occupation. "You are too easy with the Moros," they complain. "You should try the 'Arolas Way.' "

When the news comes up from Jolo of another soldier slain,
And "the deadly 'jur'mentado' " is on every tongue again,
And "What's to be done with the Moros?" is the problem of the day—
Hark to the old-time Spaniards plead the "Arolas Way!"

"We bow to your wisdom, Yankees; we bow to your wealth and power.
What old Spain did in a fortnight, you do in a single hour.
We allow that you're making the Islands; (your roads and your schools
are grand.)
But when it comes to the Moros, you rule with too light a hand.

"They slash up a swagger sergeant—you hope it will be the last—
They cut down a young lieutenant—you throw up your hands, aghast.
Your kindness they take for cowardice, they gloat over your dismays—
Scant were the misconstructions in the good Arolas days.

"*He* haled their chiefs from the mountain, *he* called their priests from
the shore.
He gave them ample warning; then on his sword he swore
That every dog of a Dato that failed to 'tip the nod'
When he heard of a 'jur'mentado' should face a firing squad.

"He sent them back to the mountain, he sent them back to the shore,
And peace reigned over the island for the space of a month or more;
Peace reigned over the island till, frothing with rage and hate,
A white-clad, red-mouthed Moro slew the guard at the city gate.

" 'This man is a Marang Moro'—and the grim Arolas frowned—
'And no word from the Marang Dato. Send my *capitans* around!
Fire up those two new gunboats, pile shell and powder on,
And order the First Battalion to take the road at dawn.'

" 'Ah!—a man from the Marang Dato—No esta tarde!* friend?
(Stir up those lagging gunboats!) What does the Dato send?
**Uno carta*—um—Caramba! This is a pretty tale!
(Why aren't those gunboats started?) Clap this fellow in jail!

" 'An 'amuck' has started for Jolo,' the Dato's letter ran;
'I'm sorry I couldn't stop him. I'm doing the best I can
To see no more escape me. I'm watching night and day.'
And then, in a penciled postscript, 'Another 'amuck's' away!'

* * * * * * *

"The gunboats opened on Marang with cannister, grape and shell;
The troops shot down in the forest who ran from the burning hell.
Men and women and children (for thus the order read),
Were hunted out of their hiding and left in the jungle—dead.

"Only the dog of a Dato, calling in vain on God,
Was haled o'er the hills to Jolo to stand for the firing squad.
Ringed by a dozen bayonets, cursing his hapless state,
Famished and fearful, fainting, he came to the city gate.

"Then out from the ancient archway bounded a Moro fleet,
('Twas the man who'd brought the message) to fall at his master's feet.
'Word from the Gov'nor, Hadji; read, for his haste is great!'
'God be praised!' cried the Dato; 'this reprieve is not too late.'

" 'Allah be praised!' the pean died on his palsied tongue,
And the words the doleful death-song of the Marang Dato rung;
For they dragged him into the city and shot him beside the wall,
Ere they planted him out to seaward, with a pig in his canvas pall.

"The note? Ah, this was the substance: 'Hadji Ali Mabode:
My army's gone 'jur'mentado' and marched up the Marang road.
By the Beard of your Sainted Prophet, may they do no harm to you!
P. S.—My two new gunboats are 'juramentado,' too!'

"Long was there peace in Jolo: the era of doubt had fled.
From Sultan to meanest Dato, they knew that a hundred dead
For the life of every Christian was the price they'd have to pay—
And they bowed in awed submission to the stern 'Arolas Way.' "

When the news comes up from Jolo of another soldier slain,
And "the deadly 'jur'mentado' " is on every tongue again,
And "What's to be done with the Moro?" is the problem of the day—
Hark to the old-time Spaniard plead the "Arolas Way!"

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* *Are you not late?*
** *A letter.*

THE LONG FIGHT

By Alfred Howe Davis

THE SITUATION was serious along Soda Creek. Scipio Meserve and Old Ryan had come to this conclusion after fifteen years' consideration. "They are going to get this land if murder and arson will do it," Old Ryan told Meserve one day as they were sitting outside the former's cabin. Conversation that afternoon had been infrequent. They had thought things over and over again as they smoked together, but they had had little to say.

"It ain't right, we know that; and they know it," Ryan continued. His companion was staring thoughtfully at an old redwood tree, standing in the clearing.

"It means a good deal to the timber people if they can make us get out. Several millions is tied up in this lumber," Meserve said finally. "But I want to tell you, Ryan, that I don't go. Rock County is in for the same trouble that they had at Mussel Slough. We either got to pack out or stand this hell, as you say. I'm going to stand the hell."

"Just wanted to know, that's all," said Ryan. "I haven't got any idea of getting out myself. We're getting scarce on the Creek now, and I was wondering if you had, maybe, changed your mind."

"Haven't changed it since I came in here, Ryan."

The far away booming of the evening sea came up to them with its roll and swish. A thin smoke skidded along on the tops of the giant redwoods about the shack, a smoke which had hung there for two weeks. Meserve watched it critically for a few minutes.

"Ryan," he said at last, getting up from the slab pile on which he had been sitting, "think I'll go over to my place. I don't look for any more of them murdering dogs in here for a few days. Affable and his little woman is over on my place," he added, as he walked slowly out toward the timber.

"Burned Affable out complete, didn't they?"

"Yes, and two of the squatters are on his land. Funny how quick the land office will send a man up here and have a piece of ground surveyed when one of the company's jumpers gets hold of it, so they can file on it. I've been fifteen years now trying to get the survey on my land, and they ain't done it yet."

"Think you and Affable could come up here for a little session to-morrow?" asked Ryan.

Meserve thought for a moment.

"Affable's woman ain't getting well the way he expected, and he hates to leave her. I'll be up. Get O'Brien and Wilson if you can reach them."

"They are going to be here. We got to get out and fight and make it strong."

Meserve made no reply, but turned into the forest, along a path which led inland. He soon entered the half-section where Affable's shanty had stood. Underbrush and dwelling were gone, and only the blackened soil remained. At the far end of the clearing was a newly erected shack in which a light burned. Two men were sitting in the open doorway. They saw Meserve and he saw them, but neither he nor they spoke as he passed on through the clearing and into the woods again.

It was dark when he came upon his

own place stuck out in the sage brush some distance from a stand of small white pine, near which was another cabin. A line of light shot out of the door of the shack by the white pines, and a man appeared.

"Thought I heard you," he called.

"Been over to Ryan's." Meserve stopped and waited for the other to come over to him. "It's beginning to look like we got to fight for it again. How's your wife, Affable?"

"Seems much better this evening. It's the fear of the gunners that keeps her sick."

"Hardly a good place for a woman in these times. Why don't you take her down to San Francisco and leave her till we get by this? Or anyhow, take her over to the county-seat."

"She ain't cut out that way, that's the reason. She says that she's been through it eight years, and that she's game to go through it eight more if it's necessary."

"It ain't going to be necessary. Ryan wants us to come over to his place to-morrow. We got to get active, that's all. The only way we can get the land office to take any notice of us is to kill off a dozen or so of these jumpers that the timber companies has sent in here. It's to decide what we'd better do that Ryan wants us over. I told him your woman was sick, and that you likely couldn't come."

"Think I'll go with you, Skip. Lonnie is better. These squatters has fixed this range so far as my sheep is concerned. Their little brush-burning tactics has put the grass to the bad."

Meserve had not heard the last part of the remark. He was looking over Affable's head at what appeared to be a faint light silhouetting the tops of the white pines against the black sky. An instant later the light place became brighter.

"Get your blanket," Meserve shouted, springing forward through the sage brush toward his own shack. Affable needed no second warning. Whirling around, he saw the light in the timber and broke into a run for his cabin before Meserve had finished speaking.

The fire was roaring through some scrub brush when Meserve came upon it. Throwing his heavy horse-blanket into a ditch, he jumped upon the hard-spun cloth, then jerked it, dripping, from the water, and began beating the low flames which had crept into some greasewood but a few feet from the grubbed sage brush on his own land. Affable was beside him a moment later. The fire was drifting through the brush about the trunks of the redwoods beyond the white pines.

For an hour the two men worked. Their hands and faces were grimy when they finally beat out the last blaze which was licking up through the needles of a small pine.

"Got some amateurs out here this time," Meserve said, after he had washed his hands and face and drank of the water in the ditch. "Wonder if they imagined I would sleep through it while this sage brush burned up the shack."

As he was speaking, a glow broke out in the heavens toward the sea.

"Maybe, Affable, they was after somebody else."

"Hadn't we better go down?" asked Affable, shaking out his steaming blanket.

"No use. There, she's down now. She would have too big a start on us to do any good by the time we could get there, and it looks like the boys is handling her without any help. It was just such another fire as this one." Meserve rolled up the wet blanket and stuck it under his arm. "Think I'll go to bed," he said. "We won't be bothered any more to-night."

"Who is in the country now?" asked Affable, walking beside Meserve. "The North people pulled off their bunch a week ago."

"And they have got a bunch of fire-setting Frenchmen down by the beach unless I'm off," replied Meserve. "Of course they come in as fishermen from the Point, but it's my opinion that they are firebugs and that they set both of

these off. No American would have done such a bum job. Besides, its in line with the way they work on us, and the way they worked twelve years before you come into the country. They kept their gunmen here until they saw it wasn't no use to bluff, then they try their sneaking methods and bring in a bunch of foreigners from San Francisco or the coast for the job. It's just another way of playing the same game, that's all."

Affable left Meserve at his door and started down through the sage brush toward home.

Early next morning Meserve was wading through the heavy ground fog toward a pinto pony picketed at the edge of the grubbed brush. Half an hour later he was on the broad trail leading toward the sea. He rode slowly, constantly watching a wagon trail that ran away before him. Sometimes it was quite obscure in the heavy grass. Frequently the tracks ran into the high, dry brush, and on every such turn, Meserve found burned patches, some of which were still smoking. Twice he was forced to get down from his horse and beat out small blazes. He pushed his horse as fast as possible, at the same time keeping a sharp watch of the wagon trail.

When he started out he had intended leaving the main trail at a path cutting through the timber to Ryan's place. But he changed his mind and kept following the wagon track. The country through which he was passing had choked up with trees until the wagon had had bare space to pass.

As he rode, the smell of smoke came to him, and he urged his horse to a gallop, until he came to an arroyo. On the hillside to the east, a brush fire was eating its way to the timber on the summit. Meserve saw at a glance that he could not handle the blaze alone. Far down ahead he could make out a couple of shacks set out in the mouth of the arroyo. He paused only long enough to see that the wagon tracks led from the main trail to the place where the fire had apparently started; then he gave his pinto her head and tore away through the brush toward the shanties. Four men were lounging about them.

"Here, give me a hand on this fire. Get your blankets and come on with me," Meserve called out to a small man who had just led a horse under a lean-to. "You fellows are in more danger than anybody else from a fire along the arroyo."

The one to whom Meserve spoke turned to the others, who had lazily arisen and addressed them in a language Meserve did not understand.

"We coming," cried the spokesman of the gang. They all began picking up piles of willow brush that had been packed about the shacks.

"You don't want that—get your blankets," Meserve shouted angrily. "Hitch up that team and drag a barrel of water up there to soak them in. That's what you want."

"We not understand." The leader shrugged his shoulders and looked forlornly into Meserve's face.

"Yes, you do understand." Meserve spurred his horse closer to the men. "You understand every word I've told you, and I understand. The first one of you that gets west of section 36 is a dead one. You understand that, don't you? It just happened that I followed you down here, you firing devils, this morning."

Meserve turned his horse up the arroyo which was heavy with smoke, and as he rode, he threw one leg over the saddle horn, and looked back at the men, who watched him until he dropped out of sight in the woods to the west.

With the unerring sense of a man who has traveled the forest country for years, usually on similar missions to the one just concluded, Meserve snaked his pony back and forth around through the redwoods. For a time the smoke from the fire came to him, but soon after he struck the trail leading to Ryan's place the atmosphere cleared, the wild creatures which are silent and fearful during times of danger in countries of frequent fires, be-

gan to sound about him. He checked his horse for an instant to adjust a girth, then pushed steadily on until he came to Ryan's clearing.

"Come in from the arroyo?" asked Ryan, as Meserve got from his pony and tossed the reins over the animal's head.

"Come in from the Frenchies," Meserve answered hotly. "Tell you what it is, Ryan: we got to decide on something, and that mighty soon. Not one of the boys east of 36 will be up. I followed a rig belonging to the Frenchmen for an hour this morning. I struck their trail just outside my place. They started fires all along the road. That's why I'm slow getting here. I put most of them out, but one is going on the other side of the arroyo, and the boys over there are going to be burnt out. Tried to bluff the Frenchies into helping me blanket her, but it didn't go."

As Meserve was speaking, a horseman came out of the forest.

"Howdy, Affable," shouted Old Ryan.

"I waited for you to come back, Skip. Thought you had gone up to the hills after cattle, and was coming back," explained Affable, as he rode up. "Of course it was all right with me. I ought to a-come on anyhow, I suppose."

"I had other things to take care of besides cattle this morning. Was any of your stock over on the other side of the arroyo, Affable?"

"Got a few head of cattle, all there is left, in the timber somewhere in there."

"Well, they're probably barbecued for the buzzards by now. The fire is all through that country. Those Frenchmen we was suspicious of is jumpers all right. I got it on them this morning, but not till they started a fire on the other side of the arroyo that is good for three sections anyhow."

"I've been thinking this thing over a good deal, and I came to a conclusion last night," broke in Old Ryan, abruptly, addressing Meserve. "I wanted the boys east of 36 to be here so we could talk it over with them, but they is probably burned out, and lucky if they got away with their lives. We can't go on this way much longer."

"Been going it ever since I come in here as a kid," growled Meserve, "and I ain't been able to bring my folks in yet."

"I ain't got any to bring, but if I had they'd have to stay out," said Ryan. "That's what I'm talking about. The idea is right here: I was up on the ridge yesterday. The railroad is now up there, and they cleared the country putting it in. There ain't nothing left but a few tamaracks. They either got to get this timber we are in, for their mills, or go out of business. We had a glimpse long ago of what chance we have with them. I been trying to get the land office people to survey this section for fifteen years so I could file on it. They won't survey and they won't take any one else's survey. You see how quick they survey just as soon as these jumpers grab a piece of land."

"As I was saying, so long as this timber is here, they are going to keep fighting for it. We can't live on range wars. Every last sheep of Affable's and the boys east of 36 has been put up for grub for the squatters or burned up. The lumber is what they want. They been getting rid of the brush and the cabins and keeping the stand of trees. There's only one thing left to do. We got to get rid of the timber."

Affable looked to Meserve to answer, but he did not speak at once.

"Ryan, do I understand you to mean that you are setting fire to everything west of 36?" Meserve asked at last.

"That's it."

"Well, I haven't thought it over. Fact is, I hadn't thought of it at all. This timber is valuable to us, and it would be an almighty criminal thing to do."

"Of course, and it's valuable to them, and they will get it in the end —and the land along with it. This is a good farming country," Old Ryan

insisted. "It's like this: we got our choice either to make a play for the timber and the land and lose them both, or get rid of the wood and file on the land. They want to get us out. You know that as well as I do. There is Danny Walsh and a dozen others down in San Francisco that gave up the scrap long ago. Hell, Skip, this could be a good country if we could get those men and their families back here."

"I see how you figger," said Meserve, thoughtfully. "But if we get a fire in this forest she will carry away a good many million feet of lumber belonging to the government up north."

"I'm surprised at you speaking about that. Their agents stand by and watch them starve us out and burn us out. They stood by for twenty-five years, and they will stand by for twenty-five more. Want to stick to this country till you ain't got wind enough to pack out?"

"What do you think about it?" Meserve turned to Affable, who was whittling the slab on which he was sitting.

"Whatever is agreeable to you," replied Affable. "I haven't had any luck trying to be on the square, that's certain, and, as Ryan says, the government ain't done nothing but stand by and watch them people drive us out."

"You and me, Skip," Ryan went on, taking up his argument where he had left off, and without any notice of Affable's remarks—"you and me are the only two who come in here with the first of them, and ain't been burned out. I'm tired of beating out brush fires. We either got to have a change or get out. You grubbed sagebrush off your land and you're safer now, maybe, than most of us, but you ain't in the clear entirely yet."

"Oh, I know that," cut in Meserve impatiently. "There ain't any use in arguing along that line. I know that as well as you do. What I'm trying to figure out is how we are going to make it if we eat up three million dollars worth of government timber."

"Might teach them to look a little out to us howling here in this wilderness," suggested Affable. "But of course I am not saying it would be the right thing to do."

"Well, you two think it over," Old Ryan spoke, sharply. "I've come to my way of thinking after sleeping with one eye open and getting so I shy every time I see smoke coming from a chimney."

"How long would it take you, Affable, to drive over to the Basin with all the stuff in Ryan's shack, your place and mine?" asked Meserve. "Only taking them over the ridge?"

"Ought to be able to make a load every two hours."

"Well, you better take my wagon and strike out. Get your little woman over first. Ryan is as near right, probably, about this, as we will ever get."

"Suits me," agreed Affable. "I thought Ryan was right all along, but I didn't like to say so, being in this country only eight years."

"Aw, hell," Meserve groaned. "Get started. Pick up the best looking stuff of mine you find and let it go at that. Let the plow and the grubber stay in the field." Then Meserve walked into the cabin with Ryan, while Affable mounted his horse and struck out on the north trail.

"Might tie up those socks and shirts into a bundle," said Ryan, throwing an armful of clothing on the bed. "Hate to see this little place go. This was the first cabin we built when we came in, remember?"

"Mine was the fourth to go up." Meserve sat down on the bed and began tying the clothing in a ball.

"And we got them up in fast time."

"Not near so fast as a fire through here will take them down," Old Ryan replied, patting the mud plastered logs affectionately.

Meserve started to carry the clothing which he had fastened into a bundle to the door, but at the first glance outside he threw down the stuff.

"Coming again," he said quietly,

and, as Ryan rose, Meserve pointed out the door to a black smoke shooting upwards into the clear sky to the south.

"That's no brush fire," commented Ryan, taking down a carbine from a rafter. "Got your gun, Skip?"

"Yes."

"Maybe Affable will be relieved from bothering with my stuff," Old Ryan remarked grimly. "I never seen any fire like that since I been here."

Meserve made no comment, but swinging his revolver around in front of him, he ran out of the shack and started at a swift trot down the south trail. Ryan was close behind him. Just before they entered the shadowy forest, they stopped long enough to make out the general direction from which the smoke was coming, shooting into the sky as though blown upwards by a giant bellows.

They could not see the smoke billowing northward over the trees above them, but they could smell it, and occasionally there came a crash above the roll of the breakers along the shore line.

"Let me carry that carbine a ways." Meserve stopped and jerked the gun from Old Ryan's hands. The two men broke into a run again. Past their heads flocks of grouse whirred from time to time. For the fire was acting as a drive to the creatures of the forest; and both birds and beasts were headed in the one direction—north. The frequent roar of some fallen redwood—a sound they had heard from the time they left the clearing—gave way to a snapping like the continuous rattle of far musketry.

Meserve, who was a short distance in the lead, suddenly took to the east and Ryan followed. They crossed a small creek and stopped in an open place which was black from a fire which had burned over it.

"They started a brush fire to get the grass," Meserve breathed heavily. "And it's got away from them."

"Looks about that way. Better bear a little more to the east."

They went on, passing the deserted cabins of the Frenchmen. Meserve smiled to himself. In the open, beyond the shacks, the two stopped. The timber, obscured by rolling smoke, feathered away to the north. The fire was within a thousand feet of the Frenchmen's cabins. When the smoke lifted occasionally, Meserve and Ryan could see men working frantically with blankets. But the fire had gone to the tops of the trees and was leaping from one to another, away to the north.

"Your conscience ain't going to be troubled about starting any fire," Old Ryan chuckled, softly. "The Rangers will be lucky if they hold it to Rock County."

"They are soaking their blankets in that water barrel." Meserve pointed ahead as a breath of wind lifted the smoke. "That's our place."

They both rushed forward, just as a man was lifting a blanket from the water.

"Help us, meester," the fire-fighter begged, frantically.

"Yes, we'll help you, you little devil." As Meserve spoke, he drew down on the fellow. "Now, Frenchy, you drop that blanket and step here."

The Frenchman obeyed with alacrity. Meserve handed over the carbine to Ryan.

"We'll get them as they come out of the timber," Meserve said. "Keep your eye on this fellow. Understanding English better than you did this morning?"

The Frenchman only scowled.

"Hey, you, come over here," Meserve shouted to the next man who dived out of the smoke cloud for a breath of fresh air. And as each of them came out, Meserve lined them up until four of them were standing in front of Old Ryan.

"Got a bellyful of fire this time, didn't you?" exploded Old Ryan, angrily.

"Shouldn't let you fellows play with dangerous things," commented Meserve to the Frenchman who had not understood English that morning. "Such as you can't keep fire in the

brush. About three million dollars worth of government property is going up through your work."

"Better take them up to the county-seat and turn them over to the foresters," said Ryan. "Destroying government timber isn't like burning out respectable settlers. This ends their game, and I wouldn't want to be waiting for grub until these Frenchies get loose again."

Meserve laughed and led the way up through the timber till they struck the road leading to the county-seat. Old Ryan drew up the rear with his carbine swung handily over his arm.

Outlined against the sky to the north, they could make out Affable driving over the ridge on his last trip to the Basin with Old Ryan's belongings. On the seat beside him was his wife.

The fire was leaping northward, urged on by a stiff ocean breeze which bore the lunging smoke in black rolling clouds swiftly before it.

When the party reached the top of the hill overlooking Cayo Valley, Meserve stopped the Frenchmen who were walking two by two, jabbering to one another excitedly in their native tongue.

"Won't be enough timber left in this country to start a bonfire," said Meserve, "if this wind keeps up. Your place is gone, Ryan, and so is mine."

"But they won't need to put in any more Frenchies to start brush fires, anyhow," Old Ryan grinned back at Meserve, over the heads of the Frenchmen. "Don't reckon they will stand in the way of the government surveying our claims now."

"No, likely not," agreed Meserve. "Come on, you," he added, and the Frenchmen, who had not understood English, marched on after Meserve, down into the Basin.

NAVÀJO BLANKETS

All day the pagan squaw with patience primitive,
Sits weaving on wool raw; she only, knows
What the design will be, before it grows.

In some dim, distant recess of her consciousness,
There lies the meaning of the savage red,
The zigzag lightning, and the arrow-head.

Crouched in some wind-blown hut on mesa desolate,
Brooding, perhaps, over some brutal loss,
She weaves her sorrow in a mystic cross.

Strange Indian thought, wild love, and anger barbarous
Are woven here; and that bold, bleeding red
Confesses murder, of some missing dead.

Why does she dream and sigh and look so wistfully?
(But hush!) She hides a romance in the white,
The memory of a star-lit, desert night.

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

UNCLE JOHN'S WILL

By Irene Elliott Benson

YOU SEE, Eleanor, what your temper and independence has done for you. Uncle John has left his entire fortune to his stepson, George Talbot, when you should have had it, simply because you were impertinent to him when you were his guest."

"Mother, believe me, I was not impertinent," said the girl. "We had an argument and I held to my point. Do you think that I would sink my identity and lose my self-respect enough to admit that a thing is right when I know differently, simply because Uncle John had money to leave? Not I. He was too penurious to employ a lawyer to draw his will, and he had no witnesses. He wrote it himself, and it wouldn't stand in any State but California without witnesses. I'm very sorry, mother, for your sake that he hasn't remembered us, but I guess while I can work we won't starve, and as for that stepson, George Talbot, I positively loathe him. When he visited here he was about twelve years old, and I was a couple of years younger. You might have thought that he was my father by the way he reproved me for stepping on a caterpillar. He actually lectured me, saying that every living thing in this world had a right to its life, and that his mother declared that they felt pain the same as we did. And that very day I came upon him digging up worms for bait. He and Uncle John were going fishing, and I caught him with the goods.

"I remember his red hair and freckles. I've always hated red hair since I met him. He was self-righteous as a boy, and I know he toadied to Uncle John as a man—the miserable little prig! He may keep his money. I can do without it. I would not stoop to his methods if I starved."

Mrs. Arkwright sighed and adjusted her eyeglasses. Eleanor had a strong will and was assertive and positive. Her late husband's uncle had been very fond of her, and when she was small he had opposed her purposely to see her flashes of temper. Then he'd laugh and say to his wife:

"The child has spirit. I wish she'd been a boy. She'll make her way in the world—mark my words!"

But when, as she grew older, she visited him in his lovely California home, and her opinions were diametrically opposed to his, and she had argued with him on various subjects and had cleverly won every point, then he, being old and intolerant, could not stand being beaten by a girl, and he had said some very unkind and nasty things. She had resented them and left his house without bidding him good-bye. Uncle John had always been a despotic autocrat and had never spared people's feelings. Every one had toadied to him but Eleanor, who had rebelled.

Mrs. Arkwright and her daughter lived in a flourishing Connecticut town. The daughter taught in the High School. The house belonged to her mother, but they had a small income only, from a life insurance, outside of Eleanor's salary. The girl was generous, kind-hearted and loved her mother, but she was also self-confident and positive.

Recently a new automobile company had taken possession of the place. The manager was a fine-looking young

man by the name of Seymour Webster. He was a man that one would notice in a crowd. It was not alone his tall, athletic figure and smoothly fitting garments, but it was his good-looking and kindly face, while about him was an air of quiet distinction. His brown hair, though closely cropped, was inclined to wave. His blue eyes were full of quiet humor, but his face was long and his chin square cut and determined, and he carried himself well.

Eleanor sang in the Episcopal Church choir. She had a charming voice. One Sunday evening, after service, Mr. Webster asked the clergyman, whom he knew, to introduce him to the girl, which he did. And then Webster asked permission to see her home. It was granted. He called after that very often. The girl was flattered, as people had taken him up and he was invited to the best houses. He would take her and her mother automobiling, which proved a boon to them in the warm weather.

"I wonder what his salary is," said Mrs. Arkwright, one evening after their return from a long ride. "His board at the hotel isn't much, and he has to dress well for his business. The rides he gives us don't cost him a penny. How much do you think he makes, Eleanor?"

"I really don't know, mother," replied the girl, who was trimming a hat for herself. "I've never considered his income. Mr. Webster is a charming man—cultivated and intelligent. I know that he's a college graduate and a gentleman, and one meets few like him in this town. He's alone in the world besides, all of his relatives being dead. His having or not having money doesn't interest me in the least," and as she stood before the glass trying on her leghorn hat trimmed with black velvet and pink roses, she looked like a rose herself.

Her mother gazed at her with admiration. Then she continued:

"Well, Eleanor, it had better interest you, for if ever a man is in love that man is, and with you. I guess you know it," as Eleanor blushed crimson. "I believe that he has proposed to you already. Has he? Tell me!" The girl hesitated—then she said slowly:

"Yes, dear, he has—not once, but twice. And I have refused him."

"Why, Eleanor Arkwright!" said the woman. "Are you crazy? Tell me why."

"I knew you would say that, mother, and I have kept it from you. Everyone considers him a good business man—and I suppose a great catch for any girl, and for your sake I should have accepted him. I like him immensely, but there's a reason for my refusing him, and it is this:

"The president of the company, and Seymour Webster's employer, is a man whom I loathe. It is none other than George Talbot, the man who took our money—yes, who took it from Uncle John's rightful heir. This auto company is only one of his many enterprises, for that gentleman does not propose to let Uncle John's money grow rusty, and if I marry Seymour Webster I shall meet George Talbot, for Seymour swears by him. Imagine, mother! I should have to shake hands with him and treat him courteously. Do you think I could do that? Oh, no! I told Mr. Webster the whole story."

"What did he say?" asked her mother, excitedly.

"Well, he saw from my point of view why I disliked the man more or less, and he admitted that I would come in contact with him, but he asked me to be charitable, to think that perhaps he was innocent, and had not expected Uncle John's money. 'I'm sure,' he said, 'that George Talbot never used his influence to take it from you, for he is an honorable man. I know him very well."

"What did you say then?" asked Mrs. Arkwright.

"Then, mother, I gave him my opinion of George Talbot—that he was a self-righteous prig, and that I'd never marry him while he was dependent on Talbot for his position—that I would not believe in him, no matter what he

said or did, and that I detested his name."

"I don't know what Mr. Webster thinks of you, Eleanor," replied her mother. "I guess he knows by this time that you have a will of your own. I only hope that you will never meet George Talbot, for remember he will laugh about you and talk. And then you've lost a good husband in Seymour Webster. You'll never learn wisdom. You'll be an old maid unless you learn to control yourself, mark my words!"

"I knew that you'd say that, and be angry," replied the girl. "I am sorry not to have been able to have married him, for I might have loved him, but for that man, and I could have made life happier for you, dear," she said, as she put her head on her mother's shoulder and sobbed.

"Oh, never mind me, Eleanor," replied Mrs. Arkwright. "It's only to see you happy and settled that I pray for."

One night Webster called. Eleanor and he sat before a table under the drop light. The girl was making Christmas gifts. It had been several months since he had proposed to her, and she had been feeling depressed. Of late, his calls had been less frequent, and she had missed him terribly. She also was tormented by a little pain in the region of her heart, for there had been rumors of attentions paid to others, and pretty girls, too, by Mr. Seymour Webster, all of which caused her depression.

"Eleanor," he said, after an embarrassing silence of a few moments, taking a letter from his pocket, "here is something that you must read, for it concerns you, and I was asked to give it to you. It was found in the envelope with your Uncle John's will. It belongs to George Talbot. Now, don't be unjust and refuse to read it," he added, as she started to lay it on the table, "for that's childish." She flushed. Holding the letter in her hand:

"I presume," she said, "that it is your duty to champion that gentleman. At the risk of appearing childish, I will read the letter, but I would like my mother to hear it also, if you have no objection."

"None in the least," he replied. "I had intended to suggest that she should be present," and he called Mrs. Arkwright, who came in wearing a puzzled expression.

"Mother," said Eleanor, "Mr. Webster has brought a letter to me from George Talbot. It was written to him by Uncle John, and it seems that I am concerned in it. I am requested to read it," and she began:

"My dear Son: You have been a comfort to me. In my will I have left you my fortune. My desire was to divide it between you and my nephew John's daughter. I like the girl, but she has the devil of a temper and is as stubborn as a mule, like John, her father, who always thought and said exactly the opposite of the other fellow—so it's in the blood. But I'm cock sure that her heart is all right. Now, you and she used to quarrel like tigers when you were children, but I want her to share this money with you and be friends. The fact is, I want you two to marry. If she knew it, she'd forfeit her share and think me crazy. All you can do is to get her by strategy. Use your wits. She won't recognize you at all. She remembers you probably as a red-headed, freckled-faced youngster with whom she fought as a child. When she visited me you were in college. Why not court her under another name? If she gets dead in love with you she won't mind the deception. I think I shall rest easier in my grave if you two can be husband and wife. I'd ask her pardon if I could. Let her read this and tell her to forget what I said in anger—that I was a hot-headed old fool, and very rude to her —a guest.

"Now, if she refuses you, and ten to one she will, don't hang around like an idiot, but go for some other girl. There are lots of good fish in the sea yet, and plenty of pretty, smart girls waiting for you to take your pick, but

give to Mrs. Arkwright—John's widow—and my niece, Eleanor, one-third of my property. Keep one-third for yourself, and give the rest to charity. The last third goes to you if you and she marry. I'm pretty dead sure that it will end in her having one-third, for I don't believe she'd take you for the whole amount, and when she reads this—whew! won't the fur fly. I can see her now. How mad she'll be! But do your best.

"God bless you. I never doubt but what you'll carry out my last wishes, as I made my will in a moment of temper.

"Your affectionate father,
"JOHN ARKWRIGHT."

Eleanor folded the letter and handed it back to Webster. Looking into his honest eyes, she said:

"Well, what do you think of George Talbot now? He hasn't the courage to come to me as Uncle John wished, but has sent you, the coward! Doesn't that prove what I think of him is correct? Why doesn't he ask me himself to marry him?"

"He has done so, my dear," said Webster, taking her hand. "He has done all that your uncle requested of him, and it has been very distasteful, I assure you, for he hates deception, although he is unfortunate in having had red hair. Don't you know me, Eleanor?" he said, earnestly. "I am George Talbot."

Mrs. Arkwright screamed faintly.

"It has been a miserable part to play, believe me, but I have carried out my father's wishes. I have been refused twice by you, and of course cannot ask you to become my wife again, and I have found out how thoroughly you hate me. I am sorry, because my love for you is very genuine, but now I stand ready to carry out the rest of his directions concerning his money. I will make over one-third of his property to you and your mother to-morrow. I regret that I have failed, but I have done all that a man can do." Then he took his hat from the table and rose to go, saying:

"I'll not detain you longer."

"Wait, Mr. Talbot," said Eleanor in a trembling voice. "You have never asked me to marry you. It has been Seymour Webster who has asked me. Now, perhaps, if the real George Talbot should ask me I might consider it."

"Eleanor, my darling, do you mean that?" said George, holding out his arms and clasping her to his heart.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, "I'll marry you, George, if only to show how stupid Uncle John was when he was so sure that I'd refuse you. The old dear to ask me to forgive him, and to want us to share his fortune, when I presume I aggravated him exactly as father used to, and I'm ready to make amends."

As George kissed her tenderly, she whispered:

"I couldn't think of marrying you, though, if your hair hadn't grown dark—nor can I say that I really love you yet," she added, smiling roguishly, "I don't love any one else. But as Uncle George was so sure that I'd balk, I don't know why I shouldn't live up to my reputation, although I'm going to do just the opposite to prove how very short-sighted he was."

JIM DAWSON'S RECITAL

By Benjamin S. Kotlowsky

WHEN JIM DAWSON married Mary Bassett there was great surprise in the Nubbin Ridge neighborhood. Jim was worthy of respect and was respected: he was worthy of confidence and had been intrusted with a county office, yet when he married Mary Bassett there was heard, on every turn, murmurs of astonishment.

Mary was a beautiful girl, and was much younger than Jim. Her form, untrained by any art, but with a wood-like wildness of development, was of exquisite grace, and her hair was of a gentle waviness, like the ripples of a sun-ray catching rivulet.

Handsome young fellows—Ned Rodgers, whose bottom field of corn this year was the finest in the neighborhood, and Sam Hall, who had just built a new double loghouse, chiriked and daubed, paid devoted court to the beauty, but when old Jim came along—old Jim with a scar over one eye where a steer had kicked him years ago—and asked her to marry him, she shook off the mischievous airs of the beauty, took up the serious expression of a thoughtful woman, and consented.

Jim owned a little loghouse, stuck up on the side of the hill, and though viewed from the country road it might have seemed a dreary place, yet standing in the back door, Jim could look down and see the wild plum bushes bending over the crystal water of the creek—could see a green meadow far down the stream and could hear the song of the rain-crow.

Several years passed. The gossipers reluctantly agreed that Jim and his wife were happy, that is, reasonably happy, for the gossip never admits to a complete surrender. One day, while Jim was away from home, Ned Rodgers came to the house. Mary came in when she heard footsteps, and upon seeing the visitor, stood wiping her hands on her apron. She had been washing, and a bubble of suds on her hair, catching a ray of light, flashed like a diamond.

"You've about forgot me, hain't you, Mary——

"Miz Dawson?"

"No, how could I forget you when I see you at church nearly every Sunday? Sit down."

"Yes, you see me," Ned replied, seating himself, "but as you never speak to me, I 'lowed that you had dun fergot me."

"I never forget a friend."

"Much 'bliged. You look tired; sit down youse'f."

She sat down. Ned continued:

"You do a good deal of hard work—don't you?"

"No more than any other woman, I reckon."

"You do more than I'd let my wife do."

"Yes, all men talk that way before they are married."

"And some of them mean what they say, Mary—or Miz Dawson."

"But the majority of them do not."

"I know one that does. Mary, if you had married me you never would have to work none."

"You let your mother work."

"Yes; but I wouldn't let you work. I wish you had married me, Mary, for I ain't been happy a single hour sense you told me that you wouldn't; not a single one. I uster be fonder of rice puddin' than anybody, but I ain't eat

nary one mouthful sense you 'lowed that you couldn't marry me. Tell me, Mary, air you happy?"

"Happy as most women, I reckon."

"But most women ain't happy."

"Mebbe not."

A short silence followed; Ned twisted his hat round and round. Mary wiped her hands on her apron.

"Mary—you don't care if I call you Mary, do you?"

"No; I'm not particular."

"But you wouldn't let everybody call you by your first name, would you?"

"No."

"Mary."

"Well?"

"Do you know what I've been thinking about ever sense I saw you at meetin' last Sunday?"

"How am I to know what you're thinkin' about? Hardly know sometimes what I'm thinkin' about myse'f."

"Would you like to know what I've been thinkin' about, Mary?"

She sat twisting her apron; a cat purred about the legs of her chair. A chicken, singing the lazy song of "laying time," hopped up into the doorway. "Shoo," she cried. "The chickens are about to take the place."

"But that ain't got nothin' to do with what I've been thinkin', nor about you wantin' to know. Do you wanter know?"

"You may tell me if you want to."

"Sho' 'nuff?"

"Yes, if it ain't bad."

"Oh, it ain't bad." He untwisted his hat, straightened it out by pulling it down over his head, took it off, and beginning to twist it again, said:

"I've been thinkin' that you wa'n't happy livin' with a man that don't 'preciate you—hold on, now, let me get through." She had moved impatiently. "Man that don't 'preciate you; and I've been thinkin' that I would come over here and—and ask you to run away with me. Wait, Mary—please wait!" She had sprung to her feet. "Jest listen to me a minit. Folks uster think you was happy, but they know you ain't now. Mary, please wait a minit. You won't tell Jim, will you? Oh, you won't do that, I know. We understand each other, Mary, don't we? Mary, oh, Mary—" She was hastening down the slope toward the wild-plum bushes. "Don't say anything," he shouted. "Don't, fur if you do they'll be terrible trouble!"

* * *

"What's the matter, little girl," Jim asked that evening as he was eating his supper.

"Nothin'."

"You don't 'pear to be as bright as usual."

"I thought I was."

"But you ain't. Thar's some new gingham in my saddle-bags that'll make you as purty a dress as you ever seed. Got red an' yaller spots on it that shines like a nugget. Look here, little gal, thar's somethin' the matter with you an' you needn't say thar ain't. Come here, now." He shoved his chair back from the table and took her on his lap. "You know thar's somethin' wrong, now, an' you air jest tryin' to fool me. I haven't done nothin' to hurt your feelin's, have I?"

"No!"

"Then what's the matter? Oh, don't cry that way." She sobbed on his shoulder. "You'll make me think that I ain't the right sort of a husband if you keep on. Mebbe I ain't, too. I'm gettin' old an' grizzly, an' I ain't good-lookin' nohow, while you 'pear to git purtier and purtier every day."

"Jim," she said, putting her arms around his neck, "you mustn't talk—you mustn't think that way. You air the best man that ever lived, and if you'll promise not to get mad, I'll tell you what ails me."

"Law, me, child, I couldn't git mad if I wanted to."

She told him. He sat for a few moments in a silence of deep meditation, and then, with a brightening countenance, said cheerfully:

"Why that ain't nothin' to git mad about, child. It's all right; and let me tell you that any man after seein' you a few times is bound to love you,

and I reckon he would be willin' to run away with you in a minit, eh. Haw, Haw, Haw! No, indeed, honey, you kain't blame the pore feller fer that."

"And you won't say anything to him about it?"

"Law me, child, I'll never mention it to him; never in this world; so don't give yourself no uneasiness."

* * *

A chilling rain was falling. Several men, including Ned Rogers, were sitting in Rob Tommers' store.

"Yander comes Jim Dawson," said Tommers, looking out. Ned Rodgers moved uneasily in his chair.

"Hello, men," Jim shouted, as he stepped up into the door and began to stamp the mud off his feet. "Sorter saft outside. Hi, Rob; glad to see you lookin' so well. Hi, Ned, and hi, all hands."

"We're always glad to see you," Ned spoke up, "fur you allus fetch good humor along with you. Don't make no diffunce how rainy or how dry—no diffunce wether the corn's clean or in the grass, you dun allus the same."

"Glad you think so, Ned."

"We all jine him in thet, too," said Tommers.

"Much obleeged." He stood leaning against the counter, and moving his hand carelessly, touched a rusty cheese-knife. "Rob, what do you keep sech a onery-lookin' knife as this for, anyway?"

"Sharp enough to cut cheese with, I reckon, Jim."

"Yes, but that's about all. Hand me that whetrock over thar and let me whet the point. Blamed if I haven't got to do somethin' all the time. Wall, fellers, I seed suthin' 'tither week while I was down in Lexington that laid over anythin' I ever did see before. I went to a theatre. Ever at one, Ned?"

"No, don't believe I was."

"Wall, now, if you've ever been at one you'd know it," Jim replied, industriously whetting the point of the knife. "Why, it knocks a church exhibition sillier than a scorched purp. I never did seed sech a show."

"Any hosses or elephants in it?" Rob Tommers asked.

"Oh, no; it all tuck place in a house. I'll tell you how it was (still whetting the knife.) It was playin'; regular pertend-like, but it looked mighty natural. It 'pears that a nuther feller had married a ruther young girl (he put the whetstone on the counter); a powerful purty girl, too. Wall, one time when the old feller wa'n't about the house, a young chap that had wanted to marry her a good while before, he came in, and got to talkin' to her, and the upshot was that he wanted her to run away with him."

"No," said Tommers.

"Yes, sir," continued old Jim, "wanted her to run smack smooth away with him. Wall, she told her husband, but he sorter laughed, he did and 'lowed that he didn't blame the feller much. But the fun come after this. The old feller—stand up here, Ned, and let me show you. Hang it, stand up; don't pull back like a shyin' hoss. The old feller got him a knife 'bout like this, and he went into a room whar the young feller was. Now, you stand right thar. He walks in this way, and neither one of 'em says a word, but stood an' looked at each other 'bout like we are doin', but all at once the old feller lifts up the knife this way, and——*Thar, you damned scoundrel!*"

He plunged the knife into Ned Roggers' breast—buried the blade in the fellow's bosom, and, as he pulled it out, while Rodgers lay on the floor, dead, he turned to his terror-stricken friends and exclaimed:

"He wanted my wife to run away with him, boys!"

"If you wanter hang me, I'll tie the rope."

"You don't? Then good-bye an' God bless you!"

"THE WANDERING HOME"

By Lucy Betty McRaye

Homeless they call us, to caravan gypsies akin,
For we cannot dwell forever by the same trim hedge shut in,
With the same four walls around us, in the same unlovely street
When the wide, white road, beneath the stars, is waiting for our feet.

Unlatch the gates of dreams and go,
When Bromide tongues will have it so
To picturing the homes we know.

What of old London, our garret up under the eaves,
In the old world square, the sparrows chirp, the glimpses of green leaves,
Where the little window faces on the street lamps' twinkling eyes,
On the ceaseless tide of traffic, sombre roofs and reddened skies,

Our Paris pied-a-terre, Lissette,
To bring the coffee, care forget,
Are you not Pierrot, I Pierrette!

Our homes by the sea, where the whispering ocean rolled,
In the summer, down in Devon, over ridges of warm gold,
Where the fuchsias climbed the paling in profusion one July,
A strip of gold, a glimpse of pink, and an azure sea and sky.

Our other sea home, far away,
Beneath the North Star, grim and gray,
The leaping waves beat night and day.

Wild winter in the mountains, our tiny chalet set,
High and wind blown. under mighty jagged crag and minaret,
With the swaying and the swinging of the pines below our nest,
And the faint peaks, opal-tinted, as the sun bejewels the west,

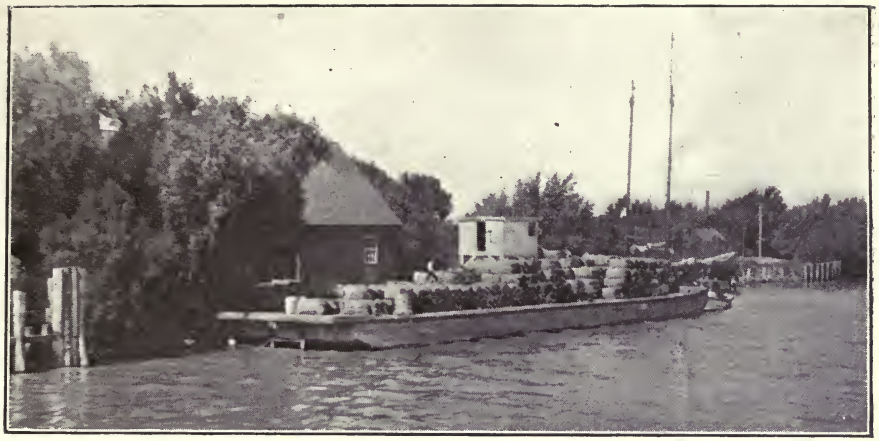
The snow and stars and breathless night,
The snow and pines and stealing light,
On agate green and ermine white.

Spring has often found us, in the blue, blue hills we love,
The ripe gold fruit is hanging in the emerald orange grove,
And our dear Italian garden, with the olive trees, and, Oh!
The terrace where the violets and the yellow roses grow,

The grassy freshness of the dell.
Starred by anemones, as well
As silvered by the asphodel.

Homeless they call us, homeless, a hundred homes are ours,
And our carpet may be frosted, or be garlanded with flowers,
And our roof be lit with paling stars, or gleaming northern light,
Or a honey-colored southern moon may be our lamp to-night.

They call, the open road, the sea,
Oh, love, my home must ever be,
Within your arms and yours with me.



A river landing at Rio Vista, on the lower Sacramento River, California.

ALONG A CALIFORNIA WATER WAY

By Roger Sprague

Illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

"JIM, LET GO that hawser!"

It was the mate that spoke. The last line was cast loose, and the steamer Navajo backed slowly out into the bay. Charles Laurence Baker stood on the upper deck, and gazed eagerly about him, for this September journey from San Francisco to Sacramento was to be his first experience of travel on California waterways. Educated at one of the great universities of the Middle West, Baker had come recently to California as an instructor in the State University, where we had met. For some months we had been planning a trip up the river. Now, at last, we were embarked on the excursion.

As I stood there, the occasion called to mind an incident in a summer spent in Chicago nearly twenty years before. At that time daily steamboat excursions were running from Chicago to Milwaukee. I made the trip in an immense whaleback—the Christopher Columbus. The entrance to the harbor of Milwaukee is narrow, and a suburb of that city is located on the low ground immediately to the left. It is composed of small cottages, embowered in a profusion of trees. As we came through the passage, we could look down from the lofty upper deck upon the little community. What a brilliant—even tropical—picture lay before us! There were the huts of the natives, their dark roofs peeping out through the brilliant green of the jungle. As the eye ranged to the left, one saw a strip of yellow—the sandy

beach on which young natives were running, "young barbarians at play." Still farther to the left was the light green of the shallow water, bordering the beach. Beyond this was the dark blue water of the deep lake, dotted with whitecaps, a rival steamer plowing through it, tossing the spray into the air—a magnificent blue sky o'erarching all. The whole scene was a dazzling combination of colors. It was a picture as full of life and color, of the novel and picturesque, as anything we might travel the wide world over to witness, and all this was not in any remote region, to attain which a thousand miles of desert or of jungle must be traversed. On the contrary, it was only a few hours' run from the city of Chicago, one of the world's great centers of population. It was at the very entrance to Milwaukee, metropolis of Wisconsin.

That experience brought home the fact that it is not necessary to journey far to find sights worth seeing—they lie all around us. It was in obedience to this principle that we were making this journey. The writer had formed the opinion that travel on the Sacramento River, under the delightful conditions which our modern means of transportation afford, is just as enjoyable as river travel in any foreign land which tourists journey thousands of miles to reach; and here we were—my friend and I—about to put the theory to the test.

Our steamer was now running past the wharves and piers where lay trans-Pacific and coastwise steamers, while behind them rose the heights of the city. It is difficult to see anything poetical in San Francisco's hills under the full glare of the morning sun. They recall what Sir Walter Scott said of Melrose, or what Lord Byron said of the Roman Coliseum: "It will not bear the brightness of the day."

If you would view San Francisco aright, go and see it from the bay in the dusk of an early twilight, when the low, dark masses of the hills loom dimly, star-spangled with lights, while behind them rises a background of fog, rolling in from the ocean, and above hangs a slate-colored sky, barred with alternate bands of light and dark. The raw, chilly breeze of the evening, rushing in from the harbor entrance, rolls the water into miniature waves, and even sets stout river steamers rocking and swaying. Then, when the pulses are exhilarated by the rush of the wind and the leap of the waters, and the city is half revealed, half-concealed, by the dim light and the rolling fog, the senses yield to the magic of the scene; there is ample room for poetic emotion.

At the quarantine station a recent arrival was lying at anchor—a long, heavy, many-decked ocean steamer, with black sides and two enormous yellow funnels, to match which the high ventilator tubes that rose from the deck at either end had been painted the same brilliant color. From the jack-staff at the stern floated the white flag of Japan, with its blood-red sun. At the foremast flew the company's house-flag, blue with a white fan pictured on it; on the fan, the Japanese sun was seen again. The vessel had arrived that morning from the Orient; passengers fresh from Hong-Kong, Shanghai and Yokohama thronged to the rails to watch us pass. To them, a stern-wheeler, with its square white bulk, freight piled upon the forward deck, and splashing, uncovered wheel, was as curious as a Chinese junk would seem to a San Franciscan.

Our eyes traveled on past the steamer, out through the Golden Gate, which it entered an hour before, and which now opened broadly before us. On the left of the passage an old brick fort was silhouetted against the sea and sky, while on the opposite side the towering heights rose steeply, crowned by earth-works where big guns are hidden. On we went, past the steep, rugged heights north of the Golden Gate, rising so abruptly from the water, and culminating at an altitude of almost half a mile in the triangular bulk of Tamalpais; through the narrows that form the entrance to

A typical ferry on the Sacramento River.

that portion of the bay known as San Pablo, across the broad surface of which we were now proceeding at a distance of some miles from the shore.

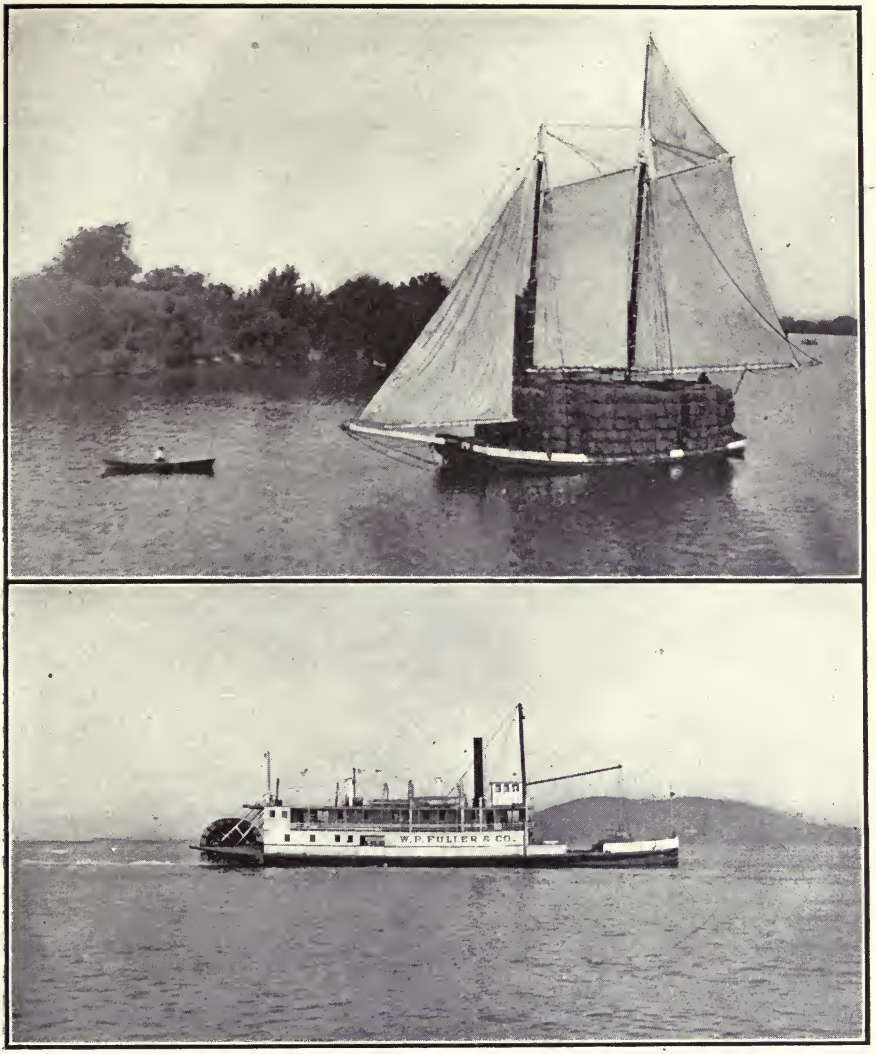
What a noble sheet of water is the bay of St. Francis! It is comparable in every respect but size to the Inland Sea of Japan. Yet it is the latter rather than the former that has been lauded by travelers, until the impression has gone abroad that the Inland Sea "is replete with charms which not only fascinate the beholder, but which linger in the memories of the absent like visions of a glorious past." San Francisco Bay—with its cool airs, its equable climate, its ocean breezes, its ever-changing panoramas of land and

water, of clouds and deep blue sky, its surface dotted with islands and traversed by the commerce of every nation, its shores overlooked by hills which in some places rise abruptly as wooded promontories from the water's edge, and in others recede to a distance of miles, their tones changing from the green of spring to the yellow and brown of autumn—affords as striking a series of pictures, of combinations produced by man and nature, as can be found anywhere around the Pacific.

The situation of San Francisco is analogous to that of New York; a commodious harbor, lying at the seaward end of the national outlet from the interior. In order to appreciate the importance of the bay, and its relation to the rest of the State, it is necessary to know the "lay of the land." Northern California consists of a great central plain, five hundred miles long by fifty wide, lying between the broad slopes of the Sierras on the one side and the lower, but more complex folds of the Coast Range on the other. At one point, and one only, the ring of mountains has been broken —cut down to sea level. That point is at the bay. On the east side of the valley the Sierras climb slowly until they rise to peaks covered with eternal snow, from which descend streams to join the rivers that drain the interior valley. Far back in the history of our planet, the combined water sought an outlet, and found it in the Coast Range at a point near the center of the State. Here the ridges narrow and sink to hills a few hundred feet in height, and here the waters carved a passage through which they escaped, to wind across the broad, almost level expanse where now we find the bay of St. Francis, and finally to reach the Pacific through the gap in the hills we now know as the Golden Gate. But thousands of years ago, perhaps in the time of the first of the thirty dynasties which history tells us reigned over Egypt, a colossal earthquake must have shaken California, in comparison with which those of to-day are mere shivers. Down sank the coast three hundred feet, and the sea rushed in, surrounding the hills, inundating the valleys, and surging far into the interior of the State.

Pouring through the pass which the combined streams had carved in the Coast Range, the ocean formed a broad bay in the very heart of the central valley. There it lay—a far-reaching placid expanse of salt water, spreading to north and south for scores of miles. But the streams from the hills never ceased flowing. The mountain torrents, pouring down the flanks of the Sierras, went on with their work, bringing the gravel and alluvium down from the higher levels, and piling in the shallow water the materials which they had ground out of the mountains; and they have been at it ever since. Slowly the alluvial deposits have encroached on the salt water, until to-day the rivers wind through a multiplicity of channels lying between low "islands" which have been built up from the river mud. However, the work of "silting in" is not yet complete. Just east of the Coast Range hills, there still remains a fragment of the old stretch of salt water. It is known as Suisun Bay. It is bordered by broad shallows, overgrown with a species of reed known as the tule. The tules serve to catch the sediment and hasten the work of deposition.

We are now approaching the straits of Carquinez, where the steamer's course changes from north to east. This is the channel which in prehistoric times the streams carved through the hills. It lies to-day an unmistakable river valley, but deeply flooded from side to side with salt water. It is the gap through which of necessity the products of the interior must come to reach the sea. Here, where ship and rail and river meet, can be found an epitome of California's industries. The oil refinery, the sugar refinery, the smelter, the grain warehouse, the tannery—all these are represented. Here come the minerals from the mines of the Sierras to be



1. A hay schooner on one of the lazy reaches of the Sacramento River.
2. A small stern-wheeler entering the mouth of the river.

smelted, the output of the oil wells to be refined, and the products of farm and vineyard to be shipped abroad, while at the narrowest point are strung across the wires which bring the hydro-electric power from the mountains to the metropolis.

Besides the heavy black hulls of ocean steamers may be seen the lofty spars of sailing vessels, as they unload sugar from the Hawaiian Islands or load grain for Europe. Along a narrow ledge, cut at the foot of the hills, runs the railway, in full view of which ply shallow-draft river steamers, each propelled by a single huge wheel placed at the stern. More antiquated than these are the square-ended scow-schooners, their decks piled high with the hay they bring from farms far up the rivers. The varied types of transportation and of industry unite in producing a kaleidoscopic picture. The whistle of the locomotive is answered by the hoarse bellow of the deep-sea freighter, while sea breezes bring up

the bay from the brine of the ocean the tang of the salt.

With the tide behind us, we ran up the channel, skirting the southern shore at a distance of perhaps two hundred yards. To the eye of my friend Baker, the succession of scenes —first the oil refinery, next the smelter, located on a bench at the foot of picturesquely rounded hills, next the sugar refinery, with its ships and steamers fresh from the Hawaiian Isles, succeeded by the grain sheds and a great ferry by which the transcontinental trains are transported from shore to shore—all these were to him a series of busy, animated and entertaining pictures; that and nothing more. But in the mind of the writer, a native of San Francisco, they awoke a hundred recollections. They seemed to contain a history of the industrial development of the State. My thoughts ran back over a period of more than thirty years to the late '70's, when Stevenson crossed those straits on his way to Silverado, when he wrote: "Thither, across the Atlantic and Pacific deeps and round about the icy Horn, this crowd of great three-masted, deep-sea ships come, bringing nothing, and return with bread."

The days of gold, which formed the first period in the industrial history of the State, I could not remember, for they were before my time. But of the days of wheat, which made the second chapter, my memory could furnish many reminiscences. When those began, as Frank Norris says, "The news that wheat had been discovered in California was passed from mouth to mouth. Practically it amounted to a discovery. Dr. Glenn's first harvest of wheat in Colusa County, quietly undertaken, but suddenly realized with dramatic abruptness, gave a new matter for reflection to the thinking men of the New West. California suddenly leaped unheralded into the world's market as a competitor in wheat production. In a few years her output of wheat exceeded the value of her output of gold."

The grain was in great demand, freights ruled high, ships crowded to San Francisco from all quarters of the globe to carry cargoes around Cape Horn to Europe. This led to an oversupply of ships, which grew until a vessel must needs wait in the bay ten or twelve months before securing a charter. Thirty years ago, groups of tall sailing ships swinging idly at their anchors, waiting for engagement, were among the characteristic sights of San Francisco Bay; the iron hulls of the Britishers showing broad stretches of red paint, the wooden hulls of Americans lifting high the green of copper sheathing. They had their regular points of rendezvous, at which they might assemble. There they lay idle, while the ground was being broken, the seed sown, the crop raised, the grain harvested, and finally sent down the river to the ship.

Next, conditions changed. The demand for ships exceeded the supply. Vessels were chartered "prior to arrival," while they were still lying in the docks of London or of Liverpool. Filling their hulls with consignments of bricks or lime, Portland cement or Cardiff coal, they started on the voyage of four or five months to San Francisco, while the wheat waited for them, not they for the wheat as in former days. But they did not come with empty holds, as Stevenson imagined. A favorite voyage was that around the world, the ship carrying merchandise from England to Australia, coal from Australia to California, and wheat from California to old England. Twenty years ago, the annual grain fleet from the Pacific Coast counted three hundred and sixty-five ships. Each day on an average one square-rigger set sail, carrying a cargo of from two thousand to five thousand tons. Of the three hundred and sixty-five, three hundred passed out through the Golden Gate. In those days, San Francisco Bay might be described as the home of the sailing ship. Those which came for grain formed only a fraction of the total number that crowded the wharves. Fleets of square-riggers brought coal from Van-

A country home beneath the eucalypti on the river bank.

couver Island. Other fleets brought lumber from Washington. Besides these were the schooners and barkentines bringing sugar from the Hawaiian Isles. The city front was literally a "forest of masts." With the whole interior of the hull from top to bottom, from end to end, clear space for the stowage of cargo; with no space taken up by expensive boilers and machinery; no space occupied by coal bunkers; their power the free winds of Heaven, those old sailing ships held their own for many a day. But conditions changed once more. The tramp steamers broke into the field. Freights went down; more grain went overland by rail; less and less was shipped by water, until to-day the volume that is being sent to Europe by the old Cape Horn route is a mere fraction of what it was. All this ran through my mind as we passed the long grain sheds of Port Costa, where the sacks of wheat are piled awaiting shipment.

Other sights we saw told of still another epoch, that of the present, which may be said to have commenced with the twentieth century, namely that of oil and electricity. These came to the front as gold and wheat retired to the background. For fifty years, California had been handicapped by lack of fuel. Practically, the State possesses no coal, which was brought in from all directions; some from England, more from Australia, but most from Vancouver Island. For nearly fifty years it had been known that the State contained great deposits of petroleum, but of a nature different from that of the Eastern oil, and as a result it was not utilized. Finally the proper method of using it was learned, and immediately the State became its own fuel supplier. For all manufacturing and industrial purposes, coal went out and oil came in. About the same time the power furnished by the mountain streams of the Sierras was made available by electric transmission, until a writer could say: "Of all the great transmission systems in this or any other country, that centering around San Francisco stands pre-eminent." He

was able to add: "The Pacific Gas & Electric Company is the greatest hydro-electric transmission system in existence." A new era had dawned, and when we passed beneath those wires which, at a height of three hundred feet, carry power across the straits, we saw the evidence of it.

By this time we had passed through the narrows, and had entered the estuary known as Suisun Bay, where the water is half fresh, half salt. The long flat stretches of the interior were opening before us. To the south lay the yellow stubble of wheat fields, dominated by the high, conical bulk of an old volcanic peak, which the Spaniards named Monte Del Diablo—Devil's Mountain. The writer will not soon forget a summer spent camping and tramping at the foot of that mountain. Few trees are native to those lowlands. Then what a relief it was, when walking along the hot, dusty roads on which the blazing July sun beat with all its fervor, to enter on a stretch bordered by tall, leafy elms, which interlocked their branches above the way, converting it into a cool, shady tunnel through which the summer breezes feebly filtered, lulling the senses to delight. That dry dusty wheat country forms as strong a contrast as need be to the region north of our steamer's track—the broad border band of the tule marshes.

In that debatable district, where land is being formed but has not yet appeared above the surface of the water, there lie hundreds of square miles of marsh, overgrown with the reeds known as tules. It would seem as though it were utterly worthless; as a matter of fact, much of it commands fifty dollars an acre. This is due to the system of gun clubs and private preserves. In those marshes hundreds of hunting lodges can be found, each surrounded by its private preserves, where the owners reserve the right of shooting the sprig, mallard, greenwing and cinnamon teal that abound. The clubhouses are commodious and comfortable, some of them more pretentious than well equipped city residences. Windmills and pumping stations furnish water. Lighting plants, granaries, kennels, barns and every accessory required for comfort, convenience and utility are there. The eleven hundred acre tract, which constitutes the former duck shooting preserve of the late Herman Oelrichs, sold for forty thousand dollars. In Mr. Oelrichs' time, one could go out to the blinds in a dress suit and pumps, shoot ducks, and come back to the club house without any change of clothing being necessary, so convenient were the appointments.

Edging away to the north, we entered the river about mid-day. Dry land began to appear, and before long we were between the levees which guard the islands from overflow. The lunch hour had come and gone, and the afternoon was growing, when I missed my dear friend Baker, and started in search of him. In order to make it clear where I found him, a few words will be necessary in explanation of the internal arrangement of a stern-wheeler. The engines and boilers are placed on the lower deck, leaving a broad, open space for cargo. On the second deck, at the extreme forward end, is a smoking room; behind this comes the purser's office; next, the dining room, and last the ladies' cabin, a commodious apartment, paneled with photographs of California scenery, and furnished with deep rocking chairs. On the third deck is a deck-house containing the state-rooms used by passengers making the trip at night, behind which is an open space the full width of the vessel, protected by a roof that shields it from sun and rain. This space is furnished with easy chairs and corresponds in a way to the platform at the rear of an observation car, although it is twenty times as large. It was here that I found my friend. He had his note book in hand, was chewing a pencil, and it soon transpired that the poetic muse had him in her clutches.

"Say, old man," he asked, "how about this line—stream of the wheat-farm, grove and—— What else do

they have on the Sacramento except wheat-farms and groves?"

"Short-horn cows," I suggested. "Stream of the wheat-farm, grove and short-horn cow."

"Bah! Bosh!" ejaculated Baker. "Why, the capital is on the Sacramento: I guess I'll make it capital. But give me something to go with this: 'journeying on the river's broad expanse, cares are no longer felt. They cannot stay.'"

I considered for a minute. "Journeying on the river's broad expanse, cares are no longer felt. They cannot stay. Let him who wishes travel by the rail; dusty and grimy comes the silly jay."

This time Baker employed stronger expletives than "bah" and "bosh," and I fled from the scene. Half an hour later he came running towards me, the proud gleam of authorship glittering in his eye. He insisted on reading the following lines:

"To the Sacramento.

"Stream of the wheat-farm, grove and capital;
Son of the springs on Shasta's snowy flanks.
We see your waters rolling their clear flood,
Sparkling between the green and sloping banks.
Boughs bend above the wavelets sweeping by,
Breezes bring perfume from the wild-flowers gay.
Journeying on the river's broad expanse,
Cares are no longer felt. They cannot stay.
Far in the distance rolls the railway train,
Hoarsely the monster bellows as it goes,
Rattling along the road with ceaseless din.
We, on the steamer's deck, enjoy repose.
Let those who must endure the dust and fume;
We reach refreshed at eve our journey's close."

"How in the world did you do it, Baker?" I asked.

"Oh, that's nothing," he replied, airily. "That's the sort of thing we learned to write at the University of Chicago."

It seemed from the sentiments expressed in my friend's sonnet that the journey was pleasing him. We were now far up the river. The bay breezes had been left behind. We were steeped in the golden glow, the languorous warmth of the interior, its soft September haze dimming all the distance. The river had narrowed to a nearly uniform width of one hundred yards. We paddled steadily on, passing landing after landing, sometimes turning in at one for a moment, sometimes throwing the gang-plank on the wharf, only to drag it back and continue with a hoot of the whistle. The stern wheel stirred up a tremendous swell, which dashed in under the overhanging boughs of the sycamores and willows that cover the levee, without which all of this land would be overflowed every winter. The dykes rose about twenty feet above the water and were crowned by a roadway. From the upper deck it was possible to see over them, and catch glimpses of the broad, rich farm lands, stretching to the horizon. Trees seemed to be absent, except for those which had been planted around homes.

It was fascinating to sit there, on the highest deck, and watch the changing scenes. Here came perhaps some Hindoo laborers, distinguished by their dirty white turbans. Possibly one of them boasted a turban of brilliant yellow, its gaudy Oriental tone contrasting with his high American boots. As soon as they were out of sight, we might catch up with a pair of country girls on horseback, on their way to one of the old-fashioned ferry scows, which are swung across the stream by the force of the current. Or a great blue heron would rise from the brush and flap slowly across the river. The farther up stream we progressed, the more picturesque became the homes along the banks. How dis-

tinctly I recall one which is located on the eastern shore about twenty miles below Sacramento. It is built in the old-fashioned California style —a square frame construction of three stories, crowned by a dark Mansard roof, which contrasts with the white walls. Two great live-oaks stand before the premises, and, as the steamer passes, they open for an instant to afford a glimpse of that home, framed in their foliage. Before the wide steps which lead to the entrance lies the brilliant green of a lawn, while on the northern side a line of gigantic California fan palms stand guard. The age of the trees, the old-fashioned style of architecture, as different as possible from that of the modern bungalow, the general tone of the place, carries one back to the days of thirty years ago.

As my friend and I sat there, watching those ever-changing scenes, we could not help wondering why it is that, while the shelves of our libraries are loaded with books describing every nook and corner of the world, so few volumes treat of the world's great rivers. The Danube, the Nile, the Yangtze, the Mississippi—how few and how inadequate are the accounts of travel on their waters. And yet it is only when we journey by river steamer that we can realize to its fullest extent the meaning of the expression, "the pleasures of travel." A voyage by ocean steamer is inseparable from the inconveniences occasioned by the motion of the vessel, which renders many miserable through seasickness. A railroad journey is dirty, tiresome and confining. Travel on an inland waterway possesses all the features which render travel entertaining, while the discomforts are minimized.

But it is the remote and inaccessible which seem to inspire the imagination of man, and they continue to do so even after their secrets have been solved. How many noble passages in our English literature have had for their theme the terrors of Cape Horn—how many have been inspired by its gloom and grandeur, its fury and turmoil, so remote from the rest of the world! How few in comparison have been inspired by the placid beauty of river scenery, by the quiet content and luxury of river travel!

Our journey began to draw to a close. It had commenced in the bay, where we started from a point surrounded by peopled heights and far-stretching suburban cities, a region of intense commerce and industry, where centers the life of all Northern California; it had led us through the narrows of Carquinez, into the shallow water, surrounded by tule marshes, the home of the duck hunter; it had taken us in sight of those lines of grim black skeleton towers which march across the country to carry electricity from the lonely canyons of the Sierras to the busy communities of the bay; it had brought us up the river between the broad, flat islands, built of rich alluvial mud, the richest agricultural land in the State. And now, as our steamer steams on past landings and farms, Sacramento appears on the right. A succession of emphatic blasts from the steam whistle summon the bridge keeper to open the draw. The long bridge slowly swings, pivoted on its central pier. We paddle through the opening, past the houseboats moored on either side, and tie up at the river bank. An elevator slides down from somewhere above to the level of the lowest deck. The passengers enter, and are lifted to the top of the wharf. A moment more and the city has received us.

* * *

In the heart of the city of Sacramento stands the State Capitol. It is a survival of the good old days when man knew how to plant as well as build; when men appreciated the fact that, just as a beautiful jewel should have an appropriate setting, so a noble edifice should be surrounded by suitable grounds. To-day, more elegant and costly public buildings are erected and are allotted no more land than what they cover. But when the Capitol at Sacramento was planned, a

park was also planned in which to place it. All around stretches as exquisite a combination of lawn and flower and shrub and tree as ever delighted the heart of man.

The arrangement before the building is in striking contrast to that behind. In front, the garden is of the strictly formal type. The edge of the sidewalk has been planted with a row of large California fan palms, each as nearly as possible a replica of its neighbor, standing in serried array like a rank of soldiers at attention. Just inside of the iron railing which borders the grounds, a line of Italian pine trees is placed. Parallel to them stands a line of cedar trees; next a line of Italian cypress; then a line of orange trees, paralleled by a line of stiff magnolias, and finally by another line of Italian cypress, each of which has been trained and trimmed into the most correct cylindrical proportions; the walks, the flower beds, everything, laid out on a rigid mathematical plan.

Behind the building, the arrangement is as different as can be. There we find the landscape type of gardening; broad vistas of soft green grass, through which wind shady walks bordered by great leafy elms that almost eclipse the tall fan palms planted between them. The prevailing tone of green is offset by an occasional circle of flaming scarlet lilies, or many-colored petunias.

As Charles Laurence Baker stood on the broad steps of the State Capitol and gazed around him at that wealth of flowers and verdure, he decided that the journey had been worth while. There let us leave him.

MOUNT TACOMA

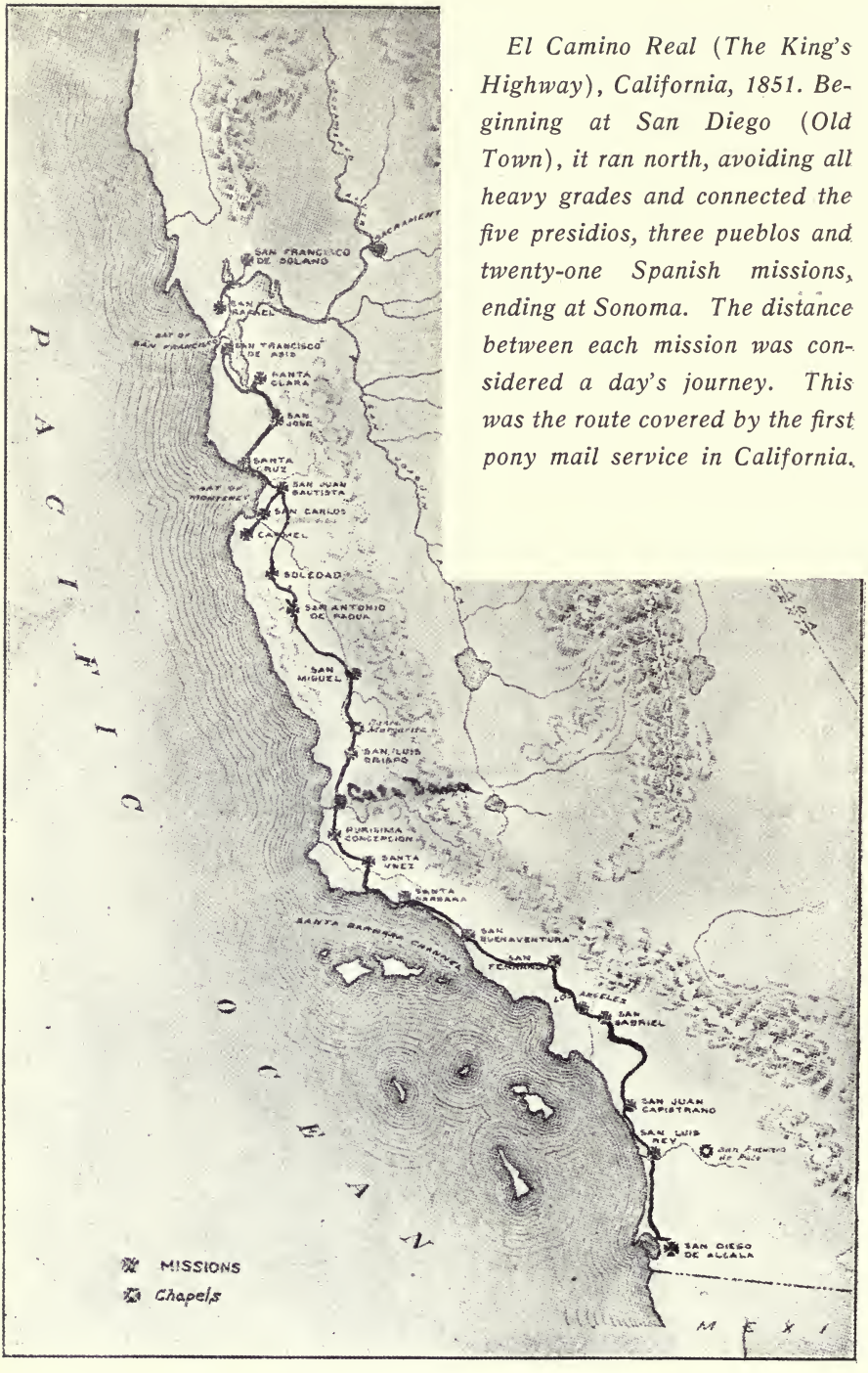
Imperial mount of worthy fame,
How like unto great Nature's breast
You nourish all the mighty West
With all the magic of your name.

In what a forge of fire and heat
Was reared your massive rocky cone,
That left you matchless, and alone,
With mighty hills about your feet?

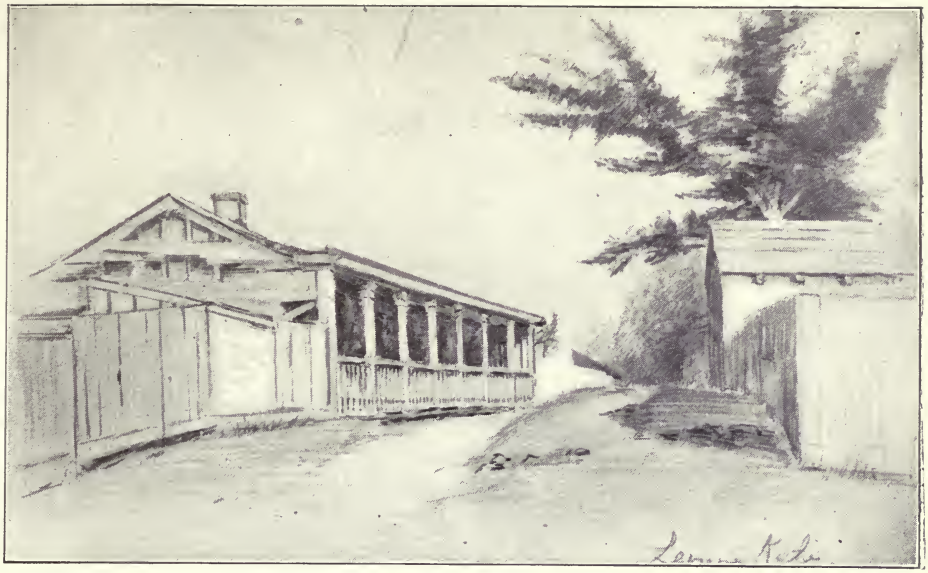
What words can paint you as you stand,
Can picture sunset tints that glow
About your crown of mist and snow?
Ah, that would take some master-hand.

It is for us who know you best
To love each changing, splendid view,
And make our life-long pledge to you,
Majestic mountain of the West.

C. G.



El Camino Real (The King's Highway), California, 1851. Beginning at San Diego (Old Town), it ran north, avoiding all heavy grades and connected the five presidios, three pueblos and twenty-one Spanish missions, ending at Sonoma. The distance between each mission was considered a day's journey. This was the route covered by the first pony mail service in California.



Governor Alvarado's house, Detura street, Monterey, then capital of California.

THE FIRST MAIL ROUTE IN CALIFORNIA AND DANA'S RANCH

By W. J. Handy

THE FIRST regular mail route in California was put in operation by the following order as it appeared in Colton's Californian of April 10, 1847:

"Monterey, April 1, 1847.

"Arrangements for transporting the mail between San Diego and San Francisco to commence on Monday, the 19th April, 1847.

"To be carried on horseback by a party to consist of two soldiers.

Starting every other Monday from San Diego and San Francisco, the parties to meet at Captain Dana's Ranch the next Sunday to exchange mails; start back on their respective routes the next morning, and arrive at San Diego and San Francisco on the Sunday following, and so continuing. The mail will thus be carried once a fortnight from San Francisco, and from San Francisco to San Diego.

"From San Diego the mail will arrive at San Luis Rey, Monday evening. At the Pueblo de los Angeles, Wednesday noon. At Santa Barbara, Friday

evening. At Monterey, Thursday evening. At San Francisco, Sunday evening.

"From San Francisco the mail will arrive at Monterey, Wednesday evening; at Captain Dana's Ranch, Sunday evening; at Santa Barbara, Tuesday evening; at the Pueblo de Los Angeles, Friday noon; at San Luis Rey, Saturday evening; at San Diego, Sunday evening.

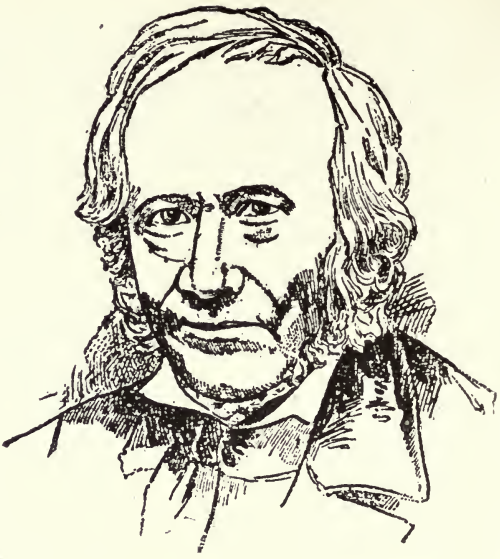
"Letters and papers carried free of expense.

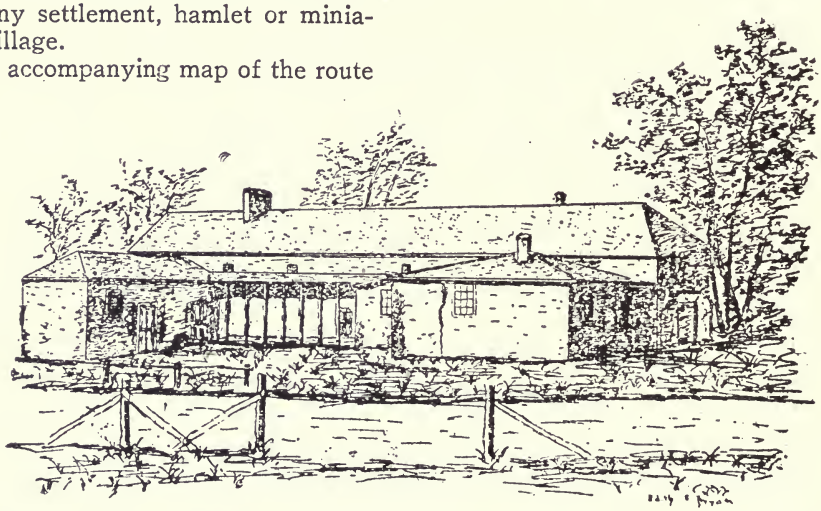
"By order of Brigadier-General
"S. W. KEARNY.

"H. S. TURNER, Capt. A. A. A. Gen'l."

The order does not mention all the Missions en route, but there is no doubt that a stop was made at each one; for it was only at these places that there was any settlement, hamlet or miniature village.

The accompanying map of the route





1. Captain Wm. G. Dana. 2. The Dana homestead, located between San Luis Obispo and Purisima Conception on El Camino Real, and about halfway between San Diego and San Francisco.

does not show the long, lonesome, barren stretches, rugged hills to climb, rocky canyons to cross, and rivers without bridges. Hardly a road all the way, more frequently only a trail or bridle path. And what was the pay for this arduous service? In the saddle ten hours a day, week in and out, a private soldier only received his uniform and eight dollars per month. Not exactly a "Star Route" as generally known to-day.

The arrival of the mail carrier brought messages and news from Alta and Baja regions—what ships had arrived, what passengers, what was doing at San Diego, Los Angeles, Monterey, San Francisco, at the Missions and along the road; for under his broad sombrero was carried the contents of

The old Estrada house, Pacific street, Monterey, Cal.

a weekly newspaper, to be read by inquiry and without a subscription.

This being the first regular mail route in California, it must also be credited as the first free rural delivery route in the United States. But think of mail taking fourteen days in transit when the same journey is now made in an almost equal number of hours, and complaint is made if the expected letters or daily papers are delayed even a short time.

The meeting place of the two carriers was at Dana's Ranch, and a brief description of this place will be interesting. I am indebted to Mr. H. C. Dana, son of the captain, and born and brought up at the ranch-home, for

The first theatre in California, built at Monterey.

Ruins of one of the old pony route stations.

information concerning most of this article. He tells me he remembers the arrival of the mail and knew the carriers. It was an event of greater interest to him than boys of to-day take in the daily visits of the mail, and, boy-like, he wished the day would come when he could ride and carry mail.

William G. Dana was born in Bos-

An old landmark. Bake oven of an abandoned Mexican ranch.

A motor of the early settlers in California when the mail was carried on horseback.

The period of the first regular mail carried by two soldiers on horseback along El Camino Real, connecting the early California missions, was followed by the most famous vehicle of the Western pioneers, the stage.

ton, 1797. Having a good education, he was sent, while a young man, by an uncle who was engaged in trade in the Pacific waters on a trip which took him first to China, where he remained two years; then to the Sandwich Islands, where he remained some time as a buyer and shipper. From there, in command of his own ship, he arrived at Santa Barbara in 1820. So delighted was he with the country that, disposing of his vessel, he engaged in business and became a permanent resident.

In 1828 he married Josepha Carrillo, daughter of Governor Don Carlos Carrillo. In 1835 he applied for and came into possession of the Nipomo Ranch, which was afterwards patented to him by the United States.

It was a lordly domain of 5,800 acres. (If you are curious as to its limits, figure it out—640 acres being a mile square.) This ranch extended from the ocean to the mountains. Not all agricultural land, but surely enough in those days of early living. The dwelling house, large and roomy, with the usual court, or *patio*, was built in the early thirties, and, while its material was of adobe, it stands to-day in excellent condition.

For many years it was the only dwelling between San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara, the stopping place for all travelers—for Captain Dana was widely known, with his kind, courteous manner and open-hearted hospitality. And what a place for a rest, with its large herds of cattle and sheep, and horses running wild and uncounted! The house was so situated that a view was had for miles in either direction. There were servants to anticipate every possible want, and all was contented and happy.

The Mexican Governors and their escorts, revolutionary leaders of either party, Mission Fathers, Indians, no matter who came, all were welcome, and no charge made. The latch-string hung out day and night, for Captain

A common sight along the route of the first California mail rider of '51.

Some of the native sons of that day.

Dana was an American and neutral as to political events.

Fremont was several times a guest. Army officers en route between stations were often there. At one time a party of English scientists made a home there for a month, exploring and collecting specimens, leaving with many regrets at departure.

On one occasion, Fremont, on one of his rapid rides, came to the ranch with a company of about sixty men, and, being in a strenuous hurry, made known his need of a change of horses, dismounted, turned his own jaded horses loose, and with lariat captured others from Captain Dana's herd and rode on—all in a few moment's time.

In 1848 the steamer Edith was wrecked nearby. Captain Dana took officers and crew to his home, entertaining them for a considerable time. Just before their departure, knowing their needs (for the wreck had left

them sadly destitute), he put a sum of money in each room, sufficient to meet their expenses to their homes. It was done so politely it could not be taken as an act of ostentatious charity. A guide and horses were furnished to take them to Monterey, where a vessel could be found to carry them to their destination.

An amusing story is related of a band of Tulare Indians who stopped at the ranch on the way to the beach to gather strawberries. They were fed and had the use of the barns for lodgings. On their return trip the Indians were in breech-clouts, having filled their trousers and shirts with berries for Mrs. Dana. The thank-offering was accepted with courtesy and *Mucha Gracias*, as the narrator says, "No matter what she did with the gift when they were gone."

Casa de Dana was one of the houses where a welcome was without limit in the good old ranchero days, when the great land owners were lords of the country. Old settlers delighted to recount the good times they used to have with *El Capitan Dana*, and his equally hospitable wife and family. For a visit in those days was not simply a formal call, but was often extended a week or more, and, with hunting, fishing and other entertainments, made an occasion to be remembered and repetition of it wished for.

In 1823, when in need of a vessel for the coast trade, Captain Dana undertook to build one near Santa Barbara, where Elwood now stands. It was a difficult task in those days, where there was not a machine-shop or saw-mill this side of the Missouri River. Mechanics were scarce, and so were tools. The timbers for the vessel were either hewn with an adze or sawed by hand. A long trench was dug; over this trench a log would be rolled, and one man below the log and another on top would work with a long saw from end to end until the plank or timber was completed. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, and with the aid of sailors who had drifted to this coast, a beautiful schooner was built and named "La Fama." It was famous, for it was the first vessel built in California, and its sturdy timbers did good service for many years.

When ready to be launched, and a day set for the occasion, the neighbors from far and near came over with their oxen, to the number of forty or more pairs, under the belief that it would require that many to move the vessel to the water. Their offer was declined with thanks, and when the natives saw the schooner sliding on the ways built, and liberally tallowed for the occasion, right into the stream they could not help admiring the Yankee ingenuity, and gave vent to their wonder and appreciation with cheers and Mexican expressions, impossible to be put into print. A dinner followed, and *El Capitan Dana* was called *Bueno Americano*.

This article could easily be extended many times its length with matter relative to this historic place, and its princely proprietor.

Captain Dana died in 1858, leaving a large family, many of whom still reside within the limits of the old ranch.

CALIFORNIA

Where Nature, in a joyous, generous mood,
Is prodigal of cheer and ever good,
In gladness turning water into wine,
Forgetting tears, and all resolved to shine,
How genial, kindly, quickening and rare,
Her months of happy sunshine and sweet air!

CHRISTOPHER GRANT HAZARD.

Japanese fishwife, with her babe strapped on her back.

The Industrial Side of the Alien Land Law Problem

By Percy L. Edwards

TO THE uninitiated the attitude of the Japanese government and the Japanese people in directing their resentment, over the passing of what are known as anti-alien land laws, particularly at California, is more or less a puzzle, while other States, other parts of this country, have adopted such legislation, such action has not drawn forth anything like this bitter resentment on the part of the Japanese.

The inquiring reader may find the source of this different feeling towards us in the pages of this story of the "Land of Sunshine."

The tale of industrial complications west of the Rocky Mountains is the tale of the active Jap from his advent into this country to the present time. And this tale involves the doings of these active people both inside and outside the centers of population, from the pine forests and saw-mills of Oregon and British Columbia, the fisheries of the Northwest, down through the fertile valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, including the rich vineyards and deciduous fruit regions of those valleys, into the land of the orange and lemon far to the south. In some localities these active people concentrate and make their abiding place. From this center they are sent out under the management of a boss or contractor, as he likes to be called. They set up camp in the midst of the vine-clad fields of Fresno, and the prune and peach orchards of Tulare County, and when the season of these fruits is over, they migrate to the south as unerringly as the birds, though for a different purpose.

The hop fields of the north pay tribute to their activities; the rich valleys to the south give up their treasures in response to their efforts, and the market is furnished with vegetables of all sorts. They lease the lands, and when they have got the best out of

these lands, they lease other lands, thus making their rotation, seldom if ever making any effort to aid fertility of the soil or any permanent improvement. Only this past year a shrewd Japanese of the merchant class leased some of the most desirable lands in the heart of the San Joaquin River valley, and colonizing the same with numbers of his countrymen, planted a large acreage to potatoes. Cunningly combining with several dealers in Fresno, the potato market was cornered. Fancy prices followed, and if you got the potatoes you paid the price. By this operation alone one hundred thousand dollars, it is claimed, went into the pocket of this particular Jap. Unaccountable as it seems to us, the raising of vegetables and garden truck of all kinds in California is left to the Chinese and Japanese. The Chinese being first on the ground, have gained a hold not easily loosened by the more active Jap. The Chinese laborers were brought into this country before the Exclusion Act of some thirty years ago, and Chinese laborers being known as steady, honest and unpretending, were brought here and quartered on the big ranches and lordly estates which still existed, reminders of the semi-feudal days of Spanish rule. Like the slave-holding class of the South before the war, the owners of these great ranches were lords of the manor and the Chinese willing serfs. They were, in their contented nature, like the negroes of the South. They kept their place in the social problem, and no questions of sensitive nature and of national pride were raised. But the Act of Exclusion put an end to the supply of laborers from the Flowery Kingdom. Then followed the ubiquitous Jap, whose natural taste for acquisition was increased by the stories of his countrymen who were first sent to this country to be educated in our schools and colleges. Encouraged by favorable treaty provisions and the alluring attractions of the Golden West, all classes of the society of this crowded Island Empire of the Pacific, have sought our western shore in such numbers that, at the present time, in California, one-fifth of the working population is Japanese. But the Jap did not come to take the place of the Chinaman. His employer was soon made to learn this. His proud race extraction and natural sensitiveness inclined him to something better in the social and industrial world. Potentially, he, the Jap, was to be regarded as an industrial king. And he proceeded to "make good" in the fields of the great ranches and the centers of business activity. Thus the Jap has shown to us that he did not come to labor as the man from China, the native or the white man. He desires a contract in writing for all his undertakings, the price named and cunningly adjusted to the conditions as to available labor in the particular neighborhood where the work is to be done, and excluding all other labor than that provided by him. In this manner the Jap contractor has forced other labor out of the field in some sections of the fruit belt, and has then demanded and been granted leases of the orchards on a share plan. A company is formed which takes over this lease and promotes the industry along Japanese lines—a sort of community of interest plan. In case of the refusal of a rancher to allow himself to be promoted in this way he is simply let alone so effectually by all the available help that he is forced to make terms with these little brown men, as were the Russians. A bloodless battle but a complete victory. The cunning, smiling Jap is the best union man in the business, and there is nothing doing for the lordly rancher with a big crop on his hands and the Japs in control of the labor supply.

Up in the valley of the Sacramento, in Solano County, near the bay, was once a prosperous town in the garden spot of this great valley. The pride of its people was in the town of Vacaville, and it grew and prospered because of its valuable products of peaches, pears, apricots and prunes. It was considered a desirable place to live, and was surrounded by ranches

owned and operated by the occupants, white people. Now this section is practically in the hands of the Japanese. The once beautiful ranch homes are in the hands of Japanese, not, it is true, owned by them, but occupied by them under leases such as have been referred to heretofore. The Japs have practically driven away all other classes of laborers, and whereas labor was before obtained at reasonable rates, now it is much higher. While not appearing to be bound by the rules of any organization similar to the American union, their action in any controversy between a contractor and the employer is both systematic and effectual. In order to get a job where there is competition, a contractor accepts the work at a low figure, and puts a force at work. Then having got rid of the competition of labor, the Jap contractor cunningly devises some plan by means of which he is able to force the employer to pay more for help rather than have the work delayed or abandoned. For the Jap will break a contract with impunity if he is not making money under its terms. There is no quarreling about it. Simply smiling insistency for more, or a kowtowing leave-taking on his part. The unanimity of action when a "walk out" is declared leaves no room for doubt of the sentiment of his followers and their training in union ideals. When they quit they stay quit until satisfied, and no other argument will move them. Although the Jap is naturally active, it is only while working under a contract in which wages are proportioned to work accomplished and divided pro rata that his great activity is seen. Under ordinary circumstances he lags, and will not do as much as the white man from the East, the Scandinavian or Portuguese. Along the railways of the Northwest this characteristic is so well known that as a laborer in that field the Jap ranks under the Italian, and he is not desired.

In all these fields of operation, it may be mentioned, the common white laborer is not protected by any union, but he is subject to the law of supply and demand. The cohesiveness of the Japanese nature gives him the strength of the well governed union. Aided by great natural cunning, he avails himself of existing conditions quickly, and underbidding at first, gets hold of the field. However, he is not dependable. This statement does not mean to apply to all the Japanese in America, as that would be doing an injustice to many now in business and other walks of life of high integrity and respectability. But it does apply to the Japanese as an industrial class. They will repudiate a contract with impunity, if the balance sheet shows them to be on the losing side, or if the results do not come up to their expectations, and they cannot persuade the employer to do better. They will not get down to hard work under a foreman when working for stated wages, as do the Chinese, Portuguese, Italians and white labor generally. This is not because they are less able to work, but grows out of the spirit of ambitious desire exhibited alike by the white American laborer, whose ideas along these lines have been developed by our common school system. This spirit renders them restless and unsteady, and withal a menacing of the industrial conditions of the western country.

Except in such work as requires natural physical agility, all employers of labor in the West agree that the Jap is not equal to any of the classes mentioned above. He seems to lack in mental ability wherever tested, as in places where machinery is used in the saw mills and shingle mills of Oregon and Washington. And he is no longer trusted in these places except about work where no knowledge of machinery is needed. The Jap resembles the Mexican in this respect, and is apt to injure himself and others where trusted with machinery. While the Northwest country has attracted many of the subjects of the Mikado to its forest-skirted shores where the buzzing saw and whistle of the log train are accompaniments to every-day busy life, the strenuous life of the woodsman is not seductive to the Jap, and he natu-

A prominent street in the Oriental quarter, San Francisco.

Types in the Oriental quarter.

rally gravitates to the town and its allurements to lighter labor. The cohesive character of the race more than a sense of national isolation brings them together here, and the restaurant and inevitable billiard-hall prove prolific and easy sources of income. But the restaurant and billiard hall are not the only sources of income. The contractor is a petty merchant, with ambition to do more than merely hold the trade of his countrymen, and therefore he goes out after American trade.

At Vacaville the disposition to extend trade relations into the territory of the Americans is plainly seen. In their town quarters they have their own stores for general merchandise, a bank, billiard halls, restaurants, and mission.. In this colony the head man is the banker. He keeps for sale in his department store everything needed by his countrymen, from a paper of pins to a mowing machine, and it is safe to say that his countrymen do not patronize the American shops for anything he has. On the contrary, this Jap merchant solicits trade from the white settlers in the outlying districts and camps. For this trade he uses five or six delivery wagons, and picks up a large amount of trade, so it is said. Occupying cheap quarters and living cheaply, these merchants cunningly offer to accept smaller profits and thus undersell

Type of the Chinese retail merchant, San Francisco.

the Americans. In spite of popular feeling, these traders from the land of the chrysanthemum are doing store business with many of the poorer whites, and often with the better class. And in the single item of potatoes this past year or so, there were many good Californians of the San Joaquin Valley who had to swallow their chagrin with their potatoes. Three cents a pound for potatoes is a pretty penny even on this Coast. But this may result in good to the Californian if it induces him to raise his own potatoes as he should do, although on account of peculiar conditions in agricultural operations on this Coast, that result hardly seems likely. Agricultural operations, in California at least, run to specialties. At first grain and stock raising, then fruits—deciduous fruits in the north, semi-tropical fruits in the south. Dairying in favored sections of the Sacramento Valley, and the sugar beet in those sections where there exists a maximum of moisture. Up to present times, the raising of berries of all sorts and garden truck has been left to the Chinese, but the Japs are now invading the field and crowding the Chinaman hard. The Jap is a great squatter. He is built near the ground and is as agile as a monkey.

Fresno seems to be a land of promise for the Oriental. This is a city of modern ideas and goodly proportions, situated in the heart of the great valley of the San Joaquin River, midway

Mr. S. Asano, one of the prime factors in the business development of Japan, and a typical commercial magnate of that country. Mr. Asano periodically visits the United States to keep in touch with trade conditions.

between Los Angeles and San Francisco. Here are the great grape vineyards which send their supply of raisins and wines into all the world. Here the Jap finds congenial employment. His stature fits him for the sort of work required in picking and handling the grapes and raisins. The Chinese had done this work until the Jap came along. As usual he drove the Chinaman to the wall. The white laborer was not so easily disposed of. But even here near this center of population, dotted with the homes of the laboring class, the irrepressible Jap succeeded in forcing from a day system of wages to the contract system, and here he has gained the same reputation for disregarding his agreements as he has in other sections. The Jap will work with the same energy that he used in pushing the war against Russia if the effort is likely to pay well, but let anything occur to indicate that he may lose, and a demand is generally made on the employer to adjust the terms of the contract to meet the Jap's views, or he quits. The

Chinese contractor, like the white contractor, will stand for his contract. At least the latter would stay long enough to argue the matter.

In Fresno County the feeling has become so general that an organized plan is on foot to induce the unemployed laborers of the towns to do the work now done by Japanese. There is quite enough help now idle in these centers of population to do the work, and it is believed that by promising this work to the white help, employers will get all the help they need, and the money spent in paying such help will be in turn spent in buying provisions and other necessities from American merchants instead of from Japanese merchants and sending it abroad.

In the Pajaro Valley, Santa Cruz County, and partly in Monterey County, lying near to the Bay of Monterey, are rich bottom lands good for potatoes, sugar beets and strawberries, and here like conditions prevail. Watsonville, the center of this district, is overrun with Chinese and Japanese, and a very Monte Carlo of gambling and other vices exist near by the town. Here the Japanese alone number one thousand, and this number is added to from time to time. Upwards of a score of fan-tan houses run wide open and unlicensed. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and the Japanese are like unto them. In this instance, however, the Chinese prove the winners. The people of Watsonville have tried to squelch this incubus. But the lid will not stay on. Receiving support from the few morally oblique and money-loving citizens of the community, these places exist and prosper. The worst is not told of these places of Oriental coloring. It is said with a great degree of truth that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. From all surface indications, at least, it should be admitted that if the people of either of these nationalities concerned with this Oriental Monte Carlo are ever invited to citizenship in our country, there should be no restriction imposed on the people of any other nationality in the world.

The southern counties of California and the city of Los Angeles are as Paradise to the Chinese and Japanese. Among the orange and lemon groves of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, in the beautiful foothills of those sections, these Oriental people have pitched their tents and erected their characteristic temporary homes. The Japanese especially have taken a strong liking to this section, and it is safe to say there are now at least ten thousand Japs in these three counties. The Jap is found in nearly all fields of industry in the city of Los Angeles, not only in his own section of the city, but throughout the American section he is found in all sorts of occupations. In the mercantile houses, hotels and factories. Not, it is true, occupying positions of skill and responsibility, but nevertheless places once filled by Americans, and such occupations as the American laborer in the East is pleased to get. The Jap is not found doing the really hard work, either. By some sort of mutual understanding, the white man still does the very hard work. What we mean by this term "white man" is a trifle hard to determine. It is not color nor character. By consent of those most concerned, in these parts, the term is not confined to citizens of this country. The Portuguese uses the term, and considers himself as belonging to that class. The Jap certainly thinks so. And ex-President Roosevelt says they are desirable citizens, and, of course, that makes the Japs "white men." And, again, he says that some men classed as white men and bona fide citizens of our country are "undesirable citizens," and consequently not belonging to the class of "white men." In this part of our common country the negro is called a "white man" and the Mexican is not. And there you have it. But there now seems to be forming an opinion on this coast that everybody is a "white man" but the Jap. This feeling is not race prejudice alone, if at all. The American people generally gave their sympathetic support to Japan during the Russo-Jap war as

everybody knows. It is rather a prejudice induced by contact with a people having very much the same ambitious spirit to expand commercially, and the same national pride, minus the same high regard for the contractural relation and the high ideals of social purity.

A short time ago the State Grange, voicing the sentiment of the people most concerned in the question of Chinese and Japanese help, resolved against any modification of the Exclusion Act. And this organization, together with the Fruit Growers' Convention, bitterly assailed the conditions where Japanese help was relied on, and the methods of the Jap in his labor relations was condemned by all, and much regret was expressed that white labor had abandoned the field to the Japanese.

Many reasons are advanced to account for this lack of American or white labor. Thousands of families of working people in the East are coming to the Pacific Coast every year; if we are to believe the statements published by the several railway companies whose roads lead to this coast. While many go to swell the population of the large towns, many more, necessarily, go to the country. Parts of California have a shifting population, but where families are concerned and means are limited, there must, of necessity, be a halt. The Americans as a class are home loving and home builders. Many come from the East to make homes along the Western coast. In the country between Pomona, in Los Angeles County, and Riverside and Redlands, in Riverside County, along the foothills, is a beautiful sweep of orange and lemon groves —and altogether a most inviting resting place to the hard-pressed little family which has come from a far-away home hoping and trusting to do better in these beautiful valleys nestling among the protecting mountains where summer always is. The chief industry of this section is that which has to do with oranges and lemons. When the head of the little household gets his family housed, he naturally

Where millions of small fish are dried in the sun by Japanese fishermen. The Japanese have driven the Chinese out of this business on the Pacific Coast, as they have in many other lines of work.

seeks work. At the packing houses, about the first of the year, he may find what he seeks. But here they have only places for a limited number, and the most of these laborers have interests in the orange groves or have been some time with the packing house and know something of the work. These packing houses run about five or six months in a year, but not continuously. The field of labor nearest to his hand is the orchard work. And here he finds trouble. The Japanese, with a few Chinese, are in possession of this field. Asking for work, our home-seeker from the East is informed that that ranch is provided with Japanese help contracted for through an agency or employment company, and that no other help may be used on this ranch because of the agreement with the Japanese contractor. This man with a little family depending upon his efforts, and who has come to this country to make a home for them, perhaps to buy a little piece of land and build a simple house to shelter them, is met with this to him unlooked-for condition, and is discouraged by the reception his efforts to get work meet with because of this condition of things. It would be conveying a wrong impression to say that this man, or the many like him, will not be given work where this Oriental condition is. There are ranchmen who will give this man work because he is a "white man," although others have been heard to remark that they would rather have the Japanese help, and would not hire any other. The situation of this man with his little family is this: he must have reasonably regular work to pay rent and support his family, while the Jap, as a rule, has no family depending upon him and pays no rent. Then the mode of living of the Jap is far below that of the American family from the East that has had the advantage of the refining influence of the common school system of this country. Our home-seeker looking for work among the orange and lemon groves of Southern California finds that this sort of work is irregular and interrupted, and as a result he can get but two or three days' work in a week. He is working alongside Japs, on the same job, and there are always enough of them to do the required work in two or three days. Then the "white man" must look for another job. These Japanese workers are hurried to another place two or three miles away, where the contractor has another contract with the rancher, and do the work required there, and thus kept going by their organized effort. They live in tents on some big ranch, where they are furnished water and sometimes free fuel, and paying no rent and living largely on rice and fish furnished through this same contractor, they have the American laboring man's chance discounted, and therefore he gives it up and goes where he can find better conditions. The writer has seen all this. In a ditch digging for water mains may be seen the "white man," while just across the street are a number of Japanese laborers, picking oranges, laughing and talking among themselves, and occasionally pausing to eat some of the fruit. The difference in the tasks of the two races is very apparent to any observer, and yet the pay is about the same in both cases. At the end of the day, the ditch workers, tired and worn out, walked home. The Japs jumped on their wheels and merrily departed for camp. Through the contractor in his office in town and the medium of the phone service, the Japs have taken almost absolute control of the labor operations of the orange and lemon sections of California and control the supply of laborers. Their method is as effective as any union, and it operates in a section outside the reach of the "white man's" union. But a few years ago, the writer has been informed, white labor with the aid of the few Chinese, expeditiously and thoroughly did all this work now in the control of the Japanese.

Why this thing is so is somewhat speculative. Certain it is, however, if the surplus white or American popu-

lation of the Pacific Coast towns could be induced to come into this territory under any reasonable arrangement and assured of the work, there would exist no reason for Oriental labor throughout these sections now dominated by the Japanese contract labor.

These Japanese camps get their provisions largely from their own merchants who are found all along this coast with stores of the same department character as the American store, furnishing everything of a mercantile nature. Wherever the Asiatics congregate in any number, there may be found the Japanese store, bank, restaurant and poolroom. Only the most simple of foods are needed by these active brown men of the camps. Fish, rice and molasses form the staples of their supplies. The average American family would not thrive on these foods, as we well know. His expenses being much more, he must have regular employment at fair wages to make both ends meet. Add to this his national ambition to make for himself a home somewhere, and his disadvantage, under such conditions as are fast forming on this Western coast, is easily understood. The labor necessary to be done in both the deciduous fruit orchards and the orange and lemon groves is much easier than a great deal of the work done by the American laborer.

The Japanese dress like the Americans; they use just such household goods and adopt the fads and fashions of Americans. That is the better class do this, but in so doing, as a rule, they trade with or through their own merchants. While this trait may be merely the showing of national spirit in a people socially segregated and barred from citizenship, it is very much more pronounced in the Japanese than any other nationality on this coast. In San Francisco this characteristic of the little brown men was shown soon after the recent earthquake and fire. Their quarters being destroyed, they immediately took measures to provide for their colony in compact mass. They sought a good section where the middle class of Americans, made up of small merchants, clerks and others, had their homes. The Japs acting in an organized body offered high rentals for these houses, and got them before the neighborhood really knew what was going on. Five blocks of three-storied houses, in each house of which upwards of fifty people are housed. In this colony, stores, hotels, billiard-halls, restaurants, play houses, a bank and all such places as go to make up a modern city, were provided for, even to the tenderloin district. American respectability, of which the middle class is the best exponent, did not view this Oriental invasion of the neighborhood with any degree of pleasure. The Jap is not so apt to make himself objectionable on account of drunkenness, although when he is drunk he is a very wild sort of individual. Gambling and immorality are the two great vices of both Chinese and Japanese. And to these the Japanese add moral obliquity in business relations. Hence the objection of American respectability to a near approach of a colony of such Oriental coloring.

A TRIOLET

If the gods were living yet,
I'd pledge a wreath to Venus
Of crimson roses, dewy wet,
If the gods were living yet.
Love's lips on mine to-night were set—
That no grief may come between us.
If the gods were living yet,
I'd pledge a wreath to Venus!

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.

A FAMINE IN THE LAND

By C. T. Russell, Pastor London and Brooklyn Tabernacles

"I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."—Amos 8:11.

TO-DAY this prophecy is fulfilled in our midst! Notwithstanding the fact that during the past century Bibles have been printed and circulated among the people by the million, and notwithstanding the fact that education has become general so that rich and poor, old and young, have the ability to read God's Word, nevertheless, we are in the midst of the very famine specified by the Prophet. It seems almost incredible that we should be famishing now with Bibles in our homes, when our saintly forefathers did not famish, though education was limited.

The secret lies in the fact that increasing intelligence on every hand has awakened our reasoning faculties along religious lines, and the result is the gnawing of hunger in our hearts. Our hearts and our flesh cry out for a living and a true God—a God greater than ourselves—more just, more powerful, more loving. Feeling our own impotency, we more than ever feel our need of the Friend above all others with a love that sticketh closer than a brother's.

Consequently we cannot find the rest and refreshment and comfort from the Scriptures which our forefathers derived. Consequently the young men and the purest of heart in the world are repelled by the religion of the past as represented in the creeds of all denominations. They are hungry for the Truth. They are thirsty for the refreshment which they need. Intellectually many are looking, wandering, from sea to sea, desiring the bread of life and the water of life. Scanning the creeds of all denominations, they find them practically alike as respects theories of eternal reprobation and damnation for all except the Elect, the saints. They are faint for lack of spiritual food and drink. They even look to the heathen and examine the Theosophy of India, the Buddhism of Japan and the Confucianism of China, seeking for some satisfying portion of Truth.

These are in some respects like the Prodigal Son—far from home. They perceive the swinish content with the husks of business, money, pleasure and politics, but their spiritual longings cannot be satisfied with the husks which the swine eat. They are thought peculiar because of their interest in spiritual things. They are misunderstood by their best earthly friends. They must learn that in their wanderings along the highways of science and world-religion they will never get satisfaction. There is a famine in every denomination, in every part of the world. No one thinks of looking to the Bible for refreshment and strength. The Higher Critics of all denominations have branded it unreliable. The professors in all the great colleges are reprobating the Bible and openly laugh at the thought of finding there either bread for the hungry or water for the thirsty.

This is the very picture given in our context. "They shall wander from sea to sea, from the North even to the East; they shall run to and fro to seek the Word of the Lord and shall not find it. In that day shall the fair virgins and the young men faint for thirst."—Amos 8:12, 13.

The Bread of Life and Water of Life.

These hungry hearts must learn that there is only the one satisfying portion under the Sun—the living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent to be the Bread of Life for the world, and the message of grace from His lips to be the Water of Life. It is ours to call the attention of this Truth-hungry class to the Great Teacher who declared: "My flesh is

food indeed, and My blood is drink indeed; except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." (John 6:55, 53.) But scarcely will the intelligent of our day hearken to these words, so prejudiced are their minds by the fallacies which becloud their understanding. They see not, neither do they understand the goodness of God.

Why is this? Why are these Bibles in millions of homes, Catholic and Protestant, neglected? Because the people know not that the Bread of Life and the Water of Life which they seek are hidden therein. Why is this? We answer that conditions were very much the same in Israel at the time of our Lord's first Advent. The explanation He then gave is applicable now. He said: "Ye do make void the Law of God through your traditions"—"the traditions of the ancients."—Mark 7:13; 1 Peter 1:18.

So now, the traditions handed down from our forefathers really make void, meaningless, ungracious, the message of God's Wisdom and Love sent to us through the Lord, the Apostles and the Prophets. Those who still hold tenaciously to the creeds of the past are thoroughly blinded now to the true teachings of God's Word, while, alas, the majority of the independent thinkers, in rejecting the dogmas of the past, have rejected the Bible also, believing that the teachings of the creeds truthfuily represent God's Word. These are wandering hither and thither, hungering and thirsting, looking for the Bread of Life and Water of Life, and finding it nowhere, because they seek not where alone it is to be found.

"Ho, Every One That Thirsteth, Come Ye."

Ho! Ye all that hunger for Truth, Come ye. There is an abundance for us all in our Heavenly Father's wonderful provision—in the Bible. Deserting all the creeds and traditions of men, let us gather at our Heavenly Father's Board as His Family, as His Children. Let us prove the truthfulness of His declaration that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that reverence Him." Let us seek and obtain the satisfying portion. Let us satisfy our longings at the table of Divine provision. Mark the Lord's words, and consider how truthful they are, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—Matthew 5:6.

It is this Truth-hungry class that we address. We know their heart-longings, for we had the same. We know the satisfaction they crave for we have received it and are therefore doubly glad to hand forth the Bread of Life and the Water of Life to those who desire it. There are plenty ready to serve the appetites of those who long for pleasure—ball games, society fetes, chess, travel, etc. We have not a word to say against these. It is not our thought that they are going to eternal torment; hence we do not frantically beset them, annoy them. Let them have their pleasure. Let them wait for the time to come when something may occur in their experiences which will put them into the class of the broken-hearted and contrite of spirit, and cause them to feel after God, if haply they might find Him as a satisfying portion.

In harmony with the Master's direction, it is our aim to "bind up the broken-hearted; to comfort those that mourn;" to tell them of the Oil of Joy which the Lord is willing to bestow for their spirit of heaviness and sorrow for sin. (Isaiah 61:1-3.) As the Master expressed no reproof of those engaged in any form of moral reform, even asceticism, so it is with us. We desire to oppose no one who is doing any good work, whether he follow with us in every particular or not. There are so many engaged in doing evil works, and so few engaged in doing good, that not one of the latter class can be spared from the ranks of the service of righteousness.

As the Master did not give His time to temperance reform, nor social re-

form, nor political reform, but did give His time to the instruction of the people in the doctrines of the Divine Word, so let us be intent to follow His instruction in this matter, not teaching for doctrines the precepts of men, but the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever—expounding unto the people the Scriptures and assisting them to see the length and breadth of their meaning. Nevertheless, as the religious teachers of the Master's day hated Jesus and His disciples for this cause, "Because they taught the people," and persecuted them because they did not walk in the beaten paths of their day, so we may expect also to be hated without cause; so we may expect that the scribes and Pharisees and Doctors of the Law to-day will be grieved because the people are taught, because the light of the knowledge of the glory of God shining in the face of Jesus Christ is presented to the people as an incentive to love and obedience, instead of the doctrine of eternal torment.

It matters not that all the educated ministry to-day well know, and would not for a moment deny, their disbelief in the doctrine of eternal torment, if cross-questioned. Nevertheless, many of them hate us and oppose us, because we show the people the true interpretation of God's Word, and lift before the eyes of their understanding a God of Love—Just, Merciful, Righteous altogether, and fully capable both in Wisdom and Power to work out all the glorious designs which He "purposed in Himself before the foundation of the world."

1. They perceive that the teaching of the doctrines of Purgatory and eternal torment has not had a sanctifying influence upon mankind in all the sixteen centuries in which it has been preached. They fear that to deny these doctrines now would make a bad matter worse. They fear that if the Gospel of the Love of God and of the Bible—that it does not teach eternal torment for any—were made generally known, the effect upon the world would be to increase its wickedness, to make life and property less secure than now and to fill the world still more than now with blasphemies.

2. They fear also that a certain amount of discredit would come to themselves because, knowing that the Bible does not teach eternal torment, according to the Hebrew and Greek original, they secreted the knowledge from the people. They fear that this would forever discredit them with their hearers. Hence they still outwardly lend their influence to the doctrine of eternal torture, which they do not believe, and feel angry towards us because we teach the people the Truth upon the subject, which they know will bring to them hundreds of questions difficult to answer or dodge.

We ask you, dear readers, Were you constrained to become children of God and to render to the Lord the homage and the obedience of your lives through fear or through love? We are not asking you whether you never have feared; but we are asking you what brought you to the point of consecrating your life to God? Surely that was not fear.

We are aware, of course, that there is a proper, godly fear, reverence, and that the Scriptures declare it—"The fear (reverence) of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." (Psalm 111:10.) But this is not the fear of eternal torment which tends to drive out love. How could we love or esteem or truly worship a God purposing the eternal torment of His creatures from before their creation?

We could give you many proofs of the power of love over the human heart, in contrast with the ungodly fear of the error. God says to us in so many words, "Their fear toward Me is not of Me, but is taught by the precepts of men." As an illustration: At a Bible Students' Convention not long ago in Ohio, a well dressed gentleman in attendance told us of how his heart had been touched with our presentation of the "Love Divine, all love excelling."

He said, "For years I have been a member of the Presbyterian Church without being really a Christian at all. Occasionally I went on sprees, sometimes I gambled and drank, etc. Not until I received a knowledge of the true character of God as set forth in 'Studies in the Scriptures' did my heart ever come to the proper attitude of surrender to the Lord. Then I was glad to give Him my little all, and wished it were more." The next day, passing from the hotel to the auditorium to a question meeting, this gentleman put a slip of paper in our hand, which we supposed was a question. On the platform we drew it forth as one of the questions to be answered, and, to our astonishment, found it was a check for $1,000. The man had not been asked for one cent; but the Love of God had captivated his heart and gotten control—not only of it, but of his pocket-book and all. He wished to show the Lord his appreciation of the Love Divine, the length and breadth and height and depth of which he now comprehended as never before.

Another case: We met with a Convention of Bible Students in Chattanooga some years ago. A gentleman attended who introduced himself, saying that he was from Mississippi, and that he had become deeply interested in our presentations of the harmony of the Word of God. He said in substance: "I will not attempt to tell you how wicked a man I was before I got your literature. My dear wife here, an earnest Methodist, said to me, 'John, John, you will surely go to hell!" I replied to her: 'Mary, I know it! I know it! And, Mary, I am determined that I will deserve all that I get. I am not going to hell for nothing.' One of your papers came to my desk in my store. I said that this was different from anything that I ever understood respecting the teachings of the Bible. It seems more Godlike and more rational. I sent to you for various Bible Students' Helps. The result is that the Love of God has constrained me, has conquered me, in a way that the doctrines of devilish torments could not influence me. Now I see the true teaching of God's Word. I can honor Him and worship Him and take pleasure in laying down my life in His service. I have made a full consecration of everything. For a time I sent you a $50 check every month; but that was in the nature of conscience-money, because the most profitable feature of my store trade was the sale of liquor to the Mississippi negroes. Those checks stopped, because, as the grace of God more and more filled and overflowed my heart, it brought me to see that I must love my neighbor as myself, and do injury to none; and now my whole life is devoted to the service of God and my fellow-men."

Three murderers confined in the Columbus, Ohio, Penitentiary, had from childhood been trained in the doctrines of eternal torment in different churches and yet committed murder. Those men, under God's providence, received some of our literature —"Studies in the Scriptures"—and were cut to the heart when they learned of the Love of God, as expressed in the Divine Plan of the Ages. To be brief: A knowledge of the Love of God made such a change in the hearts and lives of those three murderers that the prison-keepers took knowledge of them that they had "been with Jesus and had learned of Him." By and by they were paroled —and to-day two of them are preaching the Gospel of the Love of God, seeking to bring their fellowmen out of the condition of darkness and sin into the glorious sunlight of Divine Love and Truth. Having tried the Gospel of fear and damnation and torture for sixteen centuries; having seen that under this teaching there is more blasphemy and general wickedness than even in the heathen world, is it not due time to give the True Bread and Water of Life to the hungry and thirsty ones who, for lack of it, are searching the earth and many of them falling into Higher Criticism, infidelity and other delusions peculiar to our day?

"Julius Caesar," a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works, by Horace Howard Furness, Jr.

All students of Shakespeare will be greatly interested to learn that "Cymbeline," the eighteenth volume in the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare's works, is now in press. The entire work was completed before Dr. Horace Howard Furness died in August, 1912.

Dr. Horace Howard Furness, whose ripe scholarship and tireless industry made this monumental edition possible, demonstrated his wisdom in associating his son with the invaluable work.

This spring sees the publication of "Julius Caesar," the seventeenth volume in the set, and the third play edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., who will continue the Variorum Edition along the same lines laid down by his father.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Washington Square, Philadelphia, Penn.

"Isobel," by James Oliver Curwood.

Two men, both members of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, are quartered at a lonely post on Hudson Bay. Sergeant McVeigh is obliged to go South for medicines and letters, despite the fact that his companion, Pelletier, is in danger of dying from privation and the terrible strain of solitude in the Arctic night. The men have been specially commissioned to capture Scotty Deane, a man accused of murder, but McVeigh is obliged to report a failure. On his way back he meets a woman dragging a sledge side by side with dogs. On the sledge is a long box, evidently a coffin, and she explains that she is taking the dead body of her husband south for burial. McVeigh, starved for the sight of a woman's face, feels like worshiping her. Gently he makes her understand his homage and his hunger for companionship. He offers to accompany her, and that night they make camp together. In the morning he finds that she has gone, and gone also are his weapons. She is Isobel, wife of Scotty Deane, and Deane himself has lain in the box alive. But the woman to whom McVeigh has opened his heart so fully has trusted him: she has left a note expressing her faith that he will not follow. It so happens, however, that his worst enemy, hot upon the trail of Deane, comes upon him, and in order to keep the fugitives from falling into worse hands, McVeigh is obliged to follow and arrest them. Then, out on the Barrens, the emotions of years are crowded into a few moments. Isobel turns in hatred and disgust from the man she has trusted, but McVeigh, by the sheer honesty of his nature, wins the confidence of her and of her husband, and brings the look of faith back into her eyes. When he has sent the pursuers about their business, he lets Deane and Isobel go.

Meanwhile Pelletier has had a visitor, a man who describes himself as a seaman from a whaler. He speaks callously of an Eskimo woman whom he has left to die in an igloo thirty miles away. Pelletier, suspecting for sufficient reasons that the woman is white, attempts to arrest the man, who, in the ensuing struggle, is slain. Then Pelletier, after a long battle with cold and weakness, reaches the igloo and finds in it a white girl-child. The child saves the man's sanity, as he has saved its life, and the reader finds himself responding to a familiar emotion in a new way.

McVeigh's friendly capture of

Deane and Pelletier's rescue of a child are the basic incidents of a narrative that never slacks in its action and never lacks strength of motive to make the action vital. A fight with Eskimos, who have sheltered the little girl, and are now determined to win her back, the dramatic reappearance of Deane, his death, Isobel's sickness and subsequent disappearance, McVeigh's long and finally successful search for her, his encounter with his old enemy—these are incidents full of the reality of suffering, of tense feeling, and of physical effort. In natural sequence they bring conclusive evidence of Deane's innocence, and prove Isobel the mother of the little girl. As a piece of condensed, vigorous story-telling, "Isobel" surpasses Mr. Curwood's earlier romance, "Flower of the North," which it equals in mystery and in picturesqueness of detail.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Camp and Tramp in African Wilds," by E. Torday.

The centenary of the birth of the great explorer, David Livingstone, has aroused a lively interest in recent African explorations. One of the most noted has been that of Mr. E. Torday, whose experiences and adventures are set forth in his new book, "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds." The fact, also, that Mr. Torday traveled over the same route taken by the great Livingstone, makes this account of unique interest. The Congo natives are usually pictured by explorers and hunters as ferocious and treacherous savages, but Mr. Torday found that this was gross misrepresentation. He traveled all through the Congo region unarmed except when hunting for big game. He was in many dangerous situations, and in a number of cases his life was saved by the devotion of his negro servants. He found that the savages quickly responded in kind to fair and just treatment, and that the travelers and hunters who have in the past treated the natives with contempt and harshness have been the cause of the violent opposition to the white men that is sometimes found.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Washington Square, Philadelphia.

"The Battle of Gettysburg," by Jesse Bowman Young.

It is appropriate that the labor of years, which Jesse Bowman Young has spent in collecting and analyzing material for his comprehensive narrative, "The Battle of Gettysburg," should be crowned by the publication of the book, almost upon the anniversary of the battle, and at a time when the attention of the whole country is turned toward the former battle-field. But the book is far from being of the sort which bases its chief claim to interest upon timeliness. As a fresh survey of the campaign and battle, including every fact of importance, written with the vividness of reminiscence, and characterized by a clearness and definiteness that result from the author's long familiarity with the region in which the battle was fought, "The Battle of Gettysburg" has a permanent and distinctive value. Mr. Young was an officer in the battle, and his duties as assistant provost marshal assigned to the headquarters of Brigadier-General Andrew Humphreys, gave him unusual opportunities for observation both on the march and in the thick of the fight. For a dozen years after the war he resided in the Cumberland Valley, and in Adams County, of which Gettysburg is the countyseat—for three years of this time in Gettysburg itself. "During these years," he writes, "the different landscapes, along with the incidents and movements of the campaign, wove themselves into panoramic visions in my brain so vividly that they have become an indelible part of my experience." As a "circuit rider" he journeyed over all the roads traversed by the two armies, and while living in Gettysburg he came to know every foot of the great battlefield and the location of every organization

which took part in the engagement. Few men, we imagine, have ever attained such a clearly pictured and thoroughly inter-related conception of any great battle. The author has supplemented his personal knowledge by wide reading and close study of the military problems involved. In addition, the book contains many personal sketches and a special feature is its compact array of the record of all West Point graduates who served in the campaign battle on either side. The student of history, the student of warfare, the veteran of the war, will find "The Battle of Gettysburg" of peculiar interest from his own point of view. To the general reader it presents a wonderful picture of two great armies in action.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Union Square, New York.

"Woodland Idylls" by W. S. Blatchley.

The author camps during the summer months, in a woodland pasture of his native State. Each evening, in his diary, he writes of the wonderful small things which Nature reveals to him.

If eastern born, or if in childhood days, part of your time has been passed in the country, you will be charmed by the vivid pictures of familiar scenes which come to your mind's eye, as Mr. Blatchley talks with you, in this book. His themes are "the bevy of blue birds which alighted in the maple trees above my head and warbled with cheery chortle unto one another and to me;" "the babbling brooklets, with their rippling murmuring waters making music for my soul;" "the chipmunk which came within forty feet of me, then stopped, sat erect, and washed his face;" "the big perch which I caught on the second strike, hooked and jerked high in the air and recognized by the dark cross bars and slender body;" "the black mulberries, a full quart of which I gathered in eight minutes;" "the wild rose trying to out-do the fire pink in decorating this woodland slope with posies gay;" the fireflies and butterflies, grasshoppers and katydids, white oak and black oak and maple trees, moss-covered boulders and familiar weeds, until you are aglow with the desire to again visit the playgrounds of years long past."

Mr. Blatchley has written three other Nature books, "Gleanings from Nature," "A Nature Wooing" and "Boulder Reveries."

Being a poet and philosopher, as well as a naturalist, his books are intensely interesting.

Published by The Nature Publishing Co., Indianapolis, Indiana. Price, $1.00 postpaid.

"Old Houses in Holland," by Sidney R. Jones.

This is a special spring number of the International Studio, 1913, and contains 200 pen-and-ink drawings and 12 colored plates. Mr. Sidney Jones was in Holland for some time collecting material for this work, and has prepared drawings of the charming old houses, both exteriors and interiors, together with numerous interesting details such as furniture, fireplaces, metalwork, etc. In addition to this unique series of drawings, there are several plates in color. The subject chosen has a peculiar attraction for lovers of domestic architecture of all countries. The strapwork ornament, the decoration of porches and fireplaces, the elaborate woodwork and the splendid brickwork of the Queen Anne period are the work of the Dutchmen who settled in England during the XIV century.

Published by John Lane & Co.

"Between Eras, From Capitalism to Democracy," by Albion W. Small, Head of the Dept. of Sociology, University of Chicago, and Editor of the American Journal of Sociology.

This is a cycle of conversations and discourses on the industrial problem, with occasional sidelights upon the

speakers who battledore the subject among them. In the form of a symposium, the author has sketched a vivid drama of transition. The speakers are types so familiar that the book makes the impression of a stenographic report. The characters grip the reader's mind like forceful persons met in the course of the day's affairs. In their give and take opinions, these convincing people break through the conventionalities that obscure the causes of unrest. They do not find a remedy, but they converge upon a policy that affords instant relief in acute cases, and promises progress toward removing some of the sources of discontent.

The book is not an appeal in support of a theory. It is a moving picture of the process of ethical construction actually going on in our own time.

Published by the Inter-Collegiate Press, Kansas City, Mo.

"The Distant Drum," by Dudley Sturrock.

This is a novel which reveals a recent New York society scandal in a new light. The author's information will prove startling to many readers. Moreover, the central male figure, being an aviator, another feature of the novel, is an astonishingly vivid description of an aeroplane flight and disaster from the viewpoints both of spectator and airman. Here again the author can speak with good authority, for he himself is an aviator of note. The whole story, the setting of which is Long Island and the smart restaurants and fashionable haunts of New York, bears the stamp of actual experience.

Published by John Lane Company.

Two Best Books in a Quarter of a Century.

Albert Bigelow Paine's "Mark Twain: A Biography," was included in the list of "the best twenty-five books of the last twenty years for a private library" recently chosen in Springfield, Massachusetts. In response to the request of the city library bulletin for aid in compiling the list, three hundred and sixty different works were suggested. The only history chosen was President Wilson's "History of the American People."

"Welcome to Our City," by Julian Street.

Mr. Street is to be thanked for the little book called "The Need of Change," which is known pretty well from coast to coast, and which has so much humor packed into its fifty or so pages that it has become almost a classic. His "Ship Bored" is also well known and extremely funny. In his latest book, "Welcome to Our City," he hits off the life of Broadway by night, the big hotels, restaurants, cabarets and theatres, as it has never been hit off before, and he shows that his fount of wit is flowing as freely and as funnily as ever.

Published by John Lane Company.

Harper Books Reprinted.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are putting to press for reprintings two of their latest novels, "The Judgment House," by Sir Gilbert Parker, and "New Leaf Mills," by William Dean Howells. The same firm is reprinting also "Black Diamonds" by Maurus Jokai.

"The Monster," by Edgar Saltus.

In "The Monster," Mr. Saltus has evolved a novel daringly startling of a man and wife who discover, as they think, that they are brother and sister. Their struggles against their mutual love—their valiant attempt to stifle their emotions and obey the laws of society and the unexpectedly thrilling denouement all constitute a human document remarkable in the extreme. Mr. Saltus ranks foremost as a writer of superb English, as probably the greatest of American stylists, and as a litterateur of uncommon talent.

Price, $1.25 net. The Pulitzer Publishing Company, 225 W. 39th St., New York.

The Seasons

By Lilyan H. Lake

God thought, and lo! each
flaming tree
Became the vestment of
the Deity.

God thought,--and sudden
snow fields wide
The ancient phrophecies
of Spring belied.

But in God's thought
again the sprouting
seed
Found root to satisfy
man's earthly need.

God thought; and in man's
heaven-turned face,
Love flashed to life and
claimed the altar-
place.

A corner of the land inhabited by the Cliff Dwellers.—See page 213.

Entrance to an old cave buried by Time, and now being restored.—See page 213.

Ruins of the Cliff Dwellers at Mesa, Colorado.

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Restoring the Balcony House, Mesa Verde.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGY

By

Arthur Chapman

IT IS ONLY within the last few years that science has made a determined effort to lift the veil that has hidden the romance of the earliest Americans from view. The spade is the key that unlocks all archaeological mysteries, and not until the last four or five years has this humble but effective instrument been busy among the ruins of our Southwest. The restoration of the chief "type" cliff houses of the Mesa Verde,

the effective work of exploration among the buried villages and community houses of the Rio Grande Valley, the important work of clearing away the jungle from the ruins of the Mayan city of Quirigua, in Guatemala, and the preliminary exploration of newly discovered cliff ruins in Northwestern Arizona—these are a few of the things that have given new meaning to the study of American archaeology in recent years.

The laws passed by Congress in 1906, giving the government the right to set aside antiquities for preservation, proved a boon to American archaeology. Previous to the passing of such laws, there was no restraint upon vandalism. The most perfect cliff houses in the world—those of the Mesa Verde in Colorado—were exposed to the ravages of vandalism for twenty years before the women of Colorado interfered and had the buildings included in a national park. When the work of restoring the Mesa Verde buildings was begun, Cliff Palace and Balcony House were in almost a hopeless condition, some of their walls actually having been dynamited by prowlers who hoped to discover pottery or other relics. Now the antiquities of the country are given at least a show of protection by the government, and scientists are proceeding on their work of excavation and restoration, secure in the knowledge that their task will not be made fruitless by vandalism.

Almost coincidentally with the Congressional fiat preserving our antiquities, the School of American Archaeology, which is a branch of the Archaeological Institute of America, opened headquarters at Santa Fe, New Mexico. Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, Director of the school, began a series of notable undertakings in the Southwest and in Central America. The school is fortunately situated, as Santa Fe is close to that archaeological wonderland, the valley of the Rio Grande, where important research work was begun. The territorial legislature gave generous support, and the school is now picturesquely housed in the venerable Palace of the Governors, which is a show place in itself, associated as it is with the earliest history of the Southwest at the time of the Spanish dominion.

Since 1910 the work of restoring the ancient Mayan city of Quirigua in Guatemala has been carried on by Dr. Hewett. This city is in the midst of a dense, tropical jungle, on one of the plantations of the United Fruit Company. Its existence has been known since 1840, when Frederick Catherwood spent a day at the ruins and made sketches of two of the monuments, including the famous leaning shaft, which has excited the curiosity of scholars the world over. This shaft is twenty-six feet above the ground, with an unknown projection below the surface. It leans thirteen feet from the perpendicular, and by all the laws of physics it should have fallen long ago. It is believed that the monument marks the limit of size of the great shafts which the Mayans were so fond of erecting, and that the builders found it impossible to raise it to a vertical position with the simple means of prying and cribbing at their disposal.

There are many of these monuments grouped about the great ceremonial plazas of Quirigua. They abound with carving, both in figures and inscriptions, and when they are all uncovered and the moss of ages removed from their surface, they will furnish a basis for much research work. Aside from the discovery notes by Catherwood, and the photographs and moulds of Maudsley and Dr. Gordon, little or nothing was done toward laying bare the story of this lost city in the jungle until Dr. Hewett took up his present work. The third season of work in clearing away the jungle growth is now about completed, and it will take at least two more seasons to complete the task.

The difficulties to be overcome are enormous. The rapid growth of jungle vegetation is almost past belief. On returning for the second season of

Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde, the largest and finest of all cliff ruins, as recently restored by Dr. Jesse Walker Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institute.

work, it was found that a tangle of vegetation twenty-three feet high had sprung up in the plazas which had been left perfectly clear nine months before. About 350 trees had to be removed from the temple area of the city. This work had to be done with the utmost care, as in some cases the roots of the trees had clasped monuments and entire temples. These trees had to be felled so that they would not uproot the ruins or crush temples and monuments in falling. The falling of trees owing to decay has injured some of the most valuable monuments in the city area, and it is fortunate that the work of restoration was begun before Nature had completed the work of destruction.

Enough has been found to indicate that Quirigua was one of the principal cities of the Mayan group. It is probably the religious architecture and sculpture that has survived, and twenty of the seventy-four acres in Quirigua Park doubtless constituted the sacred precinct of the city. This precinct is laid out in a series of quadrangles, either wholly or in part surrounded by terraces, some of which were surmounted by temples of sandstone variously termed palaces, temples and pyramids. These structures presented the appearance of rounded mounds of earth, but excavation is bringing to light their architectural beauties. The Great Plaza is almost a quarter of a mile in length, open on three sides. Grouped within it are eleven of the sculptured monuments. Adjoining this plaza is a smaller quadrangle, called the Ceremonial Plaza, which is believed to be the place where the principal religious ceremonies were held. This plaza is surrounded on three sides by massive stairways of red sandstone, rising to a height of from twenty to fifty feet. A large congregation could be assembled on these steps for the purpose of witnessing processions, religious rites, sacrifices or games. A still smaller quadrangle has been named the Temple Court, because no less than five temples stand upon the massive terraces surrounding this enclosure, and excavation has laid bare some interesting architectural features, consisting of sculptured facades and cornices bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions.

It is interesting to note that, according to Dr. Hewett, the bundle held by one of the heroic figures on a large monument at Quirigua is similar to the medicine bundle of the Omaha Indians —terminating as it does in a serpent's head at either end. On one of the other monuments is a figure grasping a wand or scepter, which is held across the body in a position which corresponds closely with the position in which the tiponi is held by the snake chief in the snake dance of the Hopi. The feathered serpent's head, which appears in Quirigua carvings, is a familiar emblem in the pictographs that abound in our own Southwest. These hints of a relationship of the Mayas with the aboriginal inhabitants of the United States lend new interest to the restoration of this wonderful sacred city so long hidden in the depths of the Guatemalan jungle.

The School of American Archaeology has been uncovering wonderful evidences of a prehistoric life in the valley of the Rio Grande, in Northern New Mexico. The work on what is known as the Pajarito plateau includes the restoration of the wonderful "cliff city" of Puye and the circular community house of Tyuonyi, and the excavation of a long sweep of talus villages which lined the cliffs of that region. A great ceremonial cavern, which has been restored, offers a feature of exceptional interest.

Puye is on a great rock, nearly 6,000 feet long and varying from 90 to 700 feet in width. The great community house is within twenty feet of the edge of a cliff, along the face of which a talus village extends for more than a mile. The community house was originally three or four stories high, but had crumbled until it was little more than a mound of earth when excavation was begun. It is worthy of note that Santa Clara Pueblo Indians, from

Spruce Tree House, Mesa Verde, restored by Dr. Fewkes.

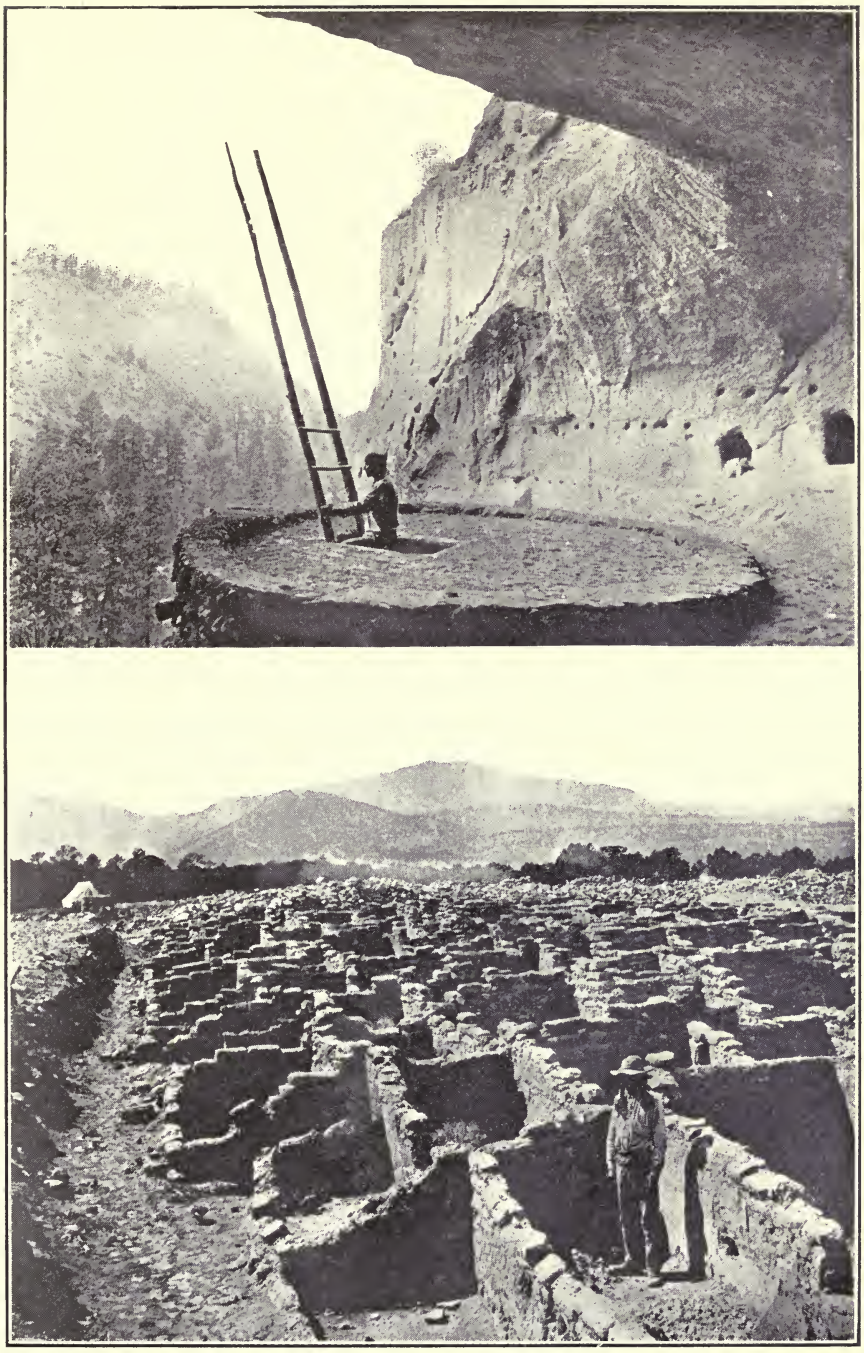
a neighboring village, did most of the actual work of excavation. It would require a rectangle 300 by 275 feet to inclose the pile. The rooms surrounded a court about 150 feet square. The main entrance to the square is at the southeast corner, and is seventeen feet wide at the outer wall, but double that width at the inner wall of the court. Ceremonial sanctuaries, or kivas, were found excavated in the rock outside the rectangle, and the ruins of an ancient reservoir have been found west of the pueblo.

The cliff ruins extending along the foot of the Puye Mesa are admirable specimens of this most unique form of architecture which abounds in the canyons of the Pajarito country. The cliff dwellers of the Mesa Verde built stone pueblos in great caves in the cliffs, but the Pajaritan dwellings extend along the talus slopes at their juncture with the cliffs. Some of them are merely excavated, cave-like rooms, without any form of construction in front. Others are caverns, with open rooms, like porches, built on in front. Others are houses of stone, from one to three stories high. Rows of holes in the face of the cliffs show where the ceiling beams of the upper stories rested. In some places, there are caves scooped in the face of the cliff, which were evidently the rear rooms of these strange, terrace-like structures. The walls of the first floors are always found where the talus meets the vertical cliff, and are generally buried under the debris from the fallen upper stories and the soil-wash from the mesas above. Stairways cut in the face of the cliffs at Puye enabled the village dwellers beneath to ascend to the great community house on top of the mesa, which evidently was used as a place of defense.

Following the work of excavation and restoration at Puye, the School of American Archaeology took up a similar work in the beautiful canyon of the Rito de los Frijoles. This canyon is about twenty miles west of Santa Fe, in the center of the Pajarito plateau. Here rich rewards greeted the scientists. The circular community house of Tyuonyi, probably the most unique specimen of prehistoric American architecture in existence, was uncovered. A great ceremonial cavern was found near Tyuonyi, and its estufa has been cleared of the accumulation of ages, and restored to its former condition. The Sun House, one of the most remarkable examples of cliff house architecture, has been restored, and the cave rooms of the wonderful Snake village, along the talus slopes of the cliff, have been made easy of access.

The Rito de los Frijoles is a living stream, which leaps into the Rio Grande over two waterfalls, seventy and ninety feet high. These falls make it impossible to enter the canyon from the Rio Grande. One climbs to the mesa top by an old trail, and descends by another ancient trail into the gorge at the site of the Tyuonyi villages. There are four community houses in this valley, and one on the mesa rim, while the cliff houses extend for more than a mile along the northern wall of the gorge. Just as the Puye community house was the principal focus of population at the northern end of the Pajarito plateau, so the circular community house of Tyuonyi was the center of the Frijoles district. This house was built on the bank of a creek, so close to the stream that it necessitated a flattening of the circular structure at the southwest. The community house is circular in form, and, as excavated, it looks like the ruin of an ancient Colosseum, when viewed from near-by cliffs.

Unlike most of the community houses of ancient and modern pueblo dwellers, Tyuonyi seems to have been built according to a general plan, instead of growing by the addition of single suits or rooms to accommodate the growth of the population. This is proven by the circular form of the walls themselves, which form curved lines, showing that the prehistoric architects had a definite plan in mind when they started this singular citadel. It is estimated that Tyuonyi was



1. Great cairn and ceremonial kiva in the Rito de los Frijoles, New Mexico, as restored. 2. A corner of the great community house of Puyo, New Mexico, shortly after the excavation.

at least three stories in height. Like the rectangular house at Puye, it has a central court. The living rooms were entered by means of ladders to the roofs, and by ladders and hatchways in the rooms. The court was entered through a single passageway, which varies from six to seven feet in width. With this passageway closed the inhabitants of Tyuonyi could hold a vastly superior force at bay. An interesting light on the age of this house is shed by Dr. Hewett, who estimates that the soil in the court, which varied from two to six feet in depth, must have been laid by the most gradual atmospheric deposit, as the pueblo is not exposed to drifting sands.

As in the case at Puye, a large kiva was found at Tyuonyi, excavation having laid bare a circular room about forty feet in diameter. This kiva was roofed, as the holes which contained the posts supporting the roof were found in the floor. The entrance was probably through a trap door in the roof. Two other ceremonial rooms were found within the court of the great pueblo. A few hundred yards from the kiva was found a circular floor of tufa blocks, which is either a threshing floor or the remains of a kiva built above ground. The kivas form an interesting feature of the life of the dwellers in the canyon of the Frijoles. Most of them are found near the pueblos in the bottom of the valley, sunk in the talus in front of the cliff villages, or excavated in the solid walls of the cliffs. Probably each group, or village, possessed its own kiva, and there are strong indications that a dual system of tribal organization existed in the Rito de los Frijoles, and that the great kiva of Tyuonyi was the sanctuary of the winter or summer people.

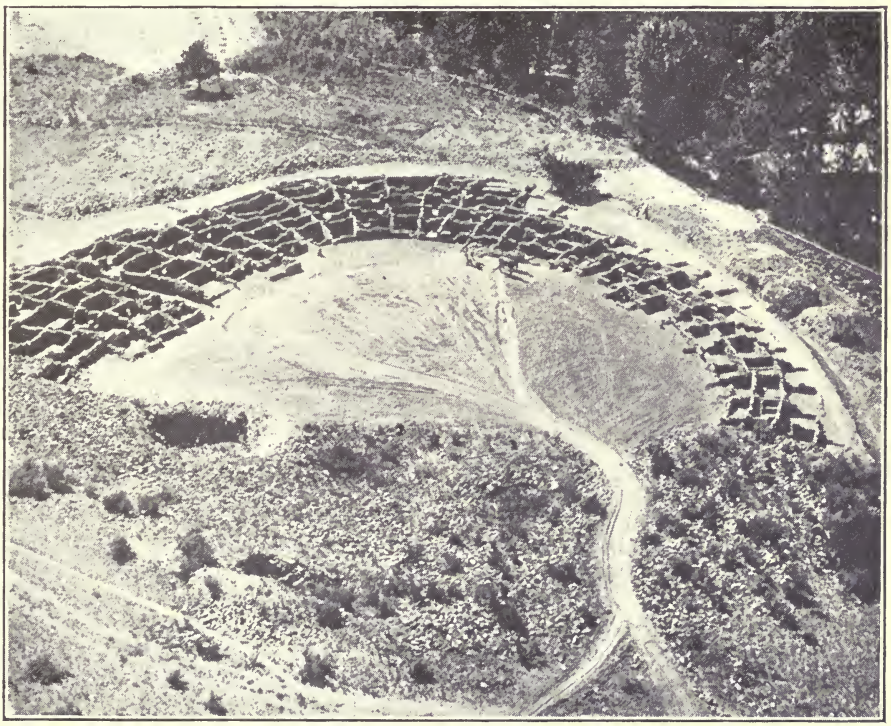
The ceremonial cave, which was discovered high in the cliff opposite the upper valley pueblo in the Rito, is interesting. This cave will accommodate several hundred people. At one time it contained several rooms, which were built against the wall of the cavern, and back of these rooms were excavated apartments, like those back of the cliff house proper. In the rock floor of the cave the scientists found a great kiva, which was carefully cleared of the debris of ages which filled it. Many valuable specimens were taken from the debris of the kiva, which has been roofed, and into which one can descend by means of a ladder through a trap door. There is no doubt that this great cavern, which is 150 feet above the bottom of the canyon, and which is now reached by ninety feet of ladders and two hundred feet of stairways, was one of the holy places of the ancient Pajaritans, and that many weird ceremonies were enacted here when the long rows of talus villages were alight with bonfires.

An interesting discovery was made in conducting the work in Frijoles Canyon, relating to the method of burial practiced by this ancient people. It was thought that the Pajaritans practiced cremation because no burial grounds were found. Exploratory trenches were run in every direction about the community house of Tyuonyi to discover a burial place, if such existed. None was found, but when the scientists had almost concluded to accept the cremation theory, a series of trenches was run through the talus in front of a group of cliff houses. These trenches were run parallel to the wall, and were sunk about two-thirds of the way to the plain. A number of burial places were discovered, all the skeletons being buried separately in the talus and no pottery being found with the remains.

Two groups of cliff houses have been excavated in the Frijoles Canyon. One is called the Sun House group, because of the prevalence of the sun symbol in the face of the cliff, over the houses. The Sun House occupies a crescent-shaped terrace in the cliff 150 feet long. It is estimated that it contained forty to fifty rooms of all classes. The cave rooms and alcove rooms, the latter being only partly inclosed in rock, were behind

the exterior rooms, which were built up from the talus. So terrific has been the action of the elements, however, that the exterior rooms have crumbled into the talus slopes, and have been so covered by the wash from the cliffs that all evidences of walls have been hidden. The Sun House is connected with another group, known as the house of the Snake people, by a stairway trail which leads up to the higher levels back of a group of strange conical rocks, known as "The Needles." The Snake village consisted of rooms partly cut into the cliff, and partly built of masonry. The cave rooms have been cleared and connected with ladders, so they are now accessible.

The extent of population in the Pajarito Plateau region can be imagined when it is known that in a district thirty miles long by twenty miles in breadth more than thirty important pueblo ruins, like Puye and Tyuonyi, have been found, and no less than thirty cliff villages containing thousands of rooms. In addition, there have been discovered some twenty-eight minor pueblo ruins and two shrines. The most interesting of these are within walking distance of Tyuonyi. About three hours' march from Tyuonyi is the Pueblo of the Stone Lions, which consists of a single great community house, with the usual outlying cliff dwellings. This spot is famous because of the "Shrine of the Mokatch," which consists of a stone stockade inclosing the stone effegies of a pair of mountain lions. One of the many other archaeological features of exceptional interest in the Pajarito country is the Painted Cave, which has its walls covered with pictographs in colors.



Tyuonyi, circular community house in Rito de los Frijoles, as excavated by the School of American Archaeology.

An interesting and valuable feature

Cliff Palace view from across the canyon.

of the work in the Pajarito country is the restoration of the "type" ruins, even to the replacing of smaller articles, and utensils, just as they were in the days of the ancient inhabitants. In one of the cliff houses of the Rito, Mr. Kenneth M. Chapman, who is in charge of all the map, plan and restoration work, has restored a suite of cliff rooms, with interesting results. Next to the door is seen the fireplace, with fire-dogs, comal stone, fire screen and cooking pot, with a water gourd close at hand. In another corner are seen the meal box, with metates, for grinding corn. Near the ceiling are stretched deer thongs, on which meat is hung to dry, and at one end of the room are found all the instruments for pottery-making, while an alcove contains the stored meal.

Bandelier, Loomis and others have written much about this weird land, but it has remained for the practical archaeologist with the spade to demonstrate in the last few years that the half has not been told, and that an archaeological wonderland is being opened at the very doors of American sight-seers, equal in interest and majesty to anything that the Old World has to offer.

Since the creation of Mesa Verde National Park, which brings all the cliff dwellings of that region under government protection, the three great cliff dwellings, known as Spruce Tree House, Balcony House and Cliff Palace have been restored. Dr. Jesse Walker Fewkes, of Smithsonian Institution, was in charge of the work of restoring Spruce Tree House and Cliff Palace, and Dr. Hewett, assisted by Jesse L. Nusbaum and J. P. Adams of the School of American Archaeology, restored Balcony House. This work occupied several seasons, and the results were most satisfactory in all cases. The buildings were all in ruins, having been exposed to vandalism since their discovery in 1889. Cliff Palace and Balcony House had suffered especially. The kivas were filled with debris. Tottering walls had been pushed outward, and ceiling beams had been torn out and used for firewood.

To-day, however, these once melancholy ruins are a revelation. The kivas have been cleaned out, walls have

Cliff City after excavation. The round chambers were kivas.

been cunningly rebuilt, and others have been strengthened, and ceremonial plazas have been cleared. In all cases original lines have been maintained, and so cleverly has the new work been blended with the old that, after a few seasons, it will be impossible to distinguish the work of the scientists from the work of the cliff people themselves. The cliff dwellings of the Mesa Verde were well worth visiting before the restoration, but now they have been made doubly impressive. A trip, including these dwellings and a visit to the restored ruins of the Rio Grande Valley, which have been described, will give the sightseer a comprehensive idea of how the "first Americans" must have lived.

New wonders are constantly being discovered in the Southwest. In the least known portion of the Navajo Indian reservation, in Northeastern Arizona, the government has set aside a tract known as Navajo National Monument, which includes some tremendously impressive cliff ruins. Dr. Fewkes has made a preliminary exploration of this region, and has recommended the excavation and restoration of two of the great ruins, known as Betatakin and Kietsiel, as "type" ruins to illustrate the pre-historic culture of the aborigines of that section. The ruins of the Navajo National Monument have suffered little from vandalism, owing to their recent discovery and their comparatively inaccessible location. It is believed that they will preserve most valuable data for the future student of prehistoric man in North America. There are many ruins within the territory set aside by the government, and the work of exploration alone can be carried on profitably through many seasons.

In the same Indian reservation are to be found the wonderful ruins of the Canyon de Chelly and Chaco Canyon, not to speak of solitary ruins of pueblo and cliff types in scattered locations. Southeastern Utah abounds with cliff ruins which have never been explored by white men. In the Mesa Verde country there have been counted more than three hundred ruins in the canyons sloping toward the Mancos River,

most of which have never been visited by white men.

With such a variety of material to challenge public attention, it is not strange that there has been a noticeable awakening of interest in American archaeology in recent years. Americans have contributed much, both in a monetary and scientific way, to the study of ancient life in the Old World, and now, with the assurance that the discoveries of scientists will be protected from vandalism, attention is being turned to the rich field at home. The spade and trowel are busy in fields where hitherto there has been little more than speculation, and the results are certain to grow more fascinating year by year. Future developments may bring yet richer rewards.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN WATERS

Wild, we went tumbling and swirling
In our mad dance to the sea,
Man saw nought of our sporting,
Save the Red Man from his tepee.
Calmly, at length, by the prairie,
Arid and brown in the sun,
We skipped along helter-skelter
Seeking the goal to be won.

Then came man with his transit,
Measured our banks and our flow.
Poor, insignificant creature,
What of our might could he know?
We, the mighty white torrent,
Playing our own careless way!
Who should venture to check us,
Or interfere with our play?

Yet undismayed, he soon bound us,
Dammed us across, shore to shore.
Dried up our cataracts mighty,
Stilling their deep, booming roar.
Many a tussle we gave him,
Struggling in vain to be free.
Dauntless, resourceful, he quelled us.
Tamed us from source to the sea.

Now we must whirr through his turbines,
Make cities glow in the night;
Railways now roll by our power,
Great motors hum by our might.
Banks that were yesterday barren,
Now, by our help, can produce
Fruits: for the gardens we water
Repay in manner profuse.

So when we dance in the sunlight,
This is the song that we sing:
"We are the forces that do this,
But mastering man is our King.
We labor now where we frolicked,
Working where once we but ran;
Wealth we now give to the country,
And he who rules us is man."

HERBERT BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

FUR SEAL IN ALASKAN WATERS

By Jean Rhoda

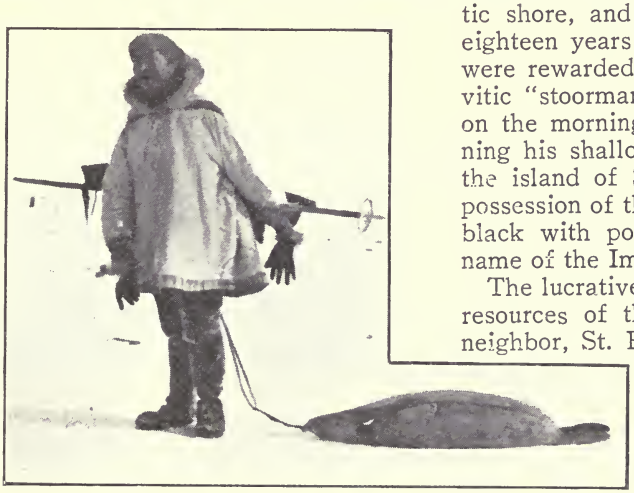
A comprehensive view of the industry in the North, its early rough and careless methods, and the modern organized commercial system that is attempting to conserve its life.

PERHAPS no industry has a more interesting or romantic history than that of the fur trade in our great outstanding province to the northward, and especially that particular phase of the traffic in the peltries of the fur seal which in the early days of Russian occupancy began to engage the efforts of traders and fur hunters.

For a generation the promyshleniki had been pushing out from the Kamchatkan shore across unknown seas to the newly discovered Eldorado in search of the rare and beautiful sea-otter pelage before the commercial possibilities of the fur seal products presented themselves, although the sea-cow, as then known among the Russian and Japanese, had long been noted as it came northward through the passes and channels of the Aleutian Chain in the early summer, and returned by the same route at the approach of winter. But of it little was known, the Indians even expressing ignorance as to the hawling ground of the strange animal, none having been found at any time upon either mainland or outlying islands of the portion of Russian America then known.

With the increasing and steady decline in the ranks of the sea-otter, whose numbers had dwindled by the middle of the Eighteenth Century from former tens and hundreds of thousands to hundreds and tens of hundreds, under the persistent ravages of hunters—the necessity for new fields of gain became evident, and the feverish ambition of the bands of Russians, Tartars and Kossacks then engaged in the traffic led them to institute a search for the resting place of the fur seal. Forthwith, one hundred schooners and shallops sailed through storm and fog northward and southward of the Aleutian Islands—ranging over a considerable portion of the area of the North Pacific and Bering Sea waters in their tireless, persistent effort for discovery of the mystic shore, and finally, after nearly eighteen years of unfruitful search, were rewarded—the rugged Muscovitic "stoorman," Gehrman Pribilov, on the morning of July 7, 1784, running his shallop upon the beaches of the island of St. George, and taking possession of the long, pebbly strands, black with pods of fur seal, in the name of the Imperial government.

The lucrative possibilities of the fur resources of the island and its near neighbor, St. Paul, discovered a year



Native hauling the carcass of a young seal, just captured off shore.

later, at once became evident, and led to their immediate settlement by a number of trading companies then operating in Russian possessions—and the importation of a hundred or more Aleut hunters from Oonalaska, Atka and other southern neighborhoods to facilitate the handling of the animals —of which it has been estimated as many as 500,000 skins were at that time taken annually, the figures even being placed as high as 2,000,000— not more than half of which, however, were marketed, owing to ineffective curing.

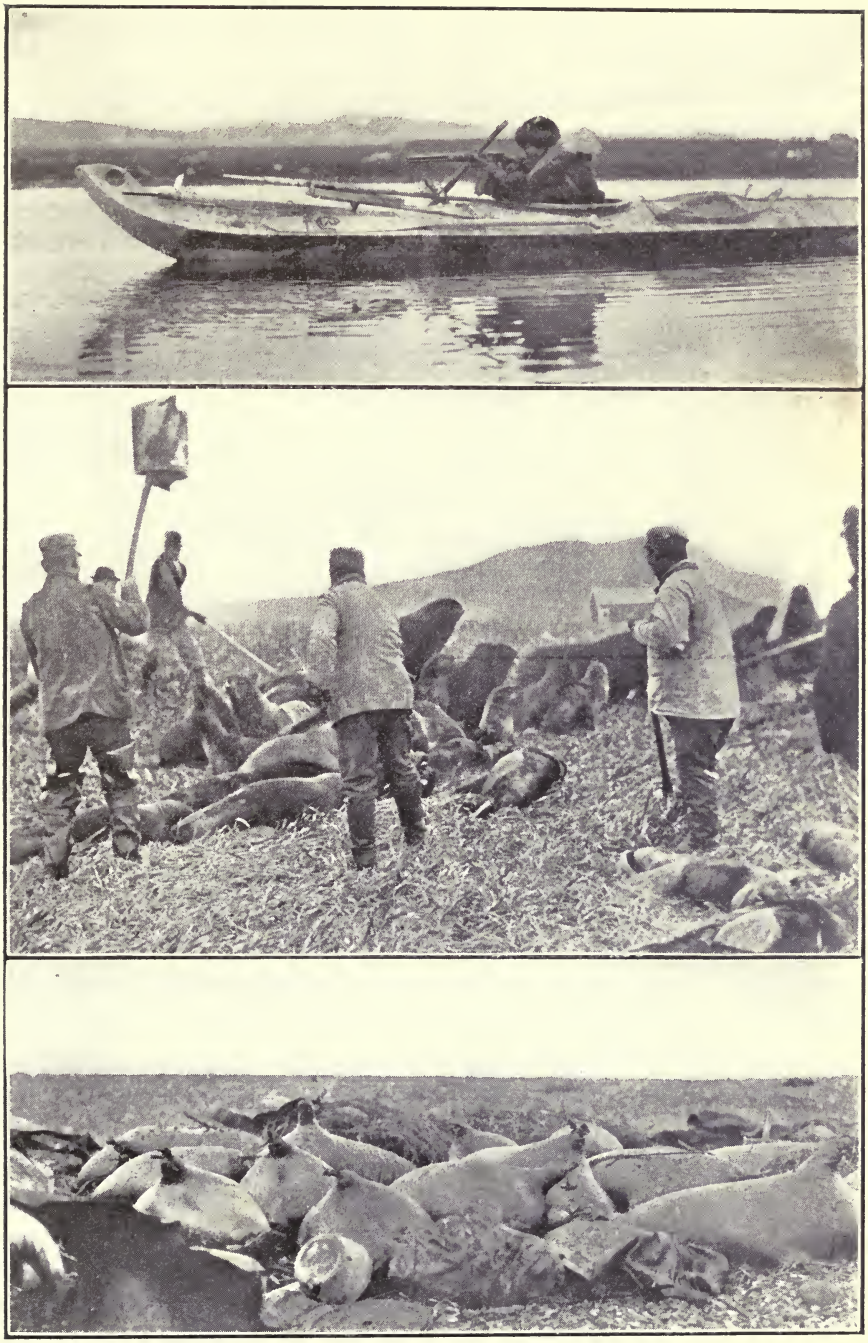
The story of the years which followed is a chronicle of the wrongs and outrages perpetrated upon the willing natives by their despotic taskmasters —who, spurred on by jealous ambition to outdo their rivals in the traffic, stopped at no means in order to gain the desired end. The baneful effects of such rivalry soon became evidenced in the wanton and wasteful destruction of the herds—threatening their very existence a decade after their discovery, and leading finally to the granting of a charter of monopoly by the Imperial government to a single reliable corporation, the Russian American Company, numbering among its shareholders members of the Royal family and nobility, with headquarters at Irkutsk, afterward St. Petersburg, and a manager resident in Sitka, assuming autocratic control of all Russian possessions in America in 1799.

The new company began immediately to exercise its authority by taking measures for the suppression of the slaughter of the seal herds; but their early attempts, tending rather to limit than to reform the character of the killing, proved ineffective, male and female being taken indiscriminately, until in 1808 the condition of the herd became so precarious that it was deemed advisable to suspend all killing for a period of four years, in order to afford an opportunity for recuperation. In 1812, killing was again resumed, but on a different basis, the taking of males alone being permitted —which regulation held good up to 1864, and resulted in such a general rehabilitation of fur seal herds that at that time it was thought expedient to take annually from the Island of St. Paul alone 700,000 skins without danger of depletion.

The Russian American Company, during the 67 years of its sovereignty, found a ready market for the fur output from the seal islands in that great international mart on the Chinese frontier, Kiauchau, the Mongolians then, as now, being solicitous purchasers of furs—the northern provinces of the Celestial Empire where are resident a large portion of the wealthy classes, being subject to severe winters. Hence the desire for fur garments, which constitute an important article of dress of every Chinaman of standing.

The skins were first sent to Sitka, then known as Archangel, where they were sorted and put up into square bundles, being pressed into shape by an old-fashioned hand lever and corded while under pressure. After which, having been duly numbered and catalogued, they went by ship to Okhotsk, thence by pack horse or ox-cart to Kiauchau. At Kiauchau, came semi-annually the buyers from Pekin, and other large centers, to inspect the Pribilof cargo and purchase such peltries as met with their approval in exchange for the celebrated black teas of Miamatschin, carrying the skins by camel to their home markets, where they again changed hands, finally reaching the retail trade. First class pelts brought in China, in the early fifties, from "10 to 15 roubles," equivalent to nine or ten dollars in our coinage, but the average sales made did not exceed five dollars per skin.

At one time, also, the Russian company disposed of a considerable number of fur seal pelts in American or European markets, it being under contract up to 1853 to supply a New York firm with its season's stock at $2.50 per skin, and some thousand pelts were annually received in parchment form in London, in 1858 the company contracting with Messrs. Oppenheim & Company, a leading London furrier,



1. Aleut hunter in kayak, showing harpoon in readiness. 2. On the killing ground, St. Paul Island. 3. Seal bladders filled with seal oil, which is preserved in this manner each season for winter consumption by the natives.

for from ten to twelve thousand at 10s. 10d., the quantity being increased in 1864 to twenty thousand. It was not, however, until the assumption of control by the Alaskan Commercial Company, under the American regime, that the European trade was placed on the substantial basis which exists at the present time.

The year following the passing of the great northern territory from Russian to American control, known as the interregnum, was marked by the reign of lawlessness and ruthless slaughter of the herds, owing to inadequate supervision, a toll of 500,000 being taken during that season, the proceeds swelling the coffers of private individuals and enterprises; not until the spring of 1876 was order again established by the arrival of the government representative upon the grounds. After due consideration and debate as to the best methods for conducting the fur seal industry on the seal islands, the government finally decided in favor of the leasing system, and as a result of the issuance of bids, the Pribilof seal rookeries in 1870 passed for a period of 20 years into the control of the Alaska Commercial Company—a corporation composed of New England capital and with headquarters at San Francisco. Under the contract the lessees were permitted to take not more than 100,000 skins a season—paying for the privilege an annual rental of $55,000 to the United States treasury with an additional tax of $2.62½ on each pelt shipped—furnish employment and food supplies to the natives and conduct during eight months of the year schools on the Islands of St. George and St. Paul.

One of the most beneficent effects evident under the American rule was a marked betterment in the condition of the native population. Under the old order the Aleuts had been little better than serfs, receiving no reward for their labor, nor expecting any; dwelling in sod-roofed barrabaras, cold and filthy, and existing on a monotonous diet of seal flesh. The new company, soon after occupation, erected comfortable dwellings and supplemented the rude fare by many staples and even luxuries of every-day living, while for their services hitherto exacted gratis, a substantial wage of forty cents for each pelt taken prepared for market, was given, which on the annual output of 100,000 skins, afforded an income for the three or four hundred inhabitants, exceeding that of many high-paid mechanics in this country.

With the expiration of the lease in 1889, so satisfactory had proven the system—$6,350,000 in royalties having been conveyed into the treasury during the time of the company's occupation—that bids were again issued, and after an animated and bitter struggle in competition, the North American Commercial Company secured the award for a second score of years, the new contract differing in some points from its predecessor, to the advantage of the government, the yearly rental being increased to $60,000 per annum and the bonus on each skin taken to $9.62½. The company was to furnish in addition to the former agreement, medical aid for the sick and disabled natives, care for the aged, widowed and orphaned, erect church buildings and supply eighty or more tons of coal, the amount to be regulated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

At the time of the accession of the North American Commercial Company, and for a considerable period previous, an appreciable diminution in the numbers of killable seals on the rookeries of St. George and St. Paul had begun to be noticeable, and speculation regarding the possible causes to arise. A Board of Commissioners was finally appointed by Congress for purposes of investigation into the causes of the decline, and after a thorough and exhaustive examination extending over a period of years, the American Bering Sea Commission declared as the sole cause of the herd's depletion that new phase of the fur seal industry which had begun at that time to reach considerable proportions—open sea or pelagic sealing—the taking of the ani-

mals while en route to their winter rookeries or upon their return northward in the spring, by the sealing schooners.

Pelagic sealing as an industry is of comparatively recent date, for ten years after the purchase of Alaska, the seal herds having been practically unmolested in the annual migrations, although the Indians from the earliest times were accustomed to hunt seals in their dug-out canoes from ten to twenty miles off shore as the herds passed northward in the spring. But it was not until 1879 that sailing vessels were pressed into service in order to expedite matters and enlarge the field of operation by carrying the hunters with their canoes far out to sea within range of the summer feeding grounds of the animals, during that year seven vessels attacking the herds in the North Pacific and securing 3,600 skins. In 1880 the industry was given a fresh impetus by the entry for the first time of a sealer into Bering Sea—The City of San Diego—under Captain Kathgard, for many years engaged in walrus hunting off the Alaskan Peninsula, bringing into Victoria, British Columbia, that year 500 peltries, valued at $10 each, as the result of a season's efforts. So remunerative did the business prove that by 1884 all the vessels formerly engaged in walrus hunting had practically abandoned the chase of rosmarus, resorting to Bering Sea for sealing, the sealing schooners increasing from seven to one hundred and fifteen at that time, and skins secured from 1,000 in 1870 to 62,000 in 1890.

At first the government, acting upon the precedent created by Russia in the ukase of 1821, which prohibited foreign vessels from approaching or landing within a hundred Italian miles of her possessions in America, seized and confiscated a number of poaching schooners. Canadians being largely engaged in the deep sea sealing, a controversy at once arose with England as to the legitimacy of the government's claim to jurisdictional rights on the waters of Bering Sea, which discussion, covering a period of four years inclusively from 1886-1890, finally resulted in the Paris Tribunal of Arbitration, which met in the French capital in the spring of 1893. The Tribunal's decision was, however, unfavorable to us, the claims of the United States to fur seal protectory rights being set aside and pelagic sealing was continued, but under modified form, the ensuing treaty establishing a closed season for the month of May, sealers only under license being permitted at any time to operate, hunting to be limited to the use of the spear, and a sixty mile zone created about the seal islands.

Soon, however, the inefficacy of the limited restriction became evident, and each succeeding year more apparent, the season of 1895 witnessing the largest pelagic catch in the history of the industry, when fifty-nine ships procured 44,169 skins. The sixty mile zone proved ineffectual, the feeding grounds extending far beyond its limits, and the limited season, while shutting off the usual catch of the prohibited month, the increased cost to the government of its enlarged sealing patrol was out of all proportion to the gain accrued. In addition, the Japanese sealers, not being parties to the contract, became more flagrant in their operations, not infrequently violating the law of the closed zone—in 1900 two vessels with a cargo of 1,300 skins valued at $40 each being taken in government waters, and in more than one instance plundering the rookeries of St. Paul. Some idea of the extent of this pelagic catch of these Oriental sealers may be obtained from the record in the Journal of the Fisheries Society of Japan, issued on July 10, 1911, in which the Japanese sea catch for the ten years previous is stated as 104,105, with a total of 279 vessels.

With the decline of the herds came a corresponding decrease in each season's catch—the number of skins taken by pelagic sealers dwindling from 135,474 in 1894 to but 35,057 three years later, while in the rookeries, where it was possible to procure 100,-

A young seal hunter watching his father off shore in a kayak shooting seals.

000 pelts in 1870, at the time the next American Commercial Company assumed control, a bare 21,000 were obtainable. The seriousness of the situation aroused even Great Britain to the necessity of taking preventive measures, one-half of all the skins sold annually in London being obtained from the Pribilof rookeries, and including the Northwest or pelagic catch, the Alaska herd furnished sixty per cent of the supply of seal skins of the world's markets—the Southern seal population, excepting for a few stragglers on the Lobos Islands and Chilian coast, having long since been demolished by the ruthless slaughter of hunters—and after long continued effort the Government finally obtained the co-operation of Great Britain, Japan and Russia in a treaty to abolish pelagic sealing for a period of fifteen years, The year following, Congress passed a law for its ratification.

By the terms of the treaty, Russia and the United States, as owners of the principal herds, agreed to pay to Great Britain and Japan fifteen per cent of all profits derived from the herds on the seal islands, as disembursement, which proved highly satisfactory to the contracting parties, the revenue thus obtained exceeding the net earnings derived from either the Canadian or Japanese fleets. This prohibitive agreement went into effect in the spring of 1912, and the beneficial results from its season of operation have already become evident, 15,000 breeding seals reaching the rookeries in safety last year, which otherwise, under pelagic operations, would have been taken in the course of migration or during later excursions to the feeding grounds.

At the expiration of the North Amercan Commercial Company's lease in 1910, the lease system was abandoned, and the Pribilof reserve taken directly under government management, the past three seasons the Bureau of Fisheries acting as its representative, conducting the fur seal industry in the seal islands, supervising the killing, preparing of the skins for market and caring for the natives. The killing and skinning is done entirely, as formerly, by the Aleuts, under the immediate direction of the native chief who, in turn, is subject to the supervision of the government agent.

The killing season extends from the first of June, when the seals begin to appear on the rookeries, to the latter part of August, the skins being during this time in their prime. When the "holluschickie" or young bachelor seals, the class taken, have hawled up on the sandy beaches in considerable numbers, the natives prepare for work. Starting out from the village before daybreak, when the air is cool and all

A seal rookery on the islands off the Alaskan coast.

danger from overheating the animals during the drive is eliminated, they round up a large pod and start across the sands to the killing grounds some hundred yards distant—allowing the animals to rest at intervals. When the killing ground is reached, the men close in and cut off a pod of from twenty to fifty, driving them apart a short distance, when the killable seals, three year olds, large twos, and small fours, are culled out, the remainder of the pod being permitted to find their way back to the rookeries. The killing then begins; men armed with heavy hard-wood clubs from four to five feet in length and some three inches thick, approach and strike each animal a sharp blow on the head, the skull being the most vulnerable portion of the seal's anatomy—after which a knife blade is plunged into his vitals, insuring his death. When a pod has been thus knocked down, a second is cut off and driven up, which process is continued until the entire herd is thus disposed of, after which the skin is removed from the carcasses and carried in carts to the salt house. Here, after being counted by the government agent, they are placed in "kenches," or bins, flesh side up, a thick coat of saline preservative alternating each layer. After lying thus for a week, they are taken out and the reverse side salted, the curing process being completed with the second period of pickling, when, having been bundled and securely corded, they are sent in bidarkas to the waiting vessel "Homer." Upon arrival in San Francisco, the cargo is catalogued, packed in large hogsheads, and shipped in ventilated freight cars to New York,

thence by ship to London, where, dressed and dyed. For years the English metropolis has been the ultimate market of the world's supply of fur seal skins—nine-tenths of all pelts obtained from the Lobos Islands, South Africa, Australia and other former supply centers, as well as the Alaskan catch, have been purchased and prepared there for the world's markets, the English furriers alone seeming to have attained perfection in the art of dyeing and dressing.

Most of the consignments are received at the present time by Messrs. C. M. Lampson & Company, by whom, after having been duly listed, are disposed of at public auction, held semi-annually, to the highest bidder, merchants and furriers from the world's centers being present at such times in person or by proxy to make such purchases as desired for their coming season's sales. The sale day for Alaskan fur seal skins is in January; during the season of 1912 the Secretary of Commerce and Labor receiving checks from Messrs. C. M. Lampson to the amount of $385,862.28, representing the net proceeds of the year's sales. The three seasons during which the government has conducted the industry the revenue approximated $1,200,000. When we consider that during the twenty years following its accession the fur seal industry alone, in the waters of Alaska, yielded the purchase price of the entire territory, and each succeeding season an annuity which the kingdoms of the earth might well envy, we can justly say that "Seward's Folly" has indeed proven to be "the richest gem picked from the bargain counter of nations."

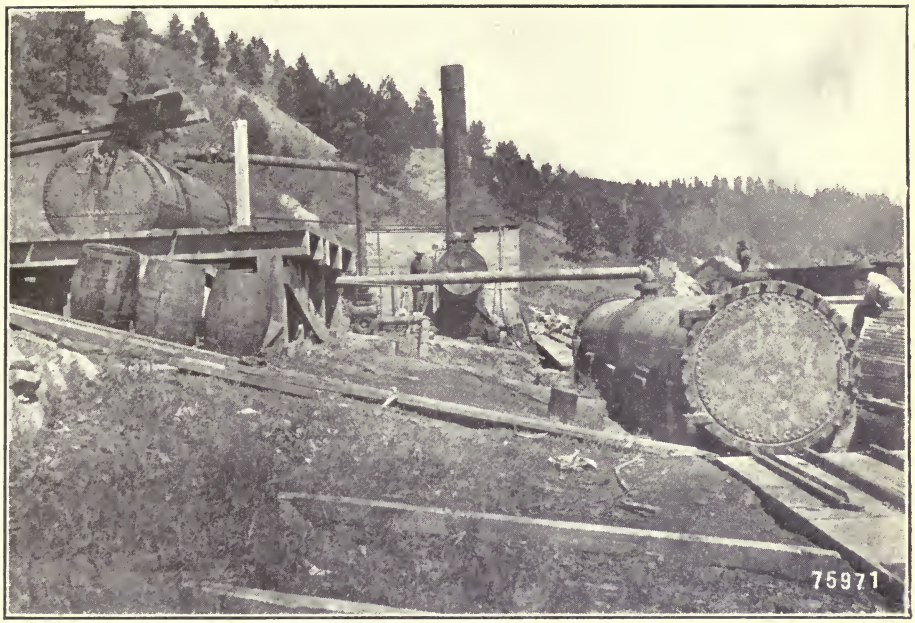
RISUS DEORUM

Ye touch me not! Ye sordid things;
Ye phantom shapes of pain; the stings
Of vanished hope; remorse that clings
To all a life-time's useless chaff—
Ye touch me not,
I yet can laugh!

Ye touch me not! Ye that have laid
The traps of Fate, and scoffing said:
"A piteous thing his folly made."
Your bitter lees I will not quaff.
Ye touch me not,
While yet, I laugh!

Ye touch me not! For yet to me
The stars remain an ecstasy;
The *Was* is dead, I am *To Be!*
Ye terrors, fall beneath my staff;
Ye touch me not—
For see, I laugh!

ALICE MAVOR EDWARDS.



"A pressure cylinder" plant in which timbers are treated.

"PICKLING" TIMBER

By Arthur L. Dahl

"PRESERVING TIME" is a mighty important season in the life of every housekeeper. She knows that Nature is a prolific producer when the summer sun shines warm and bright, and the refreshing rains quench the thirst of the growing children of the vegetable kingdom. But she also knows that the black-sheep son of Nature, named "Decay," will soon decimate the most bountiful crop of fragrant fruit or luscious berries, unless they are "preserved."

Uncle Sam is very thrifty. Says he: "To save a penny is to earn one. If I make a stick of timber last twice as long by means of an artificial preservative treatment, I am conserving one of my greatest natural resources—the forest." So he is, through the Forest Service, conducting experiments in various parts of the country to determine better and more economical methods of preserving the strong, healthy timber and increasing the durability and strength of inferior varieties of trees.

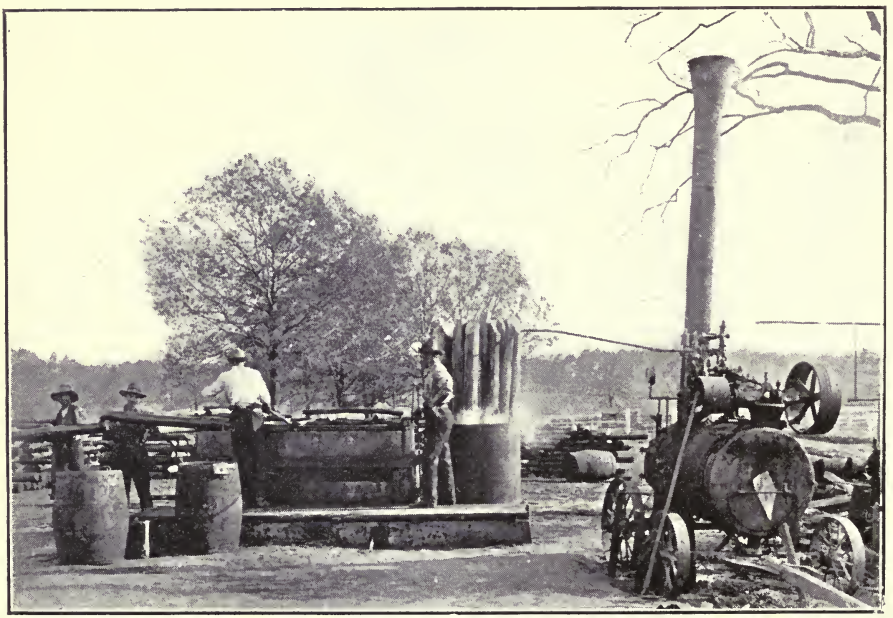
The object of all preservative treatments is to prevent decay. The decay of a plant body, such as wood, is not an inorganic process like the rusting of iron or the crumbling of stone, but is due to the activities of low forms of plant life called "bacteria" and "fungi." Bacteria are among the simplest of all forms of life, often consisting of but a single cell, microscopic in size. They multiply by the division

of the parent cell into other cells, which, in turn, divide again.

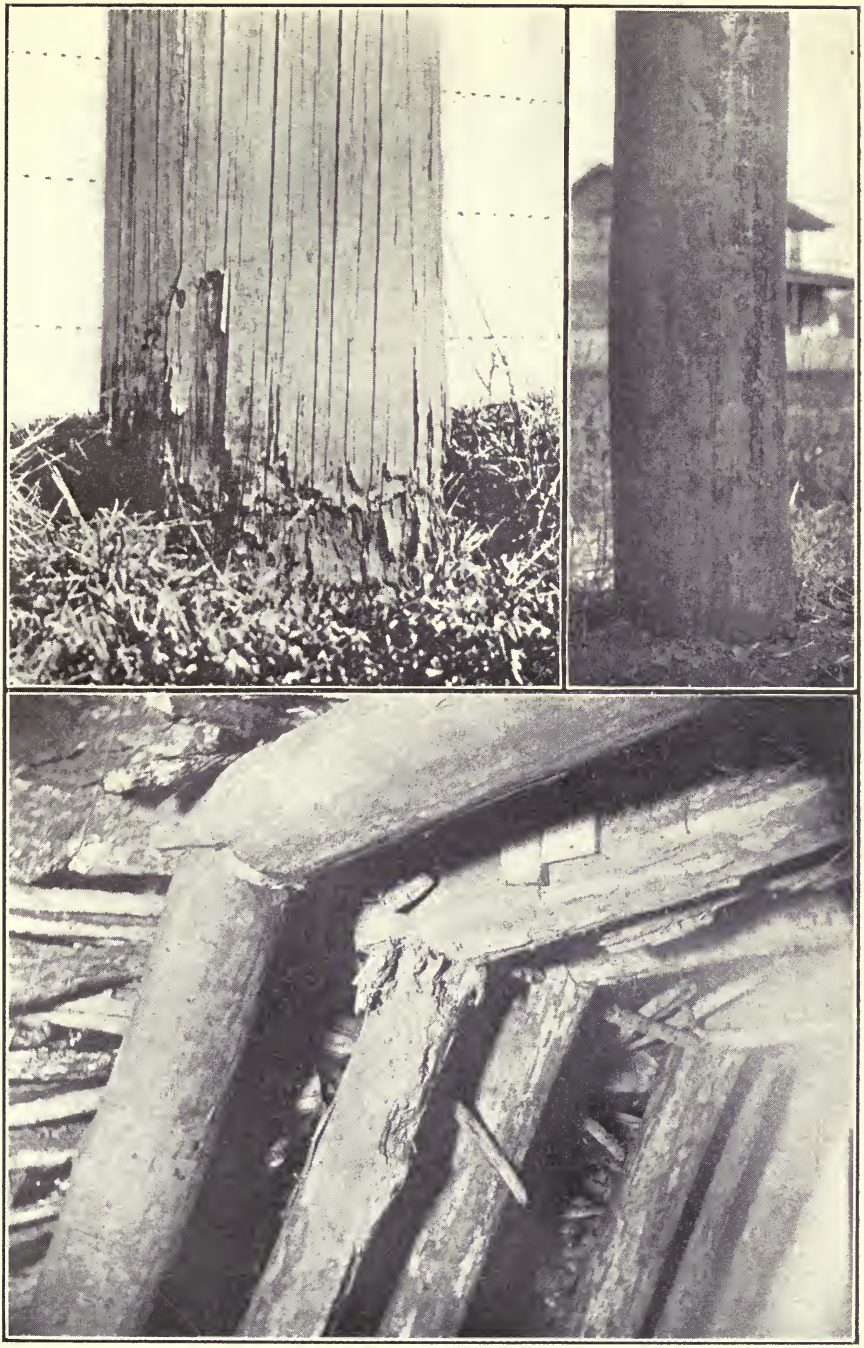
Fungi, although much more complicated than bacteria, are also low in the scale of creation when compared with familiar flowering plants and shrubs. They consist merely of tiny threads or hyphae, which are collectively known as the "mycelium." In many of the higher forms of fungi the threads grow together to form compact masses of tissue. Familiar examples of these forms are the "toadstools," which grow on damp, rotting logs, and the "punks," or "brackets," on the trunks of trees in the forest.

The causes of decay in wood, however, are not these fruiting bodies themselves. Spores—very primitive substitutes for seed—which are borne in the countless compartments into which the under surfaces of the fruiting bodies are sometimes divided, are produced in infinite number, and are so fine they can be distinguished only by the microscope. When seen in bulk, they appear as the finest dust. Like dust, they are carried by the wind and strike all portions of the surrounding objects. Few species of fungi successfully attack healthy living trees, and only a comparatively small number can attack and destroy wood. Yet the spores of some find a lodging in dead portions of a tree or in cut timber, and if the wood is moist and in the right condition for the spore to grow, it germinates and sends out a thin, film-like white thread, which, by repeated branching, penetrates the entire structure of the wood. These are the real agents of decay.

Wood is composed of minute cells. The chief material of the cell walls is a substance called "cellulose," and around this there are incrusted many different organic substances known collectively as "lignin." Most of the wood-destroying fungi attack only the lignin; others attack the cellulose alone —while a third class destroy all parts of the wood structure. The lignin and the cellulose are dissolved by certain substances secreted by the fungi, and thus serve as food for the fungus growth. In this way the fungi can develop until they extend throughout every portion of the timber, and finally



Special plant for pickling fence rails.



1. A telegraph pole, untreated, erec ted at same time as opposite treated pole (No. 2) showing decay at butt. 2. A telegraph pole, carefully treated by the process, as good as new. 3. T he timbers on the left were treated with creosote and show no signs of d ecay. The untreated timbers alongside are already a menace, and have rotte d away.

so much of the wood fibre is eaten away or changed in composition that its strength is greatly diminished, the texture becomes brittle and disconnected, and the wood is said to be "rotten."

But food is not the only thing that a fungus requires for its growth and development. It must also have heat, air and moisture. If any of these is lacking, the fungus cannot develop. For this reason, "kiln-dried" wood will last indefinitely, if not subjected to moisture.

By far the best method of checking the growth of fungi is to deprive them of food. This can be done by injecting poisonous substances into the timber, and so change the organic matter from food suitable for fungi into powerful fungicides. The germs of decay are not inherent in the wood itself. They start from the outside. This explains the efficacy of certain paints, which merely form a superficial coating over the surface of the timber, but which are poisonous enough to prevent the spores from germinating, or the hyphae of most forms of wood-destroying fungi from penetrating into the unprotected wood in the interior. The ancients were in the habit of painting their statues with oily and bituminous preparations to preserve them from decay. The great wooden statue of Diana at Ephesus, which was supposed to have descended miraculously from Heaven, was protected from earthly decay by oil of nard. Pettigrew extracted the preservative fluids from the heart of an Egyptian mummy that had resisted decay for over 3,000 years, and found that decomposition immediately set in. This showed that it was the presence of the antiseptics which prevented decay, and not a chemical change of the tissues themselves.

Of the many antiseptics tried for the preservation of timber, only four have been largely used with success in the United States. These are creosote, zinc chloride, corrosive sublimate (bichloride of mercury), and copper sulphate. In this country, creosote and zinc chloride are the two preservatives in most common use. There are many other patented substances known by various names, but most of them have for their base one or the other of these two preservatives.

Just as there are two preservatives in common use, so there are two principal methods of injecting them into the timber. These may be called the "pressure cylinder" method and the "non-pressure" method. A third process, known as the "brush method," is used to a more limited extent.

Up to recent times the pressure-cylinder method was used almost exclusively in the United States. As most commonly applied, the method is as follows: The timber to be treated is placed on iron trucks, or "cylinder buggies," and drawn by steel cables into huge horizontal cylinders, some of which are eight or nine feet in diameter, and more than one hundred and fifty feet long. These are capable of withstanding high pressure, and their doors are so arranged that, after the timber is drawn in, they can be closed and hermetically sealed. After the doors are closed, live steam is admitted into the cylinder, and a pressure of about twenty pounds per square inch is maintained for several hours. When the steam is at last blown out, the vacuum pumps are started, and as much of the air as possible is exhausted from the cylinder and from the wood structure. This process also continues for several hours. Finally, after the completion of the vacuum period, the preservative is run into the cylinder, and the pressure pumps are started and continued until the desired amount of preservative fluid is forced into the wood.

The injection of the preservative by the non-pressure process depends upon a different principle. The wood is first thoroughly seasoned, and much of the moisture in the cells and intercellular spaces is replaced by air. The seasoned timber, or that portion of it which is to be preserved, is immersed in a hot bath of the preservative contained in an iron tank or cylinder. This

Cross sections showing degrees of penetration of pressure and non-pressure methods.

hot bath is continued for from one to five or six hours, depending upon the timber. During this portion of the treatment, the air and moisture in the wood expand, and a portion of it passes out, appearing as little bubbles on the surface of the fluid. At the end of the hot bath, as quick a change as possible is made from the hot to a cold preservative. This causes a contraction of the air moisture remaining in the wood, and, since a portion of it has been expelled, a partial vacuum is created which can be destroyed only by the entrance of the preservative. Thus atmospheric pressure accomplishes that for which artificial pressure is commonly used in nearly every one of the commercial plants.

A less efficient but cheaper treatment can be secured by painting the surface of the timber with at least two coats of hot creosote, or some similar preservative. The liquid can penetrate only a very short distance into the wood, but as long as there remains an unbroken antiseptic zone around the surface, the spores of the wood-destroying fungi cannot enter. It is especially important in this method that the timber should be thoroughly air-dried before treatment. Otherwise, the evaporation of water from the interior of the stick will cause checks to open up and so expose the unprotected wood to fungus attack.

THE MAN IN THE TOWER

By John Howland

CULHANE lay back in his armchair, his mind working painfully on the solution of a perplexing problem. Outside the telegraph office the elements seemed to be engaged in mortal combat. Half-listening to the raging storm, he sighed each time a mighty blast of wind swept round the tower, enveloping it in its clutches as though it meant to tear it from its foundations. The tumult outside accentuated the coziness of his surroundings. The little stove radiated a cheery gleam about it; the clicking of the keys was music to his ears. Like a sunny island in the midst of a turbulent sea, the fire, the intermittent ticking of the instruments, the delightful solitude of the room itself, gave him a feeling of security—of living immune while all about him was danger and peril. On the instrument table before him lay a letter:

"How can I marry a railroad man?" it asked. "You would never be mine; the railroad would claim your obedience, almost all your time and your thoughts. I can picture myself alone in the night and you far off in the lonely tower, not even thinking of me; for your mind must be on the railroad and the trains. I love you, boy, but you must give up the railroad."

Give up the railroad: the only training he had ever had, the only work he loved? Give up the road which was so good to its faithful servants? Over at Grand Junction was a desk he hoped to own some day; and from there to the head office at Denver was but a step. He had fixed his eyes on that desk when he had come, an apprentice, to the tower, eight years before. Of late, it had seemed closer. He was to be promoted to a more important post; his years of service were to be rewarded. Now, she wanted him to give it all up; to take eight years' experience from his life, and, at thirty, begin again at the bottom, side by side with boys in their teens. It was a hard choice she had given him.

During a lull in the tumult, he heard the sharp blasts of Number Six, as she asked him in impatient tones if the way was clear for her. Grasping a lever at his side, he pulled it quickly. A white light flashed on the semaphore overhead, and Culhane reached for the key to report her, watching, as he did so, the heavy Salt Lake Limited as she thundered past. A little later she had disappeared into the storm, but the operator's thoughts traveled with her as she swept along the track and was swallowed up by the night.

Thus he had always watched the trains as they came down from the sandy plateaus of Utah, and plunged into the dark, forbidding canyon of the Arkansas, on into Colorado. Watched as they passed, hour after hour, through the day. Yet the oft-repeated scene was not monotonous to him. The romance of the railroad appealed to his imagination. He was wont to liken the swiftly-moving trains to the meteoric passage of a soul through life. He wondered if the thousands of passengers who passed under his window daily were awake to the realities of this marvelous change of place, which the trains accomplished in so short a time. This morning at eight o'clock, Number Six was at Salt Lake City; to-morrow afternoon she would be in Denver. All the

long night through, as the Limited flew swiftly on its way, the passengers, unconscious of the marvel being wrought, would sleep unconcernedly in their comfortable berths. Towns and States would flash by, mountains be crossed; mighty undertakings of man and the stupendous works of nature, would all be a part of the panorama. Still they would sleep, while hundreds of men were awake and on the alert that no evil should befall them.

The last thought awakened a sympathetic chord. A vague recollection of some task unfinished, or illy done, oppressed him. He seized a lock of hair in his fingers and twisted it until his scalp stung with pain. He glanced uneasily around. Seeing nothing irregular, his thoughts returned to the girl in Denver.

Suddenly, in a frenzied tattoo, the sounder began ticking off his station-call. Seizing the key, he answered, and immediately the sounder ticked off:

"Repeat last message."

Repeat last message. What was the last message? He racked his brain in an effort to recall it. What was the matter with him, anyway? Why was his brain refusing to perform its proper functions? Oh, yes; now he remembered. A feeling of intense relief passed over him as he sent the message:

"Number Six passed going east twenty minutes late. Tn."

Like a flash the reply came back:

"Number Nine, special freight, passed going west ten-four. Why didn't you hold Six as per order thirty-eight. They'll meet in the canyon."

Culhane fell back in his chair, limp. His face went white and his head fell over on his shoulder. His numbed hands felt no pain as the sharp nails dug into the flesh. For a moment he lay thus; then, vaguely realizing that something must be done, he rose weakly to his feet. Placing both hands on the table, he leaned heavily thereon as he strove to recall his scattered senses. The sounder ticked frantically his station call, but it made no impression on his brain. His mind was elsewhere. He could clearly see the magnificent Overland train, with its hundreds of sleeping passengers, rushing majestically eastward; while coming west to meet it was the heavy "high-ball," pulled rapidly up the other side of the divide by its four ponderous "freight-hogs."

No chance for them to see each other amongst the abounding tunnels and canyons. The roaring wind would shut off any sound of the whistles. Fate had chosen that one moment to place his mind in eclipse; he felt himself merely the tool of the Divine Will.

Then, suddenly rousing from his stupor, he resumed control of himself. Under the harrowing circumstances, it was as if the wreck had already occurred. The victims of his criminal negligence were dead; some one must now take charge of the remains. He seized the key and called frantically to Grand Junction, asking for the wrecking-train, doctors, nurses—all the horrible appurtenances of an appalling railroad wreck. Every sounder in the room ticked his station call. Again his mind lapsed. He felt the concentrated thought of all the trainmen on the division pressing him down. Abstractedly, he touched a key and answered the call. Immediately there burst forth a torrent of questions:

"Where is the wreck?"

"When did it happen?"

"Send details."

"Why didn't you hold Six?"

Why—why? That was what he couldn't grasp, himself.

What had been the cause of this deadening of his thinking powers, after all his experience and railroad knowledge, at a crucial moment? He listened, but the storm drowned all other sounds. He stepped to the window, opened it and leaned far out, but could hear nothing but the wind and the beating of the rain.

He closed the window and stepped back into the room. The sounders still called him wildly; they drove him mad with their incessant and senseless

questions. Questions, when scores of human beings were lying torn and mangled far up in the lonely canyon. What were needed were deeds, quick, decisive action on the part of some one with more ability than he. With uncontrolled rage he picked up a lump of coal and dashed it against an offending instrument; then dropped weakly to his knees and whimpered a prayer.

Suddenly a sound, foreign to that of the storm, reached his ears. "The wrecker," he thought, and sunk to the floor. Then, remembering that it was too soon for that, he rose, reached for a lever and looked out. But what was this? He could now hear the whistle plainly, and it came from the eastward. His thoughts ran riot. How could any train pass the wreck? As if in answer, through the night two red lights appeared, lighting up an observation platform beneath. He gasped and his eyeballs almost started from their sockets. The lights came to a standstill; some one with a lantern dropped from the platform, ran along the track and threw a switch. Then the lantern described circles through the air, three sharp blasts followed, and the train backed slowly onto the siding.

Culhane, with staring eyes, watched the eleven cars go by—an observation car, seven standard sleepers, a diner and two mail cars. It was not until the engine passed and the headlight dazzled his eyes that he grasped the situation.

"God, it's Six, safe and sound." He shrieked aloud in his revulsion of feeling.

He rushed to the door, only to encounter the conductor and engineer on the threshold, who seized him by the shoulders and threw him back into the room.

"You devil," hissed the engineer. "It'll be many a day before you forget this night's work. You came within an ace of sending hundreds of lives into eternity, and ending yours in the penitentiary. Look there."

Holding his hands before him to ward them off, Culhane looked out of the window. As he did so, the freight dashed by with a roar, leaving behind her a stream of sparks; steaming steadily on her way westward to the coast. The revulsion of feeling weakened him. Turning to the trainmen, he asked, half-dazed:

"How—tell me what happened."

"We were saved by the good God, and nothing else," came the passionate reply. "Joe, on the 'hog,' saw the reflection of my light on the walls of the cliff, just before he reached the top of the hill. He stopped, and sent a red lantern ahead. If he'd have once got to the top and started down, no power in heaven or earth could have kept us from coming together. At this minute we'd be lying in the Arkansas River, two thousand feet below the track. You ought to thank God that you're not the murderer of hundreds of lives, right now."

Culhane hung his head and stepped wearily to the table.

Touching a key, he sent the following message to Grand Junction:

"No wreck. Six safe on siding. Nine passed, going west ten-thirty-five. I resign; send relief at once. Tn."

The next day he stood, broken-hearted, before the superintendent, and, through his sobs, stammered forth his story:

"I've done with railroading, sir; I'm going back to Denver, to the dry-goods counter where I belong. That tower needs a different kind of a man than I am. If there had been a wreck that'd have been the end of me, then and there. God knows how I lived through it. A thousand people are cursing me to-day. I have just one comfort: This has come at a time when I was called on to decide on my future course in life. It has shown me on what a slender thread hangs a railroad man's salvation. It is not yet too late to begin again."

An hour later he was speeding eastward to claim his bride, and begin life again at the foot of the ladder.

"THE BLOOD OF THE TROPICS"

By Blanche Howard Wenner

IT IS AUGUST of 1893. The wonderful hush of a windless afternoon lies over Brewster's great sugar plantation, and has fallen like a spell on the silent palms of his magnificent garden. The lambent crimson of the hibiscus seems to swim from the hedges in a flood of light, and the air is saturated with the dreamy hum of bees as they search out the liquid sweetness of the oleanders.

But there is another sound in the garden. From the low, white Brewster home it comes, and sounds like the measured thump of a stick on a hollow instrument and the soft beat of a dancer's feet.

On the great palm-sheltered lanai she dances: a woman of splendid proportions, her light wrapper caught up with a scarlet ribbon and her bare feet beating the floor in ever-quickening time, while her whole body moves to the graceful thrusts of her beautiful arms, and from her olive-tinted, high-bred face, her great, dark eyes rest as in a trance on the heat-drenched beauty of the garden.

For half an hour she has been dancing thus while the brown skinned, ugly Hawaiian girl crouches on the yellow mat, beating her strange instrument and watching with a fascinated gaze the dancing woman outlined on a mass of loose black hair.

At length the girl quickens the time, and with a last roll of notes ceases, and the woman sinks down on the cushion beside her, breathing quickly, her cheeks crimson.

"It is good, Mrs. Brewster," said the girl, with a funny little accent. "You have learned the dance and you do it now better than any of us," she added, enviously.

"You forget, Marie, that my grandmother danced for a great Hawaiian King, and my mother, too, was a dancing girl before my father came."

The woman spoke proudly, with bated breath, evidently beyond herself. And the girl looked at her curiously, but said nothing. Instead, she rose to go.

"And you will not want me to-morrow?"

"No, Marie, I shall not want you any more. Mr. Brewster returns from the States to-morrow. It has been good of you to help me pass the loneliness while he was gone."

"You do not go out to parties much."

"No. Why should I? I do not love the parties without him—and then, I have the baby."

"Oh! The baby."

"You should have a baby, Marie, and a little home. Wouldn't you like it?"

"No. For me the dance."

"You love the dance so much?"

"It is an easy way to make money."

"Is that the only reason?"

"No. Try it once—the night—the people—the motion—then you would know why we dancers never can give it up."

Mrs. Brewster's eyes followed the girl as she went down the avenue to where her dingy little horse was tied, and watched her as she rode off in the direction of Honolulu. Her words seemed to ring behind her: "We dancers *never* can give it up." And as she dressed that evening, studying in the mirror the high-bred, classic features (the gift of her father) and

thinking with joy of the return of her splendid husband, a voice from her dark mother seemed to sound within her, "Never can give it up."

But the next day all thoughts of the dance had vanished, for Frank Brewster was back on his great plantation, and he and his wife were having a second honeymoon after their first separation. They walked in the garden on that first evening after his return, Brewster's powerful Anglo-Saxon frame and blonde head towering above the olive beauty of his part Hawaiian wife. He was joyous at being back again, and talked much of parts of his trip, but she noticed that he spoke not often of his home. In her heart was a yearning to know if the violent prejudices of those far Easterners had become softened when Frank had come home and explained just how different things were on the Islands—how refined and educated and lovable a wife he had; one whose beauty and charm would grace even the proud home of his father's. She laid her hand on his arm.

"And your father and mother," she said, "do they understand about me now? Do they want to see me with you the next time?"

His voice was very gentle. "What does it matter, love, so that I understand?"

"Then they don't?"

"They can never become accustomed to your mother."

"But my father—think how high he stood: a missionary who converted my mother and educated her. Do they know all that?"

"They know it all, dear!"

"And I can never go with you to your home?"

"In time they must see it my way, Eulalie," he said, and took her in his arms, while about them the tropic night beat in fragrant pulsations of joy, and through the palms the trade winds breathed a sigh, a sigh that too often breathes over the loves of the tropics.

Eulalie thought often of that night in the days that followed: thought with wistful sorrow of Frank's separation from his family, and dwelt with a certain curiosity on the varied life of her mother.

It was an unusually hot August, and many of their friends had left the Island for the summer. The baby was not well, so that they could not go out much, and Frank was very busy on the plantation, so that Eulalie found the days longer than she had ever known them.

Something in her seemed to crave excitement, and until this summer she had always had it. One of the richest and most beautiful girls of the Island, with royal blood in her veins, her girlhood had been full of joy, and the short two years of her married life had been even more replete with attention. She fretted and grew pale and ceased to read as much as formerly, while nearly the live-long day she spent alone or with the baby, dreaming in the glory of the great garden. She longed for Marie, but something in her conversation with Frank on that first night had made her withhold from him the confidence of her dancing lessons. She looked back on them, and her joy in them, with an indefinable horror, feeling that they had fostered something within her that set her apart.

One afternoon when the heat vibrated down the winding walks of the great garden and she sat by the blue water lily pond, sewing and singing in her rare voice which was as mournful and penetrating as a native's, Frank came home unexpectedly. He would not be back for dinner that night, he said, as business would keep him in Honolulu until a late hour, and after that a meeting at the University Club.

"Isn't there anything you would like to do to amuse yourself?" he asked tenderly. "You look so tired lately, Eulalie."

A sudden thought struck her, and her cheeks flushed: "Leave word for Marie, the dancer, to come and see me. She interests me, and I have some old clothes for her."

He seemed glad to find something to amuse her in his absence.

Marie came on her little dingy horse. She had not been there five minutes before she began on the great topic of interest to her. There was to be a great Luau, a native feast, that night for the entertainment of some tourists, and the native dances were to be given.

Listening to her there in the garden, Eulalie's senses suddenly became dizzy, for there had risen in her that which was stronger than all else, and she foresaw the end.

* * * *

It was a perfect night for the Luau. The full moon lingered over the Islands in a flood of splendor, and even the trade winds had ceased to fret the tall cocoanut palms. The night blooming cereus, in a riot of pure loveliness, clung to the rough lava walls, and the spiral purple of the banana seeds hung motionless.

The feast was held out-doors, where a cluster of royal Hawaiian palms cast their stiff shadows, and the party from the hotel were merry in the novelty and joy of it.

They had seen the roasted pig pulled from the hot stones in his redolent wrappings of tea leaves, and had dipped gingerly fingers in the shining calabashes of poi. And now the dances were announced.

The people grouped themselves about, some sitting on mats in the moonlight, others leaning against the trunks of the great palms, and in the clear space in front an ancient Hawaiian man, squint-eyed and scrawny, seated himself and began beating his hollow, gourd-like instrument, while he muttered a rhythmic nonsense.

And then the dancers came—dark-skinned Hawaiian girls, six in number, with white blouses and short, red skirts and dusky hair flowing. About their bare ankles they wore scarlet ruffs, and jade bracelets clacked on their arms. But there was a seventh. She wore the same costume, yet her face was white against the flowing beauty of her hair, and her features were classically beautiful. She led the dancers. Her eyes, alight, seemed not to see the audience, for her glance lay trance-like where, in the opening of palms, the sea heaved and murmured restlessly in his silver dreams.

Slowly the beat of bare feet answered the throb of the instrument. Gracefully the bare arms seemed to push from the dancers all fetters. They finished the first part of the dance in a surge of applause, for the audience had caught the thrill of something out of the ordinary.

And now they came out again; the old man bends to his instrument with new fervor, and Eulalie's eyes are flashing. Her spirit answers the call of the ages behind her. She hears not the little whisper of "Brewster" that already has begun to slip through the crowd. She is nothing but a savage dancing girl, caught in the flame of the dance—pulsing to the rhythm of that persistent beat that her blood has answered since first the savage moved to express a feeling. She is like the reincarnation of her grandmother dancing on the sands of Waikiki to please the great king; she is the whisper of her mother—finding voice; she is the child of the tropics throwing away from her all the bonds of civilization in this one triumphant revelation of what she is.

The old musician redoubles his time with gleaming eyes, muttering to himself of bygone tropic nights. The girl calls to the dancers in vibrating native language and moves forward. A man leans toward her, fascinated; her eyes meet his—she seems to dance for him only, but she sees him not—she is beyond the scene —a savage, dancing on the sands of an unpeopled island with all the freedom of her ancestors who danced thus to win a girdle of white sea shells, or a king for a lover. Faster her bare feet beat the grass; closer she comes; the blood of the tropics surging hot in every vein. Faster beats the rhythm into her very brain, and the silent palms swim into an immeasurable distance of silver light, and then—she

sees his face there in the shadows between the great trees, his face set, white, agonized, unbelieving.

With a great cry the dance comes to an end, and the surprised dancing girls trail into the little shelter behind the palms. All the flush has gone from Eulalie's face now, and the despair of an intelligence and education that can grasp the full enormity of her act has settled in the tragic shadows of her eyes. She throws her long dark cape about her, and barefooted and alone, rushes through the trees. But she is too late. She only gains the road to see him fling himself on his horse and gallop off in white swirls of dust. She calls, but only to be answered by the resounding beat of hoofs. Choking, sobbing, she runs on after him, along the silent, dust-stirred road that leads up to the great Brewster plantation two miles away. Sometimes she stumbles on her long cape so that her loose hair lies in the dust, but she rises and rushes on.

At last in utter fatigue she drops in the shadows of a great banyan tree and clutches the weird roots which fall around her like the hair of Medusa. When, after a long time, she rises and walks on, she is calmer, but her shoulders heave when she comes to the great gate. Is he waiting in that home, white in the moonlight? Is he waiting there for the woman who has disgraced him and his child? Will he speak? She moves forward between the shining hedges of hibiscus.

The house is dark; the lanai empty and silent, flooded with moonlight and weird with the slender shadows of palm leaves. She passes through the deserted house to her room. She tears off the gaudy dress of the dancing girl, a horrible shame burning her; all the heritage of dignity from her father and a long line of missionary ancestors cries out at the thing she has done this night.

She seizes a soft, white, crepe kimona with silver butterflies clinging to its border—his gift—and a feeling of relief comes to her as the soft folds fall from shoulders to feet. She winds her hair high on her head, no more the passionate, fiery dancing girl, but a pale-faced woman, weary of the tragedy of life.

Over in a corner in a small cradle the baby sleeps, and here Eulalie pauses, and lifting the netting, takes her child in her arms and passes down to the great, deserted lanai, where she seats herself on the cushions on the steps and waits.

Over the garden, the garden that is alive with memories of love, the moonlight lies in floods of splendor. The breath of tropical flowers hangs in the exquisite stillness of the night.

Eulalie holds her baby close; it is so little and so white—— She lays it down on a heap of cushions and starts down a winding walk that leads to the lily pond. From the shadows in weird grots, grotesque Japanese idols grin at her as she passes. She reaches the pond where the lilies half open to the brilliant light of the moon. Then she starts. He is standing there, silent, arms folded, head bent. Doubtless his soul is bleeding as the fragrant memories of past hours rise from that silent place and numbs his senses. Oh, if she could only go to him and sob out her shame in his arms. But there is an aloofness about his attitude that frightens her. Yet she *must* speak. She steps falteringly from the dark shadows to the side of a crumbling granite shrine on which the moonlight falls in silver charms.

"Frank!"

He starts and turns toward her, but there is no answer. White and still she stands, the moonlight glistening on the exquisite butterflies that cling to her soft robe.

"Frank, I know you think there is nothing to say, but I must explain. I must speak!"

"Speak, Eulalie!" His voice is hard and far distant.

"You can never understand what made me dance to-night. I can scarcely believe it now. I never thought of doing it until Marie came this afternoon, and told me of the Luau. Then something rose in me like a fever; I

thought of nothing else. I could not reason; I knew that I would do it, and that nothing could help it. And I did. I was carried away. I knew nothing until I saw your face, and then, oh, Frank, how bitterly I knew. Often I have felt a desire like that, and this summer I was so lonely that I had Marie come and teach me the dance. I loved it so!" She paused.

"You deliberately learned that dance without my knowing it?" His voice was like thin ice—the breaking point near.

From the distant house the wavering wail of the baby arose.

"Yes, meaning to tell you; but when you came home after seeing your family, I felt if I told you it would make you feel differently about me. I began to see my mother as you and your family must see her and I hated myself for learning the dance. I meant never to do it again. Yet I did it, Frank, for it is in me. Oh, Frank, can I help it! My mother, my grandmother—they are a part of me, just as much as my father."

"It would seem more."

The words cut into her, but she clung to the old shrine and stammered on:

"Yes, more; but whose fault is it? Not mine." A fire was gathering in her tones. "Didn't my father know when he married my mother what I would be? Didn't you know when you married me? You knew what I was, and as for my dancing mother, I shall never be ashamed of her after to-night. She lived what she felt. Oh, you can never understand how we of the tropics *live* what we feel. You can never know how, when I danced to-night, I danced in a wild passion of expression, expression of life that I love because of you and the baby."

"But if you loved us, couldn't you have stayed away for our sakes? Couldn't you have saved us this disgrace?"

She gave a little moan where she stood, then turned away, her proud head thrown back, but pitiful shadows about her eyes.

"It is no use," she said. "I thought you would help me." Her voice shook. "But there is nothing stronger than the blood of the tropics." She started back along the shadowed walk.

"Eulalie!" His voice vibrated in the silent garden. She paused, trembling.

"Eulalie!" He was by her side. "There is one thing stronger," he said as he caught her to his heart: "God, and God is Love!"

"Ah!" she murmured wearily, her lids drooping over her shadowy eyes. "For us of the Islands, Love is God." And a great hush fell on the garden.

THE FEAR

Throughout the dreary years it followed me,
I dared not look behind and face the sight
Of that I feared. Yet try with all my might,
I could not from its dreaded presence flee,
Nor find a refuge from this enemy.
The day could not alleviate my plight,
And in the lonely hours of the night
It came to fill dreams with agony.
There came a time it was so close I knew
It was upon me. Desperate I grew,
And turned about and met it face to face;
But as I clutched at it to hold it fast,
It vanished phantom-like. Lo, not a trace
Of it remained, and I was free at last!

KATHARINE BEARDSLEY.

BLACK HEART

By Ronald Temple

BUT for the low, moaning wail of the woman kneeling by the wounded man, and the rhythmic booming of the surf-beat on the Bight, the hush of full night lay on the coast. The whopping of the Mausers had died into silence with the few last straggling volleys—your Haussa is hard to wean from his fight—and already the frightened chattering of the sleepy little monkeys clustered overhead had ceased. A sudden pool of silver verdigris poured in over the oily sea, and the big African moon floated up like a giant balloon, drawing the bamboo pole shadows across the foreshore like the bars of a mighty gridiron. Then a long shadow fell athwart me, and my Haussa sergeant saluted—six feet and a half of splendid ebony brown.

"Ou-ai, sah," he reported, his features expanded into a broad grin; "make him much fire palaver. Slaber go pop-pop—wa-ha!"

A quick crackling-like miniature small-arm fire, and the drifting sting of rotten wood burning, filled the air. Under my orders, the nauseous slave *dhow*, with the filth, romance, and evil of its trade, would soon be but a record on the books of the Haussa headquarters at Lagos. It was the culmination of many weary months of hunting and fighting. I turned to the grinning sergeant.

"All right," I confirmed, in the speech used between white officer and black trooper on the Coast. "You catch him Johnny Haussa for chop all along sometime now. Make him walk march for Lagos byembye at sunup. How savvy?"

The sergeant saluted again, wheeled smartly about, and departed. A sudden flare from the burning *dhow* lit the foreshore. I approached my captive, the wounded man.

"Anything I can do to make you more comfy?" I hazarded.

"Thanks, no," he replied in a voice that stamped him a "gentleman," at least by earlier association; "unless you chance to have any 'baccy? Cigars—Latakia, too, by Jove! Gad, you take me back to India and the mess—but that is none of your business, as Kipling says. Have you a match? Thanks!!"

I struck one, and held it for him to light from, for he was badly hurt, examining his features by the last light of his *dhow* burning to the water's edge. Curiously, it was a high, purposeful type of countenance, delicately chiseled, and intellectual. A small, black mustache lay over the thin, firm lips, and a crop of crisp, closely-cut silver-gray curls surmounted the head. The eyes were keen and well set, a trifle bloodshot now with his pain; the form lithe, strong, graceful. Altogether he was one intended by Nature to command. I am not a psychologist. Why, I asked myself involuntarily, should this man have descended to crime?

As an officer of Haussas I had some information that must be noted for future report.

"Your name?" I asked.

He laughed, in a soft, well-bred yet insolent tone.

"What's the odds?" he shrugged. "You may make your report read, 'one—Jones'; yes, that'll do nicely, plain Jones. They're a very large and respectable family, anyway."

"'Jones' be it," said I. "Well, Mr. 'Jones,' it is my duty to inform you that you will be taken to Lagos tomorrow morning early, there to be tried for the capital offense of slave dealing; and in the meantime, anything you may say will be used against you if necessary."

"You're an ass," retorted Jones, pleasantly; "I'll never see Lagos. What I mean to say, your .44 caught me in the groin—I'll be gone before the sun pops up over the skyline. Competition's too strong; shutters have gone up. By the way, see anything of another white man—big chap —gold beard—wore an eyeglass?"

"He went out fighting," I said. "We are going to take his body to Lagos tomorrow."

"Good man," said Jones, simply. "*Floreat Etona!* We pulled on the Eton shell together in '90. Hasheesh got Archie—abominable habit!—so he drifted into the 'trade.' *Au revoir*, Archie!"

Although well-born blackguards are no rarity on the Coast, I felt a sudden, singular sympathy for this one, somehow.

"I say," I stammered, "you're in the wrong, of course, but—I was a Public School boy myself—anything I can do——"

"Take you at your word," interrupted Jones. "Let me talk to you—only thing that'll ease me—damnably painful—your bullet must have torn a hole in me big enough to shove your fist into."

He spoke to the woman still kneeling beside him, in up-country dialect, and she, obedient to his word, betook herself off to a little distance where she subsided into squatting posture. I rolled a blanket and placed it under Jones' head; then sat cross-legged before him.

"Queer thing—'Black Heart,'" observed Jones, regarding the distant woman musingly. "Archie never could understand it—memory of some girl at home, I think; but then he used to chew hasheesh—rotten trait. Speaking of Lagos, do you know Valentine of Yours? I hadn't seen him since the old Eton days till I came to this infernal country; he cox'd the '90 shell. I was fresh from India—none of your business why I left the Regiment—when I first hove-to over the Lagos Bight and cleared the running bars in those rummy surf boats. Then I fell unexpectedly across Valentine, and he took me up to the Haussa mess. Later we met again. I'll come to that later.

"That night, I remember, was large with Fate for me. Down by the docks —after I'd got away from Valentine—whom should I run into but old Archie. God knows why, but he'd been running a donkey-engine on a Coast tramp—fancy the girl at home must have had something to do with it. Anyway, all that was left of the old Archie I knew was the gold beard and eyeglasses. We turned into a filthy dock gin-mill, and over a glass of wretched *vanderhun*, Archie unbosomed himself.

"We didn't touch on 'pasts' and 'reasons'—can't ask questions below the 'Line,' y'know—but presently Archie told me he was out for blood, and needed a pal.

"'There's a mint of filthy shekels in it,' said he. 'I've half-way got a *dhow*, and there's a gang of unlicked *kroo* boys on this beastly old tramp who'll come to heel if I whistle. No; it isn't piracy. The *dhow's* owned by an old Mohammedan bounder of a merchant here who's willing to put up the boodle and go halves with some Johnny who'll work her. 'Black ivory's' thick up the rivers, and he needs a white man for partner. They're paying a fat whack for women along the Sudan; we could buy the old rotter out in a couple of trips and go it off our own bat. You're welcome to half of mine if you care to chip in.'

"I hadn't much thought of 'blackbirding' as a profession, but being rather at odds and ends, was ripe for anything from pitch-and-toss to man-slaughter that showed the wherewithal.

"'Right-o,' said I at once; and that same night saw me enrolled as half-

captain of a slaver and its crew of niggers.

"You know the 'black birding' game, so I shan't take up your time with any descriptions, excepting to say that we found plenty of niggers and good marts—especially for men for old Leopold's chaps—and will come lances in lead to the chain of incidents that enabled Valentine to put you on our spoor. I know my guess is right—eh?"

Jones regarded me keenly. I maintained an unmoved countenance. He laughed, weakly:

"Gad, what a poker player you must be," he observed.

"It was about this time a year since," he continued. "Archie'd trotted off across country with a convoy of Senegal women for Abyssinia, leaving me in sole charge of the *dhow*.

" 'Better take a flier up the Douloubugoo,' he suggested at parting. 'There's a cad has a 'station' up there a way—Beasley by name—who's said to know of a good 'lay.' He's sharp, I hear. Keep your eye peeled for Johnny Haussas—and for God's sake, keep off 'Black Heart.' It'll ruin the whole bally show if you don't. I'll meet you here this day month.'

"He rode off chewing hasheesh like one o'clock—it never seemed to more than screw him up—and the next day I started off up-stream as he'd advised. The Douloubugoo's a shallow old trickle, full of sand bars, mangrove swamps, crocos, kank and hippo. Elsewhere it's jungle, with the trees sticking their roots out over the banks so that the oysters can grow on them, and livened up a bit by dog-gorillas that bark at you day and night. Once in a great while you strike a village with a lot of dug-outs floating at its front, where the natives all shy off inland at your approach. Ten days up-stream I struck a clearing that was Beasley's trading post, and disembarked.

"Beasley was a cad, as Archie had warned me—but then one has to associate with all sorts of queer fish on the Coast. His post was set in a clearing of deep jungle, pretty well surrounded with rubber once, I should judge. Ideal place for 'black birding' and miasma. I saw the latter as soon as I'd toddled up to his hut and clapped my eyes on his blue chops and liver colored lips. He was a small johnny, and ugly as sin; shivering his life away there with the thermometer God knows what, and a couple of Cape blankets over him. I don't mind mentioning his name, because you can't harm him *now;* snuffed out with fever six months since, or somebody shot him—I forget which. After a dram or so of post gin I opened up on him.

" 'How's business?' I asked, making the secret trademark of the slaver with my finger on my palm.

" 'Pretty slow,' replied Beasley, cautiously. "Feathers are about done out, and the niggers don't care a damn whether they fetch rubber or not. It's no use to punish, either.'

" 'Might be something else,' I hazarded, carelessly.

"Beasley gave me a knowing wink.

" 'Smelled it the minute ye hove to, Cappy,' he leered. 'I was expectin' to 'ave a call from you gents, sooner or later.'

" 'But it won't do,' he went on. 'It's too dangerous since the Johnny Haussas got wind of the 'lays' hereabouts.'

" 'Seen anything of them?' I asked.

" 'There's a 'arf company went by here down stream last week,' he answered, 'under the command of a feller by the name of Valentine—mean, nasty little beggar.'

" 'Oh-ho!' thought I. 'So Master Valentine is in the game, eh?' Then and there I should have been warned.

" 'Oh, well,' I said aloud to Beasley, 'Haussas never catch anything but chills and fever, and they're gone, anyway. What price your 'lay?'

"Beasley stuck his ugly face across the table, his teeth chattering with the recurrent swamp chills.

" 'Understand once and for all that I've nothin' on that race, Cappy,' he answered. 'If it was 'Black Heart,' now,' he continued, 'I might oblige. I know a single 'lay' not a thousand

miles from here. It'll cost ye a tenner, but by God, she's a black pearl.'

"I couldn't make out whether the fellow was really scared of Haussas, or holding off on the big 'lay' for a stiff price; so I thought I'd chance his offer of a single 'bird' as leading to something better, perhaps. I chucked the coin on his glass-rimmed table.

" 'You be damned,' said I, rising. 'I'm going for a stroll. Where's your pearl fisheries?'

"Beasley accompanied me to the hut door and pointed across the clearing.

" ' 'Bout a 'arf mile through the tangle,' he explained; 'follow close by the river bank, and look out for snakes—they're thick. Ye'll find a small clearing there. Bet ye an even 'thick 'un' ye drop at sight of her, Cappy; but keep a weather eye open for her man, Kiva—he's gun-shy and nasty.'

" 'Done—on the bet,' I replied. 'So long. If any of my *kroo* boys get to looting your godown, shoot 'em up.'

"Following Beasley's directions, I struck off to the jungle, and after a bit, worked through the heavier undergrowth to a clearing patch. It was late afternoon, and the rubber plants about it were throwing long, heavy shadows, so that I was unobserved. In the center of the clearing was a reed-thatched hut. Before the door of this hut was a woman——"

He ceased gently, and with a look in her direction, indicated the woman who was squatting at some little distance from us, among the bamboo poles.

"Life aboard a slaver soon knocks the beauty spots off," observed Jones. "But if you had seen her as I did first, in their clearing—— Beasley was right: eyes flowing like black pools on a night sea, and the form of a bronze statuette of one of the Sabine women——"

He shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"She was seated just without their hut door, playing on a *marimba* shod with orchid tendrils. Kiva—her man—was pounding kank against the morrow. It was damned peaceful. Every now and then he'd cease from his labors and start capering around the kank trough to the music; then they'd both clap their hands and laugh at each other. It was absurd, of course, but do you know—for the moment—it actually flashed a picture through my head of an old-fashioned garden sloping to the Avon, and a little chap dancing gleefully around his mother as she played to him on her guitar. The *marimba* ceased, and I walked into the clearing.

"Kiva stood forth, a sudden, troubled look on his face, while the woman disappeared hastily within the hut. I sized my man up. He was an Ajuba, big and ugly as a gorilla, and wary. First glance I saw he was an old bird who'd been shot over before.

" 'How savvy for catch him 'black tracker?' I asked.

" 'Ugh!' he grunted. 'All boys gone for catch him river-horse hunt.'

"I saw I'd got to use strategy.

" 'My want to catch him 'feathers' all along now, maybe three, five day,' I explained. 'S'pose can make palaver?'

"He eyed me a moment, still evidently suspicious; then, with another grunt, led the way within his hut. It was the usual type—bare, earth floor, kaross of hides, and a couple of big, earthen bowls. We squatted near the door—Kiva between me and the general interior. Dusk was creeping over the jungle like a gaunt wolf, and in the half-light I made out the outline of a knob-kerrie under Kiva's crossed legs. I managed to slip my knife sheath around to the front, unobserved. The woman placed a gourd of milk and some black bread between us. The day fell.

"Night fulled as we sat there palavering away—Kiva suspicious of my every suggestion and move, I racking my brains for some means of disposing of him and coming at the woman. Funny go, but I absolutely couldn't hit on any feasible plan; so there we sat playing a sort of tit-tat-to with

each other till the moon rose and came spilling into the hut. Anyway, it's not ordained that a black shall best a white, you know, so the white man's gods took a hand in the game.

"I think I mentioned I was sitting close by the open entrance, Kiva just across a gourd from me—the woman had turned in in the kaross over in the corner, and was fast asleep. All in a moment while we were dickering, Kiva stiffened, and his hand crept swiftly to his knob-kerrie. I thought it was all off with me, and had got my knife out somehow, when Kiva leaned over me and struck at something; I saw it was a snake. Like a flash my one chance had come. Before Kiva could recover himself I whipped my knife between his shoulder blades—got him fairly! The spurt of blood half-choked him, and I throttled his groans. In a moment it was over. The woman still slept. I saw the snake was still wriggling despite its broken back, so I stamped on its head. Lucky for me Kiva smashed it with his knob-kerrie: it was a jungle cobra. One time on record when the snake brought happiness for some one into the Garden of Eden. Then I lifted up Kiva and bore him to the river bank, where I chucked him over. I didn't want to leave any traces, and I knew the crocos would yaffle him before morning. I returned to the hut; the woman still slept. The moon was dribbling a pad of liquid silver over the hut floor, and on the kaross of hides where she lay. I don't know if you've ever fought for the first great prize of all, but I tell you a fine triumph was in me then. And she was only an Ajuba woman—as you can see. I tidied up the scene of the scuffle as well as I could, and kicked the dead snake into the clearing without. The Black Pearl was mine."

Again Jones ceased, his thoughts reminiscent; and a feeling of nausea for the ungrateful blackguard filled me. Surely no Hell could be lower than that reserved for the deliberate murderer of one who has just saved his life!! Ardently I longed for the arrival of the gunboat that was to fetch us. If any power of mine could keep him alive till then he'd swing on a gallows at Lagos. Suddenly he groaned for the first time, and sank more limply against the blanket I had propped his back up with at the opening of his story.

"Curse your rotten marksmanship!" he quavered. "Why don't they teach you how to shoot in the Johnny Haussas? Don't you know that the heart, or the brain, kills a man quicker than the groin?"

He lay breathing heavily a few moments; then, as the pain eased, glanced over to where the woman was still squatting. Saving for her loin cloths, and barbaric display of arm bands and anklets, she was nude, and the night mists hung heavily over the fever-ridden shore.

"Poor devil!" sighed Jones. "See how she shivers. I say, take this blanket from behind my back, will you, and throw it to her."

I arose, and did as he bade. Then I looked at the man. The blanket had been his sole support against the agony of his wound; now he was bearing it uncomplainingly. In spite of myself, I couldn't help a sneaking liking for the fellow—perhaps I was somewhat influenced because he, too, had been a Public School boy, and a soldier. I stripped off my accoutrements, discarded my service Norfolk jacket, and rolling it into a ball, propped him up with it. The moon was shining down straight so that I could see the winsome smile upon his handsome features. Jones was really grateful.

"Thanks, old chap," said he, as I resumed my seat. "You're a good sort Archie'd have liked you. By the way, 'member me to little Valentine after I'm gone. To reshume, as Mulvaney says:

"I woke the Black Pearl and told her that Kiva had gone a couple of days' spoor into the jungle for me, but that I was to pick him up at a certain point a three days' sail down the stream. She worried at that, so I offered to take her along in the *dhow,*

and, as I expected, she rose to the bait. I looked up Beasley, and paid him the sovereign we'd bet, but lied about Kiva and the woman—I didn't trust him; and that same night I smuggled her aboard the *dhow,* and we cast off under a full moon, leaving Beasley and his infernal stench-pot to rot away in seclusion.

"Black Pearl had Archie's cabin for'rad—I wouldn't herd her with the *kroo* boys between decks, of course—and on the second day I sent for her and explained the situation. Of course she put up a holy row. I'm no believer in a milk-and-water procedure, and the only way to deal with a woman, white, brown, or black—is a kiss, or a blow. She chose the latter, and got it. God, how she hated me! For three days I flogged the white fear into her; then she gave in. In the end she came to love me, as I'll prove. It's raw but it's the 'Coast.' That's the glory of it, old man, I *made* her love me. I don't expect you to understand that *now.* But one of these days you'll go home and wed some peaches-and-cream girl who'll lead you by the nose; and then you'll sigh and think of a dead man on the West Coast of Africa who made a woman love him so that nothing could wash his name from her mouth, and you'll wish to God you were dead, too. See if I'm not right!'

"That trip was my honeymoon—lucky, but the beginning of the end. You know the glory of a primal African river in full color. I wasn't exactly a spring chicken—to put it mildly, and my bride—to say the least—was more than a bit dusky, but—we'll let it go at that. Here and there on the way down stream I managed to appropriate a bit of 'black ivory'—rare luck that!—and finally we drew near my rendezvous with Archie, a bit late but with our hold crammed with good, marketable 'black-birds!' At the last village we pillaged I got some news that hastened my departure—the Johnny Haussas were on the war-path.

"Black Pearl had accompanied me ashore, for I gave her full liberty; but after rounding up my *kroo* boys and bit of 'freight' she failed to show up.

"The headman and I beat up the village together, but without results. She'd disappeared as completely as if the crocos had nabbed her—an impossibility in daylight, of course. Finally we lit on her spoor running off into the jungle—and a big anger was in my heart. Ordinary commonsense dictated that I should lose no time getting aboard the *dhow* and making down stream; but wrath gripped me and chivied me off into the undergrowth on Black Pearl's spoor.

I sent the *dhow* on down stream under charge of my head *kroo* boy, bidding him heave-to in some hidden islands we knew, and took a half-dozen *kroo* boys with me and a surf-boat. If I wasn't at my rendezvous in three days' time, the *dhow* was to continue on down stream and pick up Archie. Then they hauled sail, and we cached the surfboat and took up the spoor of Black Pearl.

"For two days and nights we beat that cursed jungle high and low, but never aught but her disappearing spoor did we see of the woman. The early morning of the third day saw us on our way to join the *dhow,* empty-handed, sore and savage. I don't like to think of that trip down stream; I had a lot of time for thinking, and I was mad—sheer, fighting mad all through. It wasn't just chagrin, it was something stronger—bigger—perhaps because I'd made her conquest the one fulfilled ambition of my life. I'd risked and fought for her, too. Why the devil had she left me? White, brown or black—and I've known a goodish few of the two former in my time—a woman's psychology is as reliable as a marimba; you never can tell its tones. Anyway, something had to break—and it did.

"My *kroo* boys dug in, and we made good time after the *dhow;* the drowsiness of the late afternoon making me reminiscent. I remember I was thinking of the old school, and all the fellows one's lost track of out here. Somehow, my mind got on a walk Val-

entine and I had once taken together in term time—we were both Sixth Form boys then—and of an old Gypsy woman whose palm we'd crossed for the fun of the thing. I can't recall her whole yarn, but the gist of it was that a dark woman would bring Valentine and myself together some day, and be the death of one of us. I was just musing on this idly—not connecting it with any actual occurrence—when I heard the whop of a Mauser, and simultaneously we rounded a bend of the river. Before us lay a straight sheet of water and the island rendezvous; just below them the *dhow* with a surf boat half in-slung; and still further down stream—yet closing in quickly—was a Haussa river boat with the bloody Cross of St. George flung over her stern. I caught one glimpse of a motley of red tarbooshes and grinning black faces thrust over the Haussa boat's bulwark, then a crackling volley leapt from her side, splintering against the *dhow* and kicking up the water in spurts about us. My *kroo* boys bent to their oars with a mighty pull, and we shot to the *dhow*, scraping our bow along her lee side, and swarmed aboard. Simultaneously there was a crash and a grinding while the *dhow* literally staggered; and I fell over some one. When I picked myself out of the mess, I saw the some one was Archie. The Haussas had grappled us stem and stern; a line of steel wavered over our bulwark.

"You know what a fight with a slaver is like—matter of fact you put up a pretty little shindy yourself not half a dozen hours ago. It was 'all-in,' kick or bite, for about ten minutes; gradually the Johnny Haussas pushed us forward to the mast. Things were looking serious for us, and more than half our *kroo* boys were down on the deck. Then Archie bawled out to me:

" 'Drop down into the hold, old man, and loose the freight!'

"And simultaneously another voice yelled:

" '*Floreat Etona!*'

" 'Damme!' roared Archie, 'it's Valentine. Hurry up with those niggers! Jolly boating weather!'

"As it happened, I was close by the 'fore-companion, hacking away at a couple of buck Haussas, when Archie sang out; so all I had to do was to kick the hatch cover off and disappear. The hold was blacker than the Styx, and because of the rotten, uncaulked state of our decks there was a steady drip, drip, drip, and the pungent odor of new blood, in the 'blackbirds' pit. It was a fool thing that I did. The niggers had gone mad with the blood, and the fight overhead, and had torn the benches they were chained to up and apart. As I lit among them they rushed me, and passed up through the open hatch, their chains, with pieces of planking hanging to 'em, dangling from their wrists and ankles. Afterwards, Archie told me they turned the fight for us, with nothing but their bare hands and those pieces of hanging timber. You can say what you please, but a big buck nigger that's clean bred out of a line of fighting men is a jolly handy thing to have around in a free-for-all shindy.

"Anyway, I got a clip over the head as the 'black ivory' passed over me, and when I came to, I was lying in that inky hold with something warm dripping on me through those uncaulked deck seams overhead. When I could make shift to swarm up through the hatch, I found that the Johnny Haussas had struck their colors to us. Valentine and his men were prisoners of war, and he and Archie were over by a bulkhead binding each other's wounds and chatting away about Eton and the old days. Then, and not till then, did I begin to apply the prophecy of the old Gypsy hag to Valentine and myself, and did some pretty serious thinking.

"On the morrow, Valentine and his Haussas were mustered to clear away to their river boat—we couldn't have held 'em for lack of accommodations and food, and Valentine passed his word not to attempt to molest us again for four-and-twenty hours; moreover, we wouldn't degrade the old flag that

Valentine served—when I called Valentine to one side.

"'Val, old man,' said I, 'I want to ask you a straight question—yes or no: did you tumble on to us by accident?'

"'Nothing half so silly,' he rejoined. 'We've been hot-foot after you with malice aforethought for three full days.'

"'How'd you know where the *dhow* was?'

"'Ajuba woman,' answered Valentine, simply. 'We were in-shore, camped for the night, when she stole in upon us, and told us of your *dhow* and 'cargo.' Seemed to have her knife into you. What?'

"After Valentine and his Johnnies had gone aboard their river boat, I explained this—and most about the Black Pearl—to Archie. He was hopping mad, and swore that a *krooman* was a gentleman compared to myself; wound up by saying that the woman ought to be beaten to a jelly, and that he'd be damned if he couldn't do it with his two hands if by any chance we ever ran across her again. I could not complain; he had the right to pile it on.

"As we stood thus, leaning over the poop and calling each other names about the Black Pearl—Archie talking murder and I standing up for her—there came a splashing directly below us, and our hanging stern line jerked and taughtened. Before I could imagine what caused it, something came clambering up to the taffrail, hand over hand—and the Black Pearl stood on the deck before us! She was nude and dripping with water—and her feet and ankles were cut and bleeding from thorns. How she'd ever swum that crocodile-infested stream is more than I can tell you.

"I shan't forget that scene—until dawn of to-morrow; or to-day, is it? The *kroo* boys were busy forward, and Archie, she and I had the after-deck to ourselves. The sun was just setting—had slid somewhere behind the jungle, in fact—but the river reaches were still gold, and opal, and red copper in the clinging tree-tops, and on the open water spaces. Suddenly Black Pearl spoke:

"'Assay,' she said, simply, 's'pose can make wife palaver now!'

"She had asked for the blow and the kiss, together—funny thing, a woman's psychology.

"I called a *kroo* boy and bade him bring me a gut thong; Black Pearl bent her bare back. Then, before the blow could fall, a hand gripped my wrist and two blue eyes were thrust close to mine. Archie's voice was saying:

"'Hit her, and by God, I'll kill you.'

"Then he released his hold of me, fell back and said in his normal tones:

"'Don't do it, old man; I ask you as a pal.'

"I'm not built to walk in fear of any man—so it wasn't for that reason; really, I don't know exactly why. Anyway I didn't—and I've never regretted it."

* * * *

Jones' voice trailed off weakly, and a long silence followed. Suddenly a cold, faint half-light crept over us as the two gray fingers of Daybreak parted the heavy drape of Night. Away out on a slate sea I made out a tiny speck with a black spiral standing straight up from it. I turned to Jones.

"The gunboat is coming!" I exclaimed.

Jones was sunken to a shriveled-up posture, and his lips were working spasmodically for speech. His face was blue and fallen away; his features over-prominent; his eyes glazed. I knelt by him: his hour was at hand.

Suddenly he raised his head slightly and, with strained, open eyes, gazed up into the leaden sky—and beyond.

"Not guilty, my Lord," said he—once Jones, the "blackbirder."

I closed the eyes and covered the face. That was all I ever knew of him. Like two fleeting clouds between dark ranges, we had touched and passed—saving the prophecy that he made to me. What was it? Some day I would go home and marry a girl all peaches and cream, who would lead

me by the nose; and then I would think of a dead man—Jones—who *made* a woman love him, so that thenceforth she was ever beyond other earthly loves, and wish I were dead, too. As it happened, there *was* a girl at home.

The prophecy held me, thinking. I felt a touch on my elbow. The woman—an Ajuba—stood beside me.

"He is dead," said I, somehow overwhelmingly sorry. She nodded, almost indifferently, it seemed to me.

"Him gone," she repeated unemotionally; and then, to me: "Assay, s'pose can make wife palaver now?"

I try to believe that because the main prop was removed, the mind simply fell mechanically back to its primal inheritance. Overcome with sudden disgust, I turned to await the oncoming of the gunboat over the Bight.

In a rare tousle of raw gold, real Dawn broke.

THE CLOUDS AT CARMEL

The little clouds that float about,
That wander in and wander out
From many a cool, deep, dingle dell
Where Carmel's hills so greenly swell;—
They are like balls of cotton floss,
So light, so white, just blown across
From lofty pine to tow'ring fir,
Where healing breezes softly stir.

Then one by one they wander out
From canyon's height, and drift about
Across the sky of clearest blue;
They are not bringing winds or showers,
They're playing games as children do,
And dropping dews among the flowers,
Or comforting the springs that well
Down in each leafy dingle dell.

The sun-touched clouds no storms compel,
They wear the west wind's kindly spell;
And they are pictured on my heart
E'er since that I day I went apart
And saw sweet Carmel-by-the-Sea,
And felt its blessed mystery,
For loosed is every sorrow there
Where Carmel's hills lie green and fair.

LILLIAN H. S. BAILEY.

THROUGH THE MIST

By Catherine Adair

"WELL, EVELYN, you are flushed and excited enough to have said 'yes,' at last."

Evelyn frowned, more at the hopefulness in her mother's voice than at the words.

"I haven't said 'yes,' Mother, and I wish I had said 'no.' Three proposals in ten days from one man are too much, even for me."

"You don't mean that you have put Captain Raymond off again? You said yourself that you would have to give him a decided answer the third time."

"I know I said so; but when the time came I couldn't say 'yes,' and 'no' wasn't ready either; so I told him to keep on waiting." Evelyn smiled at her mother's reproachful look. "But, mother, I really promised something definite before we leave."

"We leave at the end of the week," said Mrs. Carter.

"Yes, so there's no hope. I must make up my mind." Evelyn paused, then said in a serious tone: "I don't really love him, mother."

"Oh, Evelyn, what nonsense! You are old enough to have outgrown romantic notions about love, if you ever had any. Captain Raymond is suitable in every way, and I am sure you care enough for him to marry him. Don't worry about the future. There is no doubt about his side of the matter."

"I should think not. He has been at my elbow all winter in town, and at my heels every minute of these days in the Valley. I know I have nothing against him. I almost wish I had. He's a dear fellow, and I'm fond of him—in a gentle, sisterly sort of way." Evelyn was silent for a few moments, then said, vehemently: "I am capable of more than that, mother, and the man I marry ought to have the best."

Mrs. Carter did not answer. Her daughter puzzled her sometimes with unexpected revelations.

It was late in the afternoon, and weary tourists, in small groups and larger parties, were returning to the camp at the foot of Yosemite Falls. They had been viewing the wonders of the great western valley and surrounding mountains; some from Glacier Point, with its over-hanging rock; some from Cloud's Rest, looking far over the High Sierras; and others, climbing Eagle Peak, stopping on the way at the head of Yosemite, where the waters dash over the precipice for their fall of twenty-six hundred feet.

Mrs. Carter, at a tent-door, had watched anxiously for her daughter, who had gone, with Captain Raymond, to Bridal Veil Fall in time to see the late afternoon rainbow across the waters. She was disappointed when the girl came into camp alone.

As the silence following her last earnest speech became oppressive, Evelyn went into the tent, so that her mother's back was turned as she drew a letter from her pocket and read it over carefully.

"We stopped at the post-office coming back, mother. I have a letter from David."

Mrs. Carter started, and looked uncomfortable.

"What news?" she asked, coldly.

"Good news. He will arrive on the stage this afternoon." Evelyn avoided

her mother's eyes turned on her. "He says that, when he received my letter, he remembered how we used to plan a trip to the valley, climbing the heights, and going through the mist, and seeing everything we read about —and he determined to meet us here."

"When did Captain Raymond ask you to marry him, Evelyn: before you reached the post-office or after?"

Evelyn blushed as she replied: "After." There was no avoiding her mother's eyes now.

"Is it possible that you have any lingering tenderness for David? He belonged to childhood days."

"I was grown, mother, when we left the ranch, and David and I had been friends always."

"Friends, certainly. When he left I feared you were tending towards something more. I was anxious to take you away before it would be too late."

"Why did you object to David?"

Mrs. Carter hesitated. "I can't say I objected to him; I felt he was not the man for you; I hoped for more in your future than——"

"Isn't that evading the question?"

"I should think you could see for yourself, Evelyn." Mrs. Carter was annoyed at her daughter's directness. "When we left the old place, you hardly knew another man. These years of travel and real life have given you experience, besides opportunities for comparison."

Evelyn said nothing. She could not tell her mother that every man who approached her seriously had been mentally held up beside David, and been found wanting.

"You have been attractive, in spite of your indifference," Mrs. Carter continued. "You have met men of education and broad culture, with the highest social position, not to speak of wealth—men whom any girl might be proud to marry." Mrs. Carter noticed Evelyn was getting impatient. "Not that I blame David for lacking——"

"I should think not, mother," Evelyn interrupted. "It was not his fault that he had to do without many advantages. When I think what he has made of himself, in spite of obstacles, I almost feel contempt for the men who have everything provided, almost forced upon them. David is a man, through and through; beside him, some of the others you have brought to mind are only apologies for the real thing."

"You are taking David's part very earnestly."

Evelyn realized she had shown too much feeling, so she tried to laugh off the impression made on her mother, and said, reassuringly: "Don't worry, mother dear, David will not care for such a heartless butterfly as these years have made me—so you may yet have your wish—and Captain Raymond may hear 'yes' in the end."

This speech was hardly finished when Evelyn heard the stage approaching; a moment more, and she was scanning the passengers as it passed. She recognized David at once, and had time to note the changes in his appearance before he caught sight of her. She had left a tall, gaunt, manly fellow, with strength in every line of face and figure, but awkward and self-conscious, and, now and then, with a hard expression in the eyes and around the mouth. David's boyhood had been a struggle between ambition and duty. As he came nearer, she was struck by his complete self-possession; he had the air of being master of himself as well as of his surroundings. There was a new look in his face, too, not less strong, but more gentle.

Mrs. Carter took mental notes of David's eagerness, and Evelyn's warm welcome, while she tried to shake off her annoyance at this interruption of cherished plans.

There were many questions to ask, and many reminiscences to recall, around the camp-fire that spring evening, Mrs. Carter and David doing most of the talking, for Evelyn had grown strangely quiet after the first excitement.

David watched his former comrade, first wonderingly, then realizing her development along many new lines. That she was handsomer than when she left home there could be no question; the arts and graces unconsciously acquired in social life were hers, as well as all the style of a well-dressed, well-bred woman. David looked farther, detecting new lines of serious thoughtfulness in the girlish face, lost when she smiled, half-hidden when indulging in meaningless small talk with Captain Raymond, and deepening again as she turned to him.

"What plans for to-morrow, Miss Carter?" Captain Raymond asked. He was acustomed to being in Evelyn's party on every occasion.

"No very large plan, Captain. When David—Mr. Thorne—and I were children, we planned many excursions over guide-book pictures of Yosemite Valley, and to-morrow we are going to realize the first."

David's face brightened. "Anywhere you choose to go, Evelyn. Through the mist means the footpath to Vernal Fall, if I remember the old book."

"Yes; the loveliest walking trip in the valley."

"The most romantic as well, you might add, Miss Carter," said Captain Raymond, his voice disagreeably suggestive.

Evelyn raised her eyebrows, a trick of hers when annoyed.

"Nature is always romantic to the sentimentalist," she answered tersely. "I am generally supposed to be minus sentiment, and I doubt if the quality has ever been discovered in Mr. Thorne."

"The mist may act as a developer," replied the Captain, who was smarting under his evident omission in plans for the morrow.

"I'll have to kodak you in the various stages, Dave," said Evelyn, striving to overcome the strain of the situation.

Mrs. Carter was annoyed. She changed the subject, knowing it would be useless to thwart Evelyn in the present crisis. The girl had taken the reins. She held them to the carrying out of her plan next morning.

There was an early start across the valley; then over the bridge, and along the road by the river to the opening of the trail. Through the woods they went; at first silently, with a shyness neither had felt before. The trees were bursting into full leaf above their heads, the first wild-flowers were opening to light and life at their feet. The influence of spring was irresistible, calling the man and woman to the pure and joyful freedom of Nature —to open-hearted honesty with each other and with themselves.

David cast off restraint first, for singleness of purpose was his, while Evelyn had more than one problem to solve.

"It was good of you, Evelyn, to arrange this old-time tramp. You remember—over the guide-book—a third person was never included in our plans."

Evelyn looked up with a bright smile.

"We had a narrow escape this time," she replied; "but I could not resist the opportunity to be our old selves, just once again."

An almost pathetic look had followed the smile.

"Tell me of yourself, David: how have the years treated you? Your letters came seldom, and told few of the details I wanted to know."

David's story was short; he was not the man to talk much of his own affairs, or of his struggles against obstacles. Evelyn could fill in breaks in the narrative, following step by step, where he leaped over periods of hardship. When at last she understood that opportunity had favored him, and that he stood on the threshold of success no one could have rejoiced more heartily.

In his turn, David heard a different tale: of travel and keen enjoyment; then of a social life, more or less forced, with running comments on its various phases, sarcastic or slightly bitter.

As David listened to the Evelyn of old, thinking aloud, fearless because she trusted him—he read beyond the words to a heart not yet won by any other than himself, and to a mother's ambition under the guise of maternal love.

They had passed the "Happy Isles" —so named, perhaps, because of the rushing waters that play unceasingly about them, and, following the road, reached the lower bridge where one gets the first, never-to-be-forgotten view up the rocky gorge with its seething water, to the precipice, over which Vernal Fall leaps in a broad mass, casting up the spray that fills the canyon with a fleecy mist.

David took Evelyn's hand to lead her along the narrow trail. As children, they went, their minds and hearts clearing as the mist enfolded them in its embrace.

They were close to the fall, in a veritable temple, when David told Evelyn of the love of years.

"I loved you as a boy, and as a man when we parted, Evelyn. I think you knew it; but I could not speak, for what was I but a poor country fellow to be left behind; while you, in youth and beauty, were going out into the gay world, with a brighter future than I could dream of. Every effort of these years has been for you, and the joy of achievement and success is to lay them at your feet."

The soul of the man was in his words.

Evelyn could not speak, but she did not withdraw her hand. When, at last, she looked up, David read his answer in her eyes, and, as he drew her toward him, he heard it strong and sweet:

"I thought you had forgotten; then I feared you could not care for me, changed as I am; but I could never love any one save you."

It was mid-day. At the foot of the fall they saw the rainbow, with its glorious promise. A stone fell from the height above. The water foamed and splashed around it. Evelyn looked up in time to see a man turn from the railing at the top of the precipice. Brass buttons gleamed in the sunlight on a uniform of olive-drab.

HER FACE

I'll ne'er forget the beauty of her face,
The gentleness, the sweetness and the grace
That hallowed it and made it seem
The incarnation of a dream.
It comes before me in my waking hours,
Surpassing far the radiance of the flowers.
That lift their faces from the cooling grass,
And smile and nod their greeting as I pass.
In times of doubt, in days of grim despair,
The trustful look that she was wont to wear
Has made me long to know the Higher Power
That keeps men safe in every trying hour.
I could not wish her back—she longed to go—
But oh, I loved her, and I miss her so!
And this my prayer, that when I sail away
To the fair shores of Everlasting Day,
When Life shall loose me from its long embrace,
I may be good enough to see her face.

MARJORY C. NEWTON.

THE PRAIRIE PANG

By Oney Fred Sweet

TO BEGIN with, it was three miles from Chet's shack to where Kansas had staked his claim, but the anticipation which all through the night had taken possession of his being caused the dry buffalo grass of the trailless prairie to have the spring of clouds, and it seemed but a step's distance in his scheme of things for the day. He had rather expected old Kansas to balk at first. Interrupted from his sleep, the bearded fellow came yawning to the doorway of his half-sod, half-board shanty.

"You don't mean to stand there and tell me you want me to go forty miles with you down to Pierre just for a show?" the hardened homesteader drawled, after listening to the young homesteader's suggestion.

"But it's a dandy one, and in a tent with a band," exclaimed the boy. "Sid Latham dropped in to tell me about it on his way past last night. It's been there all week, and to-night's the last night. Think of how long a winter it's going to be when there won't be no chance."

Kansas, now fully awake, leaned against the doorway and slowly filled his pipe, the while he gazed in characteristic fashion to the line where the strip of Dakota prairie seemed sewed to the Dakota sky.

"Homesteadin' means doin' without a whole lot of things besides shows," he philosophized. "Now, when I first tried it down in Kansas, I did have a hoss that we might have gone to town with, but forty miles hoofin' it and running the risk of ketchin' rides is another matter."

He paused for a moment to light the strong-smelling tobacco, giving his visitor a knowing scrutiny as he tossed away the match. "Sid told you, too, I s'pose," he added, "about there bein' a gal with the show."

The boy, caught unawares, shifted his tall frame from one booted foot to the other, and his full-lipped mouth twitched with embarrassment.

"Of course. There's always a girl with any show," he retorted. "Would not be much of a show without one." Then his eyes found a place of their own on the uninterrupted horizon. "But Sid says this girl is a 'peach'—black eyes and hair, and little and smiling."

Kansas took a low, slow puff at his pipe. "I knowed you had plenty of flour for another month," he concluded. "I knowed it was another kind of hunger. Have some more breakfast with me, and we'll see if we can get over to Tracey's Corner in time to ketch the mail route man."

The Standing Rock, the one bit of formation which Nature had deposited on the reservation to relieve the monotony of the great sea of land, was the guide for the pair when the man-prepared meal was finished. Never were there any fences, never any trees. The roads were even yet to be traced.

"You look sort of blue-like, sonny," commented Kansas, noting a wistful expression on the boy's face in turning suddenly from the nothingness of the landscape. "You ain't tired of pioneerin' it already, are you?"

"It's great out here," the boy answered reverently. "It'll all be like Iowa some day. I've figured out just where I'm going to have my big red

barn and the windmill beside it, and the row of willows along the road leading up to the house. Pioneerin's fine, only—— It ain't because I've got any fear about the soil nor the hot and cold spells, but if there was someone to take care of your shack—some one to have supper ready for you—say a girl with black hair and eyes, who is little and smiling."

Kansas stopped abruptly and put his hands to his hips. "You don't calculate to bring that 'ere show girl out here, do you?" he exclaimed. "Going forty miles just to see her sing and dance is bad enough, but I hope you ain't got no fool marryin' notion in your head."

"Course not," the boy answered, his face averted. "Girls that's going all over the country and meeting all kinds of fellows ain't apt to pick up with a guy like me. I just want to see what a girl looks like after all these months."

"Well, if you get her," chuckled Kansas, resuming his pace, "you can count on me to hunt up the preacher to tie the knot."

The boy did not laugh. Instead, he seemed to give a bit more attention to the methodical placing of one foot ahead of the other, his shoulders inclined as if in aid of progress. He gave a sigh of relief when Tracey's Corner was reached in plenty of time before the mail carrier arrived. Once in the buggy, he knew that the August-brown prairie with its gumbo hills and occasional claim shack would be triumphed over in faster fashion.

After the stop at the roadhouse, half way in, the trip was a race with the waning afternoon. They reached the Missouri bluffs when the low sun was sending long, deep shadows across the river, but above them loomed the new State capitol building to reflect the dying western rays with its white and gold.

"There's Pierre!" announced Kansas as the sudden surmounting of a bluff revealed the view. But the boy did not respond.

He was still undemonstrative when the two came out of "The New York Restaurant" to hear the band playing at the corner where the unpretentious business streets intersected. To the boy, the blare of the brass on the stillness was melancholy in its effect. Crowding with Kansas close to the players, he saw that the faces of many of them were hard and coarse, and that the two drummers permitted cigarettes of their own making to droop from their lips while they indifferently gave the proper touches to the selections.

"Do you s'pose the gal's around here anywhere?" asked Kansas, when one of the pieces came to an end with a crash. The boy, instead of giving reply, looked up at the early night, which somehow seemed to have been altered by the music. Buildings and people were strange after so many days with just the wind and the insects.

At the tent, stretched on the vacant lot back of the hotel, Kansas, assuming the commercial responsibility, bought the tickets of the thin-faced man standing on the green box beside a flickering gas jet.

"That's the way all of these shows fake," he grumbled, as he humped himself a few minutes later on one of the board seats. "Part of the band is turning into an orchestra. One of 'em will be around sellin' song books before you know it. S'pose it'll be an hour before the curtain goes up."

But the boy was all ears for the plaintive notes of the violins and the clarinet, even as they were tuning. At his feet he noticed that the foxtail and the mullen had withstood the show's encroachment. Each swaying of the curtain from the night breeze of the prairie caused his fancy to take the most wonderful flights behind it.

When she finally appeared, he felt the pang most because she was so lovely and so far away. He did not applaud her song because his hands were gripping the board seat at either side of him. Long absence from woman and song had keyed his appreciation until he was bursting. Though

for the audience her song was gay and her smile was bright, the boy was sure he detected a longing in the notes —a peculiar twist about her mouth, a mistiness in her black eyes.

"Come on: it's all over," Kansas was saying. "I s'pose you're satisfied now. We've got to go and get to bed if we start back with that mail man in the morning."

When they reached the night again they found that roustabouts were already busy preparing for the next week's stand. The significance caused a lump to rise in the boy's throat, and he gripped Kansas' arm until the crowd could push by. As they lingered, the girl herself came smack before them. She was fixing her hair beneath her big black hat as she hurried along, and from her arm dangled a hand bag. She seemed even smaller than she had on the stage.

"She'll go down to 'The New York' and get something to eat," muttered Kansas. "Show folks always do. There ain't no use of our taggin' on. We've seen her and that's all there is to it."

The boy envied the white-faced clerk at "The New York" when, with Kansas, a few minutes later, he saw him smiling in easy fashion at the girl who had taken one of the little tables opposite the lunch counter.

"You can go in and get something to eat if you want to," remarked Kansas at the boy's suggestion. "I can get all the eye full I want out here in the street. Go on in. I'll bet you're afraid to."

Just the restaurant alone was enough when one had been a long time on the prairie, but with her sitting there—— Once the boy in getting up to speak a piece at school had had the blood surge over him the same way. Yet, somehow, he did it. He went until he stood beside her, his hat in his hand—tall, embarrassed, earnest.

"Don't get sore," he hastened, as she looked up, offended. "I come clear in forty miles to see you." The fear of not getting a fair hearing gave him nerve and eloquence. "Don't think I'm like the guys in other towns who try to butt in and get acquainted. Out there there ain't much chance to get introductions and that stuff. Can't you see it's different with me? Ain't you tired of the show? Don't you feel like you wanted a home and some one to take care of you? If——"

She was on her feet and stamping one of them. Her face was flushed. "I never saw you before," she stammered.

"Nor I you," he answered evenly, as they both became seated, "but I knew you were the girl who was meant for me when I first saw you—before that, when Sid Latham first told me about you. I've got a home that'll be all your own to give you. 'Course it's forty miles from town, but it'll be all ours. It won't be like traveling around over the country, but it'll be a real home."

He was trembling as he finished. It was a long time before she spoke, her eyes drinking deep from his, as he leaned eagerly towards her.

"Traveling around, as you say, ain't so nice as it sounds," she said, finally. "The last few weeks it has seemed as if I couldn't stand it another day, never knowing where I was going to sleep or eat. It's been nothing but strange towns, strange folks and weariness always." She paused, then continued, half-ashamed. "Somehow, I had pictured you. I felt I was soon going to meet you as I went out to the lot to-night and looked off over the prairie with the sky looking different like. I——"

The boy reached to put his own big brown hands over hers that lay on the table. She did not try to pull them away.

"What you've spoke to me about is real," she went on. "You've meant what you said. The home you've spoken about would be a real home. It's been a long time since I've known anything that was that way. Men have always been 'joshing' in their talk with me. They lied and I could tell they lied just as I could tell you

were speaking from your heart. You are big, like the country out here. Ever since we came on to where there was so much prairie, I've wanted to be real, like it was. I've been tired of pretending and have folks pretend to me and living just nowhere. And I thought you would be big and young, with just a little wave in your hair like you have. I had planned that you would be real with the real look in your eyes, and the real foundation to live real. I—I do want to go with you. I would like a home out on the free and open prairie."

It was Kansas who interrupted. He had come into the place, his eyes glistening and his mouth perked in embarrassment. The boy, seeing him as if through a haze, turned clumsily.

"Kansas," he said, a smile again coming into the lips that had been tense. "You can see about getting that preacher to tie the knot."

A CALIFORNIA CABIN

Deep nestled in the hollow of the hills
That rise above the perfumed citrus groves,
Bathed in the crystal air the songster thrills,
Surrounded by the deep trees' silent coves.

I have a little cabin made of logs,
From whose front porch I watch the world go by.
I see the ocean raise its mighty fogs,
I see them vanish in the azure sky.

The orange trees burst into waxen flower,
And clothe the foothills with their hymen white,
And then there comes the magic golden shower,
And lo, Hesperides lies full in sight.

Beyond the fields grown green, the reapers mow,
The full-girthed melons ripen in the sun,
And Bacchus, in the vineyards far below,
With dark-eyed maidens keeps his ancient fun.

The world is here before my cabin door:
The Arab's sands, his fruits, and wondrous skies;
The olive of old Palestine hangs o'er
The Spanish grape; and yonder Athens lies.

Close on the breast of God's most perfect sea;
Behind the Alps rise sheer in virgin snow,
Far grander than the ones of Italy,
And on their slopes the pines of Norway grow.

Small wonder that I wish to spend my days
In this log house, wisteria clambering o'er,
When California brings the world, and lays
It out before my poppy-haunted door!

RALPH BACON.

TORTOISESHELL TOM

By R. F. O'Neal

MRS. SIMPKINS was all upset. Her favorite songster would sing no more. It was the old tragedy of the canary and a cat. The head of the household was ever a man of peace; and, when the good woman's nerves were unstrung, he was a strong believer in the efficacy of fresh air. The big red car was standing at the curb.

Mrs. Simpkins laid the chamois on the hat-rack. "No," she declared, "I can't go. And let me tell you that if you had the job of running this big house, instead of that of bossing a lot of directors and cashiers and clerks down at that old bank, you wouldn't have so much time for your country spins."

"But, my dear——"

"No use talking to me now. This is Saturday afternoon, and nothing can be done until Monday. But if that measly lot—those celebrated mousers—if they are not cleaned out by Tuesday morning, then John Henry Simpkins will surely hear from me."

Once a year the old banker heard from the tax-assessor, but that was simply a matter of telling the whole truth; twice a year he heard from the old line companies, but that was a matter of writing a few checks; five times a year he heard from the Comptroller of the Currency, but that was simply a matter of accounting for two million capital, as much surplus, and a good deal of undivided profits. But hearing from Mrs. Hannah Simpkins —that was an entirely different affair.

Down at Fifth and Broadway, the old financier was paid twenty thousand a year for his talent for doing things; but out at 2313 Lindell Place he made no charge for the exercise of the perhaps rarer gift of knowing when to let things alone. With a conciliatory wave of the hand, he quietly left the hall; and in less than two minutes he was striking a lively clip in the direction of the Big Bottoms Road And he was all alone, for he would not tolerate a driver with a hifalutin name.

Soon the machine was passing the city limits, and the suburban lots seemed to be turning round on pivots as the town was left behind. A bluebird darted from a hole in the ten-mile post; a kingbird twittered as he pursued a crow; a molly showed her heels as she took her cotton-tail to safety. The plow-boy in the field by the roadside looked with envious eyes at an old man in a big skedaddle; an old man slowed down as he watched the turf shedding from the shining mold-board. The bray of the old gray mule awoke the slumbering memories of the long ago; and somehow the lazy flopping of his ears reminded the man of millions of the faithful beast on which he used to ride a turn to mill. It was the difference between pursuit and possession. It was the contrast between forward and backward.

Mr. Simpkins was dreaming; and, like most day-dreamers, he soon lost his way. A man may be able to thread the labyrinths of finance, and yet be utterly incapable of grasping the mystery of the forks of a country road. That is a riddle in the guessing of which any coon-dog has more gumption than a banker. There was a time when Mr. Simpkins had the intuition of direction, but prosperity and urbanity had smoothed out the baser in-

stinct. He realized that he was a good long way from home, and he saw that he was in the course of an approaching storm. And just here we must give the craft credit for the development of rare skill in taking their belongings to shelter in times of unsuspected danger. In a skirt of woods was a comfortable cottage, and nearby was a roomy shed. When the downpour came, the 60 h. p. car was under shelter; and its owner and Mrs. Clopton were talking together like two old friends.

"It's nigh on ter twenty years sence he lef' this place fer me," said the provident widow, as she glanced at a picture on the wall, "an' we—that's William and me—we've lived here iver sense."

"You have a comfortable home, and I'm sure you are a good housekeeper," Mr. Simpkins observed, as his eyes went from the strings of red pepper to the white counterpanes.

"Yes, and William he's doin' mighty well. He's ticket taker at one of them ar nic'lodins; an' Helen—she's what the boys call thar honey and molasses—she does trimmin' an' fixin' down at Kreider's mill'nery store."

Mr. Simpkins knew something about that particular moving-picture show. He remembered that when it was started the man asked the loan of two hundred dollars, with good endorsement, and that he was turned down because of the probable smallness of the account. He also remembered that in less than a year this same man was a director in a rival bank. He also knew something of Kreider's place. As the head of the largest bank in town, he was in touch with trade in general; and as the paymaster of a family, including three marriageable daughters, he had a suspicion that the millinery business was one in which there was a good amount of velvet. "They ought to do well," he said in a congratulatory way, "and I know you'll be glad to have her for a daughter."

The old lady was looking in the direction of the shed. "They're both jes' wild fer a ortymobile. But they shan't fool with that'n," she added, as her hand closed on that part of her calico dress in which was the long pocket that held the key.

Just then a bedraggled cat, with a chipmunk in her mouth, appeared at the open door. For a moment she stood, as only felines can stand, yellow-eyed, marking with her tail the graceful curves that her forebears brought down from the jungle. She eyed the stranger for a moment, then disdainfully took her departure.

"That's Ole Torty," Mrs. Clopton said. "She's al'ys a'ter ground squirrels an' sich like."

Mr. Simpkins squirmed a little at the turn of affairs.

"We have a fine one at home, and very much like her," he said, "but I believe we call him Tom." The old trader had a creepy feeling that he was long on cats and short on time.

"Yes," continued Old Torty's owner, "she's been a mighty good'n in her day. You know the dif'rence 'tween a cat and a dog? A good dog 'll grab a rat or a mouse, then drap it an' grab anuther, and keep on till he kills a lot of 'em. But cats ain't that way. They'll run off wif er stinkin' little mouse and let er whole litter git away. That's cats—'cept'n Ole Torty. Why, up at ther depot, whar they wuz moving grain, she killed 'bout twenty in less'n five minutes. And when the agent sent 'er home, he sent me er dollar, an' tole 'em to tell me he'd like to rent 'er once'n a while, and 'bout a dozen more jes' like 'er."

The old lady looked sharply at her guest. "See here," she said, "you look like a business man. Couldn't you sell me 'bout a dozen or so cats?"

Mr. Simpkins was a diplomatic listener. He could take in a long story at one ear, and between smiles could permit it to come out with equal facility at the other. In his business it was a convenient arrangement; but out in the ozone-laden country air the commonplace words of the widow were lurking and lodging in the furry depths. "Sell you cats!" he exclaimed.

"No; but I have a big barn and a lot of good ones, and I'll gladly give you as many as you want." The prospect of hearing from somebody was fading away.

The widow took a dip of snuff. "Did you say your torty is a Tom?" she asked nonchalantly.

Mr. Simpkins frowned as he scratched his head, in the effort to call the mousers before his mind's eye. "Yes," he said slowly; "I know he is. And a very fine cat he is, too."

Mrs. Clopton took another dip. "Thar's sev'ral kinds o' torties," she said, "an' I'd give mos' anything fer a Tom jes' like I want."

It was evident that the man with a corner had found a receptive market. "I would not disappoint you for the world," he said, with warmth.

Mrs. Clopton took up the corner of her gingham apron. "I don't want no white in his breast an' laigs," she said. "That kind soon gits dirty and dingy."

Mr. Simpkins struck forefinger against thumb. "I'll remember that," he said.

"And I'd be thankful ef you'd pick out one with nice, friendly-lookin' eyes —kinder yaller like'n orange."

"That's easy to remember." It was forefinger against forefinger.

"As fer markin's," the old lady continued, "well, jes' say a kind er mixture—black an' orange an' yaller—pepper an' butter an' aig."

The head of the First National laughed right out as he clapped his hands upon his knees. He was not a margin trader, and for the moment he was neither bull nor bear. "I'd fill that order," he declared, "if cats were jumping clear over the moon."

The country woman did not catch the enthusiasm. "When," she asked, "kin I count on you fetchin' 'em out?"

"Monday afternoon."

"Sure?"

"Without fail."

Mr. Simpkins looked at his watch. It was 5:32, and he could see the yellow water still rushing through the culvert. The train would be passing at 5:44. He had never driven the machine on a slippery road. Would it be safe to leave it for a couple of days? It was a good, strong padlock, and he felt that it was an honest woman who had the key in that long pocket. But somehow his mind's eye caught the vision of a ticket-taker, a feather-fixer and a big red streak along a country road. The man of affairs touched the widow's arm. "Mrs. Clopton," he said, "if you had a five thousand dollar automobile, would you consider it safe out there in that shed?"

"And it mine?" The country woman was not well up on hypothetical situations.

Mr. Simpkins thought a moment. The question of ownership had not occurred to him as a factor in the case. "Yes," he replied, "if it were yours."

"Then nobody'd touch it. William an' the rest of 'em know better'n to fool 'round my things." Widowhood imposes the necessity of being able to command.

"You don't mean that you'd allow anyone to lay hands on my property?" Mr. Simpkins asked, in an aggrieved tone.

"Now, look here, don't yer know yer wouldn't be sich a fool as ter risk yer life fer somebody else's belongin's?" The old lady stepped briskly to the door and threw a few handfuls of corn to a lot of good-looking hens that had just come in from the field. "It makes 'em lay," she said, "to feed 'em jes' afore roostin' time."

Being a banker trains one's mind for grasping nice distinctions. At a board meeting of the First National, Mr. Simpkins would have frowned upon any shifting of title as a matter of convenience. "But," he reasoned with himself, "it's twenty-five miles to town, and the chickens are getting ready to go to roost."

"Don't be hurrying," the good woman was saying, "an' I'll skeer up a little supper afore yer go." She prided herself on her milk and butter, and on the lightness of her salt-rising bread.

Mr. Simpkins wiped the perspira-

tion from his brow. "Mrs. Clopton," he began, with all the persuasiveness that comes with years of successful negotiation, "I know that you are a woman that I could trust any and everywhere."

Her eyes wandered to the picture on the wall. But it was only for a moment. "Wait," she replied, "till I git them cats. Then I'll know wher I kin trust *you!*"

And then there was a little scene that would have set aristocratic Lindell Place by the ears. "Upon my honor as a man," the old banker was pleading, and with earnestness that was eloquent, "I promise that I will not disappoint you. But I will not ask you to take the word of a stranger. If you will promise me that that shed door shall not be opened, then that machine is yours, unconditionally and absolutely, until I carry out my promise to the letter."

"I'll put my word 'gainst yours, an' it's not pie-crust what's made ter be broke," was Mrs. Clopton's earnest reply. Then the rich banker and the poor widow shook hands with the cordiality of two people who have full confidence in each other. "A woman who is alone in the world must always be on the lookout for sharpers," was his kindly word of caution.

Her lesson had been learned in the hard school of experience. "An' a man," she replied, "must al'ys be keerful not to bite off no more'n he kin chaw."

* * * *

Mr. Simpkins hurried along the slippery path to the little station on the Wabash. And as the slanting rays of the April sun glistened through the rain drops that hung from the breeze-swayed branches of the sweet-smelling woods, the liquid, lute-like notes of a wood-thrush added melody to the freshness and beauty of the scene. The strong man was in harmony with his surroundings, and happy in the consciousness that in carrying his point—even by subterfuge—he had not been unmindful of the rights and feelings of a simple-minded old woman.

The early risers among the young gentry about the bank, when they saw the boss at his desk at 8:30, were sure that something was in the air. The investigation that Mr. Simpkins started on reaching home resulted in the important discovery that his torty would not fill the bill. Rastus had already started to the feed stores and commission houses along the river front; and he would probably be back within an hour. The dollar down, and promise of another, could reasonably be expected to stimulate him to his best efforts in securing just what he had been sent out to get. But the hands of the clock were nearing eleven when the old porter put in his appearance. And he was empty-handed and crest-fallen.

"Dey jes' laf in me face," he said, "an' one man 'lowed dar ain't no sich cat in all de worl'."

The vision in Mr. Simpkins' mind's eye suddenly took another shape; he was beginning to smell a mouse. "Fifteen!" he said, as he stepped into the elevator of the building. On the fifteenth floor was the den of Dr. Koch, a small depositor, but known everywhere as an authority on birds and reptiles and four-footed creatures.

"A tortoiseshell Tom, and without any white? I'm afraid you're on a cold trail," the man of science said, as he polished his nose-glasses, "for it seems to be an example of Nature's sumptuary legislation that a Tom-cat shall not array himself in three colors."

Mr. Simpkins grasped the two arms of his chair. "You don't mean to tell me that there is no such thing?"

"No; I shouldn't like to put myself on record with that statement. It was Mivart, I believe, who advanced the somewhat novel theory that the tortoiseshell is the female of the particular strain of which the sandy Tom is the male. Darwin noted the fact that nearly all three-colored cats are females. My old friend, Harrison Weir, for many years president of The National Cat Club, and whose observations extended over more than

half a century, at the London shows saw one or two of the kind you are looking for; and Miss Simpson, whose "The Book of the Cat" was made up from many sources, reaches the conclusion that among short-haired cats, a tortoiseshell Tom is a rare animal, and that among the long-haired variety, one has never been seen or heard of."

Mr. Simpkins was not a man who was in the habit of putting down collateral and then failing to take it up. He might have lost some good-sized blocks of securities and nobody would have been any the wiser. But an automobile—when would he ever hear the last of that!

The elevator dropped from the fifteenth floor to the first. "Gee!" thought the boy, as he passed the red signals without stopping, "the old man certainly must' ave been dreaming about snakes."

It was the first time Mr. Simpkins had ever been late at a board meeting, and he started the business with a rush. Smith got about half as much as he asked for; Thompson's line was high enough; Jones got turned down cold. Just then there was a hasty rap.

"Come in!!" said the man nearest the door. Some of the directors frowned, others were putting their hands in their pockets. It was the easiest way of getting rid of an importunate beggar.

"My lands, Mr. Simpkins, bein' a banker's cert'nly powerful fine!"

The old lady saw the polish of the solid mahogany and felt the spring of the velvet carpet as she walked, basket on arm and head erect, to the farther end of the long table. "I wuz comin' ter town," she continued, "with er few fresh aigs from my dominecker hens, and I jes' drapped in ter shake yer hand. And bein's this is the las' day o' the month," she added in a confidential way, "ef you've got that ar Tom cat handy, yer mought jes' go out wi' me on the two erclock train and fetch back yer ortymobile."

It was the widow Clopton at the last wag of the hammer calling for specific performance of contract.

AN ARMY BAND

Low-spreading live-oaks, in a summer land;
  Breath of magnolias, and a salt wind free
Winging from off a far-horizoned sea;
  And the gay music of an army band!

A summer day, and eyes that wistful meet
  To utter longings that the lips keep dumb;
The shadow of a stolen smile, so sweet,
  And the barbaric beating of a drum!

Ah, the enchantment of that summer land!
  Go dreams! Go, visions of the Yesterday!
Leave me in peace! Let me forget, I pray,
  The vanished music of that army band!

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

THE HEART OF PAT MAGARITY

By Ardella Z. Stewart

WHEN the doctors pronounced me tubercular, and recommended outdoor life as the only hope for my recovery, I shut up my house in town, sent my wife and baby to my wife's mother, for an indefinite period, fitted up a covered wagon with camping, hunting and fishing paraphernalia, took Pat Magarity, my man of all work, as my traveling companion, and set out, gypsy fashion, over wagon roads, for the Sunny South.

Magarity had been in my employ for about two years, and in all that time I had never heard him make any reference to himself in any way except on rare occasions, when he would clap his hand upon his left leg, below the knee, as if in sudden and violent pain, and by way of explanation, say:

"Ould throuble, sorr."

"Rheumatism?" I asked, on one occasion.

"Broken bone, sorr," he replied, and was gone without another word.

So great was Magarity's reticence in regard to himself that it imbued others with the same spirit. I had never questioned him in any way. I had taken him in the capacity of "a man about the place," and as he filled every requirement satisfactorily, I had little cause for inquiry as to what he could or could not do, and I was surprised, and greatly pleased, to find, after we were on our way, that he seemed familiar with every phase of camp life. My forebodings as to being able to manage things were at an end. I turned everything over to Magarity, and tried to take life easy. Each night around our camp fire we planned for the next day's hunting, fishing or traveling, but as soon as our plans were laid, Magarity would shut up like a clam, and only grunt his answers to any further conversation attempted by me. I passed the first few weeks very comfortably, reading and writing letters back home, to fill in the idle hours, but as time went on, a feeling of loneliness overcame me. From day to day I saw no familiar face except that of Pat Magarity, and, judging him by its expression, he was always in a brown study.

I caught myself on more than one occasion wishing that I might read his mind, for I felt it must hold an interesting story. I tried to think of some way to draw him out, but always gave it up before making the attempt, and the incident that set him talking came all unexpectedly.

One night when he prepared the coals for broiling before preparing the meats, I laughed and said:

"You're an Irishman, Magarity."

"Divil a hoff av an Irishman am I, sorr, for me mother was hoff an Ainglishman an' hoff a Scotchman, but if ye had known me afore the days av Cattie O'Shannon, ye would ha' taken me for an Irishman full born.

"Not that Cattie O'Shannon was not hoff an Irishman hersilf, for her mother was an Irishman while her father was an Ainglishman, but Cattie O'Shannon niver took to the Irish side av hersilf, naither to the Irish side av me.

" 'Spake Ainglish, Pattie,' she said, 'spake Ainglish, an' be a gintleman. Uts no good bein' an Irishman,' an' full soon I didna know mesilf for aiven a hoff av an Irishman."

After this, Magarity grew silent, and in order to lead him on, I said, musingly:

"Cattie O'Shannon? Pretty name."

"An' as pretty a leettle colleen as iver ye laid eyes upon. Angil face. Wan that makes a man want to walk the straight an' narrow path av the married man an' forgit his ould thricks. That's the way I felt, sorr, for a divil of a wild Irishman I had been afore I met Cattie O'Shannon. I had

broke the 'arts av more women than ye could count in a day, for uts 'andsome I was in thim times an' a ladies' man.

"'Ut's all right bein' a ladies' man, Pattie,' I says to mesilf, 'so long as you're not a married man, for I had no great faith in women, an' no love for thim, aither, except as a pastime, until I saw Cattie O'Shannon.

"Ut was dhurin' the war betune the States that I first set eyes upon her. I had been knockin' about thro' the North, satisfyin' me love for roamin', whin the war broke out. My sympathy was wid the rebels, so I shipped south an' joined forces anent the North.

"I was inlisted in the 13th Tennessee, Cheatham's Division, Hardee's Corps, and ut's some good fightin' we done in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh an' Murpheysboro, as well as ithers, but I coome out av ut all widout a scratch.

"Afther the last named battle, sorr, we marched to Shelbyville, where we spint a goodish part av the winter. Ut was there that Cattie O'Shannon coome into me life.

"Wan day a young private named Carther, an' mesilf, wint into the woods to see what we could scare up in the way av somethin' to eat, an' afther goin' about two miles widout seein' a livin' thing, we coome to a leettle cabin settin' back amongst the trees, an' all but hid by the undergrowth. Niver a livin' thing there seemed to be inside, but we wint up an' tapped at the door, an' Mother O'Shannon, as we didna know thin, put her face in the door, an' right behind ut was the face av the lassie, an' while I spoke to the mother I had me eyes glued on the face behind her. Whin Mother O'Shannon found I was an Irishman, she spoke to the daughter an' said:

"'Ut's wan av your counthrymen, dearie. Coome out an' give him your hand.' And Cattie O'Shannon, as shy as a bird, coome out an' put her slim fingers in me rough hand. Ut was in Hivin I was thin, till that divil av a private coome an' took the ither hand an' kissed ut. I could ha' killed him thin an' there, but I knowed ut was no good fightin', so I set me mind to worrk to lay a plan to win the girrl. I was there ivery chance that coome, but that divil av a private was there afore me or soon afther, so I took me axe and wint into the woods to cut some stuff for the camp fire, an' while I was cuttin', I turned the butt av the axe toward me shin, an' let her glance. The deed was done, sorr, an' all for the love av Cattie O'Shannon.

"Carther was wid me, an' to him ut was an acthedint, an' to all the ithers. I was taken to the camps, where the bone was set, but not proper, sorr, for I niver grew sthrong enough to carry arms agin.

"I sint a message to Mother O'Shannon by the private, as didn't guess me meanin' in ut, an' Mother O'Shannon put in a claim for me, as was wan av her counthrymen, an' I was taken to the leettle 'ouse in the woods to be nursed back to hilth. But that divil av a private kept hanging aroun' till ut all but worreted the life out av me, bein' sick an' helpless as I was. Thin the worrd coome that sint our command to Chikamauga, an' that divil of a Carther wid ut.

"'Divil a hoff av an Irishman are ye, Pattie,' says I to mesilf, 'or ye niver could ha' worked a plan like this, for Cattie O'Shannon was soon me promised bride, an' in the spring there was a weddin' in the leettle 'ouse an' Cattie O'Shannon becoome the Misthress Magarity, tho' I niver called her ither than Cattie O'Shannon.

"Afore the fall, Mother O'Shannon died, an' Cattie an' mesilf were lift alone in the leettle 'ouse as belonged to Mother O'Shannon, an' thin to Cattie, wid foive acres av ground goin' along which made us a comfortable livin' afther I was able to work, an' we lived the lives av the blessed, me an' Cattie O'Shannon, altho' the war clouds hung over the land. Thin coome the surrinder an' the soldiers returnin' to their 'omes.

"Ut was wan mornin' whin I waked up an' found Cattie O'Shannon

up afore me widout me a-knowin' av ut. I called into the nixt room, which was the kitchen.

"'Why didna ye wake me, Cattie O'Shannon? Uts not Pat Magarity that ye should be buildin' fires wid your pretty 'ands,' an' I hurried into me things an' wint into the room, but the stove was could an' no Cattie O'Shannon inywhere. I wint into the town, where they told me she had gone wid that divil av a private as had been hangin' aroun'.

"I didna let on I was hurt afore nobody, but whin I coome 'ome an' wint into the 'ouse an' there hung her leettle bonnet on the peg, an' the long apron as she wore about her 'ousework, me 'art wint nigh on to breakin', an' I cried like a woman.

"That night I kept a blaze on the 'earth an' a light in the window in case she coome stealin' back. I hung the long apron on the bed post an' the leettle bonnet atop av that so I might look up an' think she was there in me wakin' moments.

"But Cattie O'Shannon coome only in me drames. Night upon night me thought that she coome an' stood aside me, an' sometimes me thought the drame was thrue, an' agin I'd ken ut was a drame. Thin I'd say in me sleep:

"'Ye are foolin' me, Cattie O'Shannon. Ut's only a drame, an' whin I waken ye'll be gone, an' me thought she'd smile doon at me an' say:

"'Nay, Pattie, ut's me. I've coome to sthay,' but whin I was awake ut would be only a drame.

"I didna sthop to think what I would do should Cattie O'Shannon coome back in thruth wid a blot on her life as had been as pure as an angel's to me. I couldna put Cattie O'Shannon an' sin in the same sintence, an' I wouldna. She was aye Cattie O'Shannon to me: as pure as an angel.

"I kept the light burnin' an' a blaze on the 'arth, whin the weather was a bit gloomy, for nigh on to two years, an' she kept coomin' in me drames night upon night, till at last I shtopped dramin', an' the drame came no more. I was worse off thin than iver. I loved the drames. They were comp'ny to me an' I longed for 'em.

"Thin wan night I dramed agin', an' as clear as day I saw Cattie O'Shannon's face pressed agin the windowpane as she peered into the room. Whin she saw the long apron an' the bonnet atop av ut, she dhrew back as if she thought ut was some ither woman standin' aside me, an' I laughed in me sleep to think she would ha' a fear like that. Thin I saw her face agin. This time she saw what ut was on the bed post, an' wid a glad cry she sprang to the door, as was always left open for her, an' me thought she coome an' stood aside me an' I hild out me 'and an' she slipped her's into ut. 'Ye canna fool me, Cattie O'Shannon,' says I. 'Ut's but the ould drame, an' whin I waken ye'll be gone.'

A smile more pitiful than tears coome over her face:

"'Nay, Pattie,' says she, 'ut's na a drame. Ut's Cattie O'Shannon, but ye dinna want me, Pattie, except in your drames.' She threw her arms about me neck, an' wint into tears. Thin I knowed ut was no drame, but Cattie O'Shannon in truth.

"I got up and stirred the blaze on the 'earth, for ut was chilly weather, an' whin I looked aroun' she was standin' there, waitin'. I hild out me arms, an' she was in thim in a minit.

"'Ye dinna want me, Pattie, whin ye ha' time to think,' says she.

"'I've had time to think, Cattie O'Shannon,' says I. 'Did I take ye for better or for worse?'

"'Yes, Pattie,' says she.

"'Thin 'ere's your 'ome, Cattie O'Shannon, an' ye're aye 'better' to me. Ye could be nothin' ilse.

"'But, Pattie,' says she.

"'Niver mind,' says I. 'Whin ye took me did ye ask aught about mesilf?'

"'Nay, Pattie,' she says.

"'Thin I ask naught about thee, Cattie O'Shannon. Ye're an angel from Hivin as compared to Pat Magarity.' Thin I kissed her an' said:

" 'Do ye love me, Cattie?'

" 'Yes, Pattie,' says she; 'had I known how much I loved ye——'

" 'Do ye know now?' says I, breaking in.

" 'Yis,' says she.

" 'That's enough,' says I, an' for twelve years we lived a life av contintmint.

"Cattie O'Shannon was no flighty woman, but as quiet a leettle dame as ye iver set eyes on. We were 'appy in our leettle 'ome an' no one iver disturbed us till wan mornin' I waked up an' Cattie O'Shannon wasna there. I guessed the meanin' this time widout bein' told. That divil av a Carther had turned up agin.

"I didna keep the light burnin' that night. I locked up the 'ouse an' coome away. Ye know the rest, sorr; I've been wid ye since thin."

I had heard the story in silence. A silence which I felt was, even now, better unbroken, and we sat gazing at the fire until the dying embers reminded us that it was far into the night. The next morning we planned our trip for the day.

We were now well into Tennessee, and as Magarity seemed familiar with the country, I followed his lead without question. In another two weeks we pitched our tent near the town of Shelbyville. No mention of Magarity's past had been made by either of us since the night he told his story, and although I knew we must be near the scenes of his old home, I made no reference to it, nor did he.

"There's plenty av quail an' ither small game in these parts," said he that night, "an' the morrow we'll take a thrip into the woods."

Early the next morning we struck out north from the town, and after going a short distance, turned into a narrow path that led off to the right of the road. We startled a covey of quail here and there, and bagged about as many as we could use before we had gone more than a mile. Still Magarity kept ahead. We had gone about two miles when we came to a cabin setting well back from the path and almost hidden by the trees. I knew in a moment that it was Magarity's old home. I looked at him, but his eyes were on the ground and his face gave no sign of what he might feel. After going a short distance beyond this, we faced about and retraced our steps.

That night, by the light of the camp fire, I studied Magarity's face. I had never seen him look as he did then. Suddenly he looked up and said:

"Ut's leavin' your service I am, sorr, as soon as ye find anither guide."

"What?" said I, unable to believe what I had heard.

"Ut's leavin' your service I am, sorr, as soon as ye find anither guide," he repeated.

"And why?" I asked, showing my disappointment in the tone.

"Ut's the ould feelin', sorr, coome back. We passed the leettle 'ouse today."

"Yes, I know," said I.

"Ut's a baste av an Irishman I ha' been to leave ut dark an' could these miny months. Ut's dark an' could tonight, Cattie O'Shannon, but to-morrow night there'll be a blaze on the 'arth an' a light in the window."

"You surely wouldn't take her back again?" said I.

"Whin she took me, did she ask how miny times I'd been asthray? Nay. Neither shall I ask her."

"You're a fool, Magarity. Let her go."

"An' who ilse in all the world is there to care for her but Pat Magarity? I took her whin she was but a child; whin ut seemed there was nothing ilse for her to do but marry me, an' if I failed to be all her 'art desired was ut her fault? Nay, sorr, ut's a baste av an Irishman I ha' been."

I did not try to dissuade him, and the next day we went into the town to secure another guide. This done, I continued my journey southward, leaving Pat Magarity to burn the light in the solitary window of his little home and await the second return of Cattie O'Shannon.

ADELE

By Cy Marshall

WHEN I stopped at the railing behind which our city editor sat at his desk, he handed me a telegram with the remark that it was against the rules for members of the staff to receive love letters by wire. I laughed, but opened it with trembling hands. I always feel nervous about opening one of those yellow envelopes. What I read inside of this one simply amazed me. It was brief, but I had waited three anxious years for the message, and its coming was more than a shock. Just five words were there, but each one thrilled me unspeakably. She was coming next day. I could hardly realize it as I sat before my desk and stared at the message over the simple signature of Adele.

I must have been dazed, for, when I was called to answer the 'phone, I jumped as though I had been shot at. It was a message from Bill Dorsey, one of the staunchest friends I ever had, who had just landed in town. When I put the receiver back, it was with the promise that I would meet him in my rooms that night. Bill and I had been cubs together in Chicago. Many a time had we staked each other to "coffee and," when one of us happened to be out of funds.

All through the day I did my work like an automaton. I tried to tell myself that everything was real. I had never confided the story behind the telegram to any one on the staff. But I intended to tell Bill as soon as he appeared in my rooms.

Evening came at last, and I welcomed it, believe me. I had something on my mind, and I wanted to get it off. I had about convinced myself that what I had waited for so long was going to happen. When Dorsey came, I made short work of reminiscences. He appeared to be curious, but, Dorsey-like, he let me start my story without attempting to coax it out of me. Afterwards, he remarked that I had robbed the Blade of a good feature, but I gave my opinion on that as well. However, here is the story, without any further preliminaries:

It was easily 4 o'clock when I left the building that night. I remember it all quite distinctly. It was my night on late watch at the Blade. I was the last to leave the editorial room as I had remained behind to rattle off a note I wanted to leave for the city editor. I wanted him to get it the first thing Monday morning.

I had had an extra heavy day, as we were short-handed, and I had supplemented my regular run by helping our courthouse man in the afternoon. After the hour of midnight, when the staff had dwindled down to a few copy readers, the "old man," and a couple of boys, four police stories broke, which I took over the 'phone from our night man down at Central Station. I did not have time to take forty winks as we sometimes do on quiet nights. When I left the office I was pretty well tired out, and ready to beat it home without the customary cup of Java. I lived only a few blocks away, so I did not take a street car. As I walked along with my head down and my mind busy with the details of the last story from police headquarters, the thing happened.

She knew me, although I could not make her tell me how. As I said, I

was thinking and not taking any notice of anything, as I hurried up the street. Well, I came to a sudden halt when a hand clutched at my coat-sleeve. Instinctively, I took a tighter grip on the cane I always carried, thinking that it was some dead-beat after a piece of change. When I saw that it was a woman, and a well-dressed one at that, I was too dumbfounded to speak. I just stood there like a simp, with my mouth open.

Then I heard the sweetest voice it has ever been my good fortune to hear. "I know it is terrible, Mr. Avery, for me to be out at this hour. But I need help and need it badly. Will you let me depend on you?" I knew that her lips were trembling while she spoke, and I could literally hear the tears in her voice. But how did she know my name and who was she? I wondered if it was money she wanted.

The low pitched, wonderfully magnetic voice took hold of me, but I shook myself together the while I tried to decide what to do. I didn't know but that she was some street woman who was looking for an easy dupe. She spoke again, noticing my hesitancy, and, I suppose, sensing my thoughts. "I know what you will think, Mr. Avery, but I am forced to do this, and you are the man whom I know I can fully trust to help me. Will you do what I ask?" Her voice, and the feeling that she must be square, got the better of me, so I asked her what she wished me to do.

She insisted that I take her to my rooms and she would tell me. It took me off my feet, but I fell, and before many minutes we were seated in the little room which serves me for den and sitting room.

She wore a heavy veil, and I could not see her face clearly. I felt certain that she was beautiful. Her dress was modish. Its cut served to accentuate the beauty of her lithe figure, and her manner added to the charm. I wished that she would let me have a look at her when she asked a question which took my breath away.

"Will you let me stay in your rooms until Monday," she said, "and then will you procure a license and marry me?" I sat staring at her, too dumbfounded to speak. My visitor leaned forward in deep earnestness, and I could feel her eyes piercing mine. I guess we sat looking at each other for about five minutes, when her hands fluttered to her head, and in a second she had raised her veil. The face I then saw I shall never forget. Words are inadequate to describe its wondrous beauty.

Her hands again went up, and she removed her hat. I know I cannot do her justice, but I'll try to describe her. I can see her as plainly as though she were seated before me this very moment. Eyes like hers are the kind which have lured men since the beginning of time. They were neither dark nor light. They were complex. As I looked into them, they were limpid swimming pools, but, instinctively, I knew that they could be cold and hard as steel. It was perhaps the luminous hypnotism of their depths that caused me to answer as I did. Her features were regular and the color in her face was a natural rose tint. Her lips, a vivid blood-red, were delicately curved. Her hair was neither copper nor gold—it was an indefinable combination of both. And the marble-white neck which I glimpsed through the lace at her throat and breast, was statuesque in its rounded fulness. There was something regal in the set of her head.

Well, enough of description. You shall see for yourself soon. And then you will know why I say words cannot describe her.

As I have said, her question dazed me for what seemed an hour, but was only a few moments. Then the lure in her eyes drew the answer she wanted. I consented, but sat looking at her, incapable of further speech. She spoke again, and I only half heard what she had said. After she had talked about five minutes, I had to ask her to repeat it. I suppose she realized that I was paying her

a back-handed compliment, for she blushed most becomingly.

What she told me was vague, but I couldn't shake her or prevail upon her to tell me more. She was wealthy, she said, and her parents lived in a city not many miles away. She refused to say where. Her name was Adele Lloyd and it was imperative that it should not remain so after Monday morning.

"But will you not tell me why?" I asked. And I asked the question several times with the same result. I found that it was up to me to make her Mrs. Dick Avery without any questions. Of course, I had said yes, when she fired the leap year proposal, so I couldn't, or wouldn't, back down.

We must have been talking about two hours, when I realized that she was ready to fall to pieces. She had been terribly excited and the strain had begun to tell on her. It was extremely unconventional I knew, but I turned my room over to her, and lay down on the couch in my writing den at the other end of the hall.

Sunday passed, with no satisfaction to me in my effort to learn the meaning of it all. She refused to go out to a restaurant to dine with me, preferring to go alone. How she knew me she also refused to explain, although she admitted having watched for the opportunity to speak to me for several days.

Monday morning I obtained a marriage license, and by means best known to myself, I kept the fact from all the papers in town. I had asked for a part of the day off, and we were married at noon by an Episcopal clergyman I knew. His wife and servant were the only witnesses. After the marriage, my strange bride and I lunched together. I had a late assignment for the afternoon, but I spent the hours up to five o'clock with her. Beyond the kiss on her forehead, after we were pronounced man and wife, I had not been permitted any familiarities. When we reached my rooms, I again endeavored to ascertain why she had made this strange marriage. But it was useless. She told me to wait and I would know. In the meantime, I must be content with knowing that she was mine, and that I could be certain of never having cause to be ashamed of the fact.

The time came for me to leave. I sat on the couch at her side, and, somehow or other, I found myself holding her hands in mine, while I looked into her eyes. Again, they were the limpid pools I had first looked into. But there was a new light in them. And there was a hint of tears.

A few moments later I left her, intending to return in a short time. But when I did, my wife of a few hours was gone. The knowledge stunned me. After a while, I found her note. It told me that she loved me. But she had left before I could tell her how I loved her, too. There was consolation in the fact that she told me that I might wait and hope.

Well, I've waited. I never tried to ferret out her identity, nor the reason for what is still a mystery. I had promised her that I would wait for her to tell me. She telegraphed this morning she is coming to-morrow.

So ended my story. For a while Bill and I sat there without speaking a word. Looking at him, I saw a peculiar look in his face, and wondered.

Just then a knock sounded, and I called to the visitor to enter. I sat looking into the bowl of my pipe. Then I heard the swish of a woman's skirts, and I saw Bill spring to his feet. It was my wife, and, as I took her in my arms, I caught again that peculiar look from Bill.

Adele removed her wraps and sat on the arm of my chair while Dorsey enlightened me as to the meaning of his peculiar look, while I had been telling my story. And I soon found that I had unknowingly filled the stellar role in a romance which is rarely found in real life. A fortune had been left to her by a very eccentric and distant relative who had a scapegrace son. There was, of course, a condition, and that is where I came in.

According to the will, Adele was to receive half of the fortune if she married the ne'er-do-well by a certain date. In the event, however, of her being already married to some one else, that date, she was to receive it all. But the latter condition had another provision—she was to leave her husband and remain separated from him for three years. Well, to make a long story short, Adele wanted that money because her father was threatened with financial difficulties, and having heard a lot about me from her stepbrother, and knowing of my reputation for "gameness," she hit upon the plan of giving me the leading part in the drama. She did not take Bill into her confidence until a few months before her three years' separation had expired, and had pledged him to secrecy. Adele tells me she always loved the mysterious—that is why she kept me in the dark. Moreover, she felt pretty certain that I would wait for her to come back to me.

Yes, the will was a crazy one, but I am glad it was, for it gave me my wife, and we've been absurdly happy for three months. Oh, yes, I'm still in the newspaper game, and not because I have to be, but because I love it. But Bill and I own the Blade now where I drew pay for so many years.

THE SWORD OF LA FITTE

Hang there, old sword, upon my wall!
  A bearded pirate wielded thee,
And yet I shiver to recall
  Legends of horror told to me.

Yet in the infant Nation's need,
  Beside the river's swollen tide,
He swung thee in heroic deed,
  And chose, for once, the weaker side.

Nor flinched he at the scarlet charge,
  Backwoodsmen brothers were to him,
As ever towards the river's marge,
  They forced the British columns grim.

No hunter of the Tennessee,
  Nor "Old Kentucky" struck more sure,
'Gainst desperate odds won Victory,
  And Fame abounding and secure.

Though on the Ledger's credit side
  This deed of Valor be thine all;
'Midst blades of those who stainless died,
  Hang there, old sword, upon my wall.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

The Spot on Which Moses Read the Ten Commandments

"And Moses called all Israel and said unto them, Hear, O Israel, the statutes and judgments which I speak in your ears this day, that ye may learn them, and keep, and do them."—Deut. 5-1.

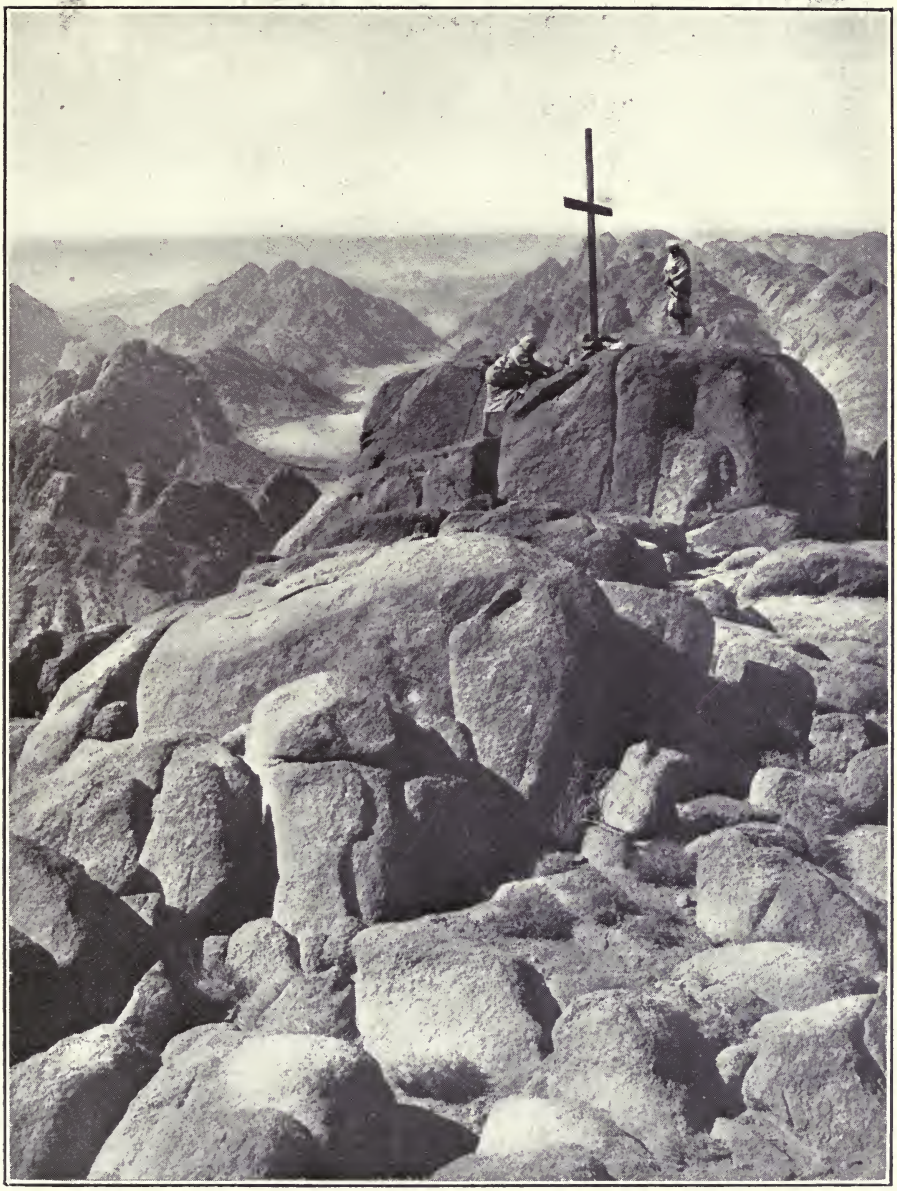
MT. SINAI, Asia Minor. . . . . The photograph tells more graphically than words the very dismalness of Ras Es Safsaf, where the Cross, the symbol of Christianity, is planted on the very spot where Moses, that great leader of the Jews, stood and gave to them the laws by which they have religiously abided to this very day. Unpeopled and deserted, its very lonesomeness fills us with awe, and "the silence of the tomb" is no more impressive and inspiring than the "veil of silence" that has been thrown over Ras Es Safsaf and its bleak and barren surroundings.

Five thousand years ago there were gathered at the command of Moses, on the Plain of Assemblage, in the Mt. Sinai Valley, all of the Children of Israel to listen to the reading of the laws that were revealed to Moses during the "forty days and forty nights" he spent in the midst of a cloud communing with the God of the Chosen People.

Civilization to-day is founded on the Ten Commandments that were read by Moses from the stone on which they were writ. Onward, ever onward, has modernization spread since those days in the long, long ago, when the worship of the Golden Calf was forsaken, and man turned his face towards the "God who created him in His own image."

Nations have risen to mighty power, only to go down to decay and oblivion. Unpeopled plains have been converted into hives of industry, and hives of industry have been converted into unpeopled plains. New lands have been discovered and peopled; new seas have been navigated and charted. Everywhere Progress has changed the physical condition of the people. Everywhere, Progress has changed the historical and geographical importance of nations and countries.

Here alone, in the Mt. Sinai Valley, where the nation that gave us the Savior, first sprang into prominence. Progress has stood still. Surrounded by the peaks of the mountains of the "Forty Martyrs," all is hushed and still on the plain where once the hum of thousands of voices were heard, and where the valley rang with the resounding march of the Children of Israel.



The historical spot where Moses read the Ten Commandments.
(Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York.)

A Zyrian in his hunting outfit accompanied by the usual dog. The short gun is for small game, and the pike in his right hand is for bear, which the hunter attacks without hesitation.

PECULIAR LIFE OF ZYRIANS

By Basil A. Izhuroff

TEN YEARS ago I was arrested by the Russian government for an alleged violation of the law —i. e., spreading of the propaganda of the idea in my school and among the people. Ten days after the arrest, a police officer told me that I was to be deported by an order of the Governor-General to the city of Ust-Sysolsk, government of Vologda, for eight years. As I expected to get a longer sentence, the time did not surprise me, but the place did. It was in the northernmost part of European Russia.

Although it was nearer than Siberia this region was populated by a people —Zyrians—whose language I did not know. Likewise, I could not continue my professional work, teaching, or propagate my ideas of liberty. But I knew that it was useless to argue with the officials, so that I had to leave my mother-city, Moscow, and go to the center of the Zyrians' country.

From Moscow to Vologda, the capital city of my new government, I went with comfort by rail. From there I had to travel to Ust-Sysolsk, nine hundred and eighty-five miles northeast, on foot or by horses. Moreover, it was a winter with the temperature often many degrees below zero in Vologda, and twenty degrees below zero at the end of my journey. There was a Russian population in the first six hundred miles; then came the Zyrians. The well known northeastern green virgin forests appear in the same time as the Zyrians' villages. Through these forests, covered by snow from seven to ten feet deep, ran

a horse-path, which was trampled down five or six feet deep, and was wide enough for only one horse and narrow sledge to travel. As it was necessary for me, owing to my heavy baggage, to have three horses, they were hitched before a sledge, one ahead of the other. There was always great trouble when we met another team. Neither coachman would go out of his way into the snow. Ordinarily the smaller team gave way, and in case of equal teams, the title and the position of the passenger solved the question; but I told nobody my rank or position, and there was no argument for my coachman. A sledge —although it is narrow—is very convenient. It is covered all round, so that neither frost nor snow can get in. In spite of all inconveniences, I reached my new home safely, and began a new life, full of peculiarities and new customs.

The Zyrians are a Finno-Urgian tribe numbering about one hundred and five thousand. They came from Asia about seven centuries ago; long after the settlement of the main tribe of this family, Finns, in Finland. Their first settlement was on the headwaters of the Petchora. Now they are spread practically over the whole Petchora and Vuchegda Rivers, with their tributaries (but not on the Dvina, as mentioned in the International Encyclopedia) so that they occupy an area from 64 deg. to 77 deg. E., and from 60 deg. to 65 deg. N. They are brachycephalic, the index being 82.2. They are not very tall, and of a light complexion; their presence of mind is very remarkable. The best ability they show in the schools is in mathematics and in philosophy; the worst, in foreign languages. Although they were Russianized five centuries ago and compelled to adopt the Russian language in the schools and in public offices, still not more than thirty-five per cent can speak and read Russian. Or, also, it may be due to the Zyrians' strength to keep their own language and customs from the Russian influence what they keep successfully; they have still at the present time a pure Zyrian language, habits and customs.

The history of the adoption of Christianity by the Zyrians serves as a good illustration of their character; it was accomplished without any bloodshed. Between the years 1350 and 1397 a Russian missionary, Stephen, went among them, and baptized the Zyrians. He also invented for them an alphabet, which he derived from the Greek and Slavonic. Likewise he translated the Bible and other religious books into their language. ("The Life of Stephen," by the Holy Synod.)

During all his struggle against the heathenism of the Zyrians, Stephen was ill-treated but once; it was when he burned their main sanctuary. The greatest resistance in his work Stephen encountered in Pan, the main sacrificator of the Zyrians, with whom Stephen disputed often. Their disputes did not satisfy the Zyrians, and they always required proofs regarding them. Once they made two holes in the ice on a river, half a mile one from the other, and requested the disputants, in order that they might prove the righteousness of their respective doctrines, to dive in one of the holes and come out through the other. On another occasion, they made a great fire, and asked both preachers to go through the fire. "Which God is greater will save His priest," the Zyrians said. In both cases, Pan was frightened, and Stephen won. Having established Christianity among them, Stephen took a census of the population, went to the Czar of Moscow, and reported that a new people, the Zyrians, begged his protection. Since then they have paid, offering no resistance whatever, small taxes to the Russian government. The taxes were collected by the Zyrians themselves, and one of their elders carried them to the officials of the Russian government. The elder made his journey on foot, and on the way was heartily welcomed by his people and provided with everything he needed.

Brawling and fighting among them,

and with the neighboring tribes, and being forced to take peaceable lives by the Russian government, as mentioned in the Russian literature, is pure imagination. There is not any reason for that; all their ancient songs and stories does not tell anything about that.

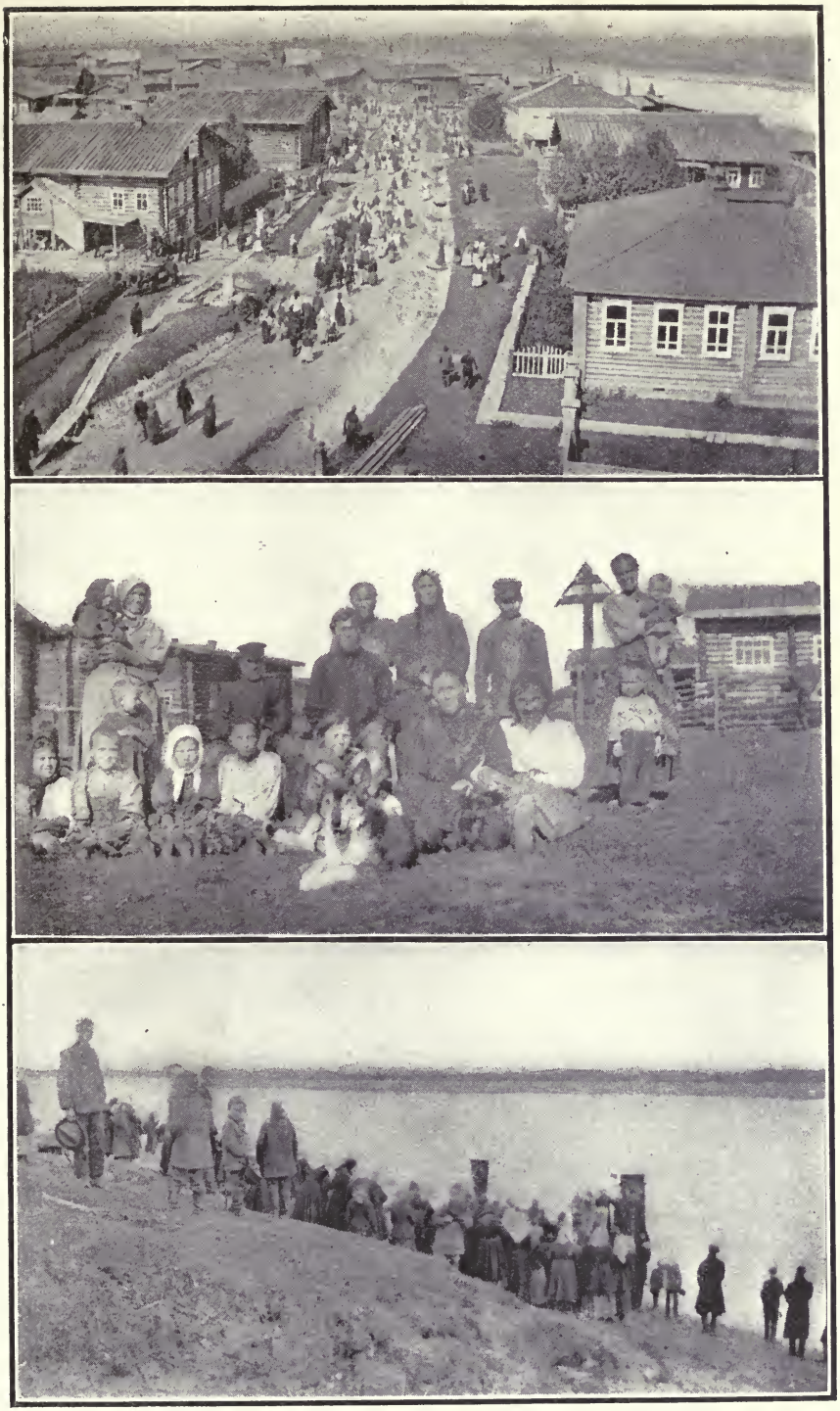
In addition to these comments on the Zyrians, it may be added that they have never been in servitude. That is why they are not so humbled as the Russian or other European peasants. There is no humiliation before the officials of the government and the rich, but a feeling of human equality. This is intensified by the fact that they have never before had any kind of officials or government, except a sacrificial officer, who had not any power over the people. This fact is proved, also, by the national songs and stories, in which there is no mention of any superior or leader or chief.

On arriving at Ust-Sysolsk, I was surprised at its civic progress. Although the administration was just the same as the central part of Russia, the civic life was entirely different. There was freedom more than in any republic. The organizations of the social-democratic and social-revolutionary parties were meeting freely without asking permission or notifying the chief of police. There were no arrests, no class distinctions; even the police court, it seemed to me, was cordial to every one of us. Although the city pleased me in all respects, I was told that the living is cheaper in a village than in the city; so I left it after a few days to go to a village, Kortkeross, fifty miles north from the city. Of course, the police court of this place had nothing against that.

The Zyrians' villages are all alike. They are situated on the higher banks of the rivers, Vuchegda and Petchora, which have banks much higher than other streams. Usually in the middle of a village, appears a beautiful, white church and a school, which is surrounded by fairly large houses, crowded without any order. Every house is built of logs from twelve to eighteen inches in diameter, the crevices packed with moss. There are no houses smaller than twenty-five by thirty-five, and twenty-five feet high. Owing to the high cost of glass, there are few windows. They usually build two such houses ten or twelve feet apart, connect them with an entrance-hall, and cover by the same roof. The Zyrians are compelled to build two houses on account of the cockroaches. The red and black cockroaches appear in the houses where the Zyrians live in very large numbers. The families are compelled to change the houses every four or five months and to freeze them in order to kill their little, but troublesome, enemies. Inside the house, one-third of the space is occupied by a big brick oven with flat top. Another third, side by side with the oven, is occupied by a loft. The oven and loft are the favorite places of the house; they are the bedroom as well as the parlor. Since the oven is heated during four or five hours, it gives off heat uniformly all day.

Besides these houses there are still at the present time some very primordial houses, called "smoke houses." This is a common Zyrian house, but without a chimney. Instead of the chimney there is a hole which is made in the wall opposite the oven. When there is a fire in the oven, the entire room is filled with smoke, which is slowly traveling from the oven to the hole. While the fire is burning in the oven, all the members of a family are sitting on the floor, with their heads bent, tears flowing from their eyes, and coughing heavily. After the fire is out, all holes and windows are shut down, and the interior is warm all day. Of course, the walls and the ceiling are covered with soot, as in a chimney.

In Kortkeros, I was welcomed by the Zyrians very cordially. I found a clean, good room with board for six roubles (about three dollars) a month. This price surprised me, but later I learned that one rouble was worth for the Zyrians more than ten roubles for



1. A typical Zyrian village. The building in the foreground is a school. 2. Zyrian types: in the background is a wooden cross, the kind erected in the villages. 3. A procession with cross and banners making its rounds of the field on St. Stephen's Day.

St. Stephen's Cathedral in Ust-Sysolsk. The building was erected at a cost of more than a million roubles. It is generally regarded as the finest and largest church in the land of the Zyrians.

me, and that the board did not cost even these six roubles—it was so poor. Barley soup, fish, fungi, potatoes, and sometimes boiled meat, were the dish list of the Zyrians. The climate, eight months of winter and four months of summer, allows only barley and rye to grow, so that the Zyrians can have only rye bread, and they cook from the barley only a few kinds of soup and gruel. Even these corns are not sufficient for the whole year. Living in the forests, they try to utilize them for food as much as possible. In the very early spring they get birch-tree sap for drinking. They make a hole about one inch deep in an old birch-tree, from which a sap, like clear water, runs slowly into a pail. It has a peculiar, sweet taste. A little later the Zyrians get the fir-tree sap in the form of a thick syrup. By taking off the bark of a young fir-tree, there is left about one-eighth of an inch of solidified tree-sap, which has not yet formed into wood. It is fairly tasteful, but cannot be preserved for a long time. In the autumn, the Zyrians gather fungi and berries, which they preserve by drying and salting for the winter. Although Zyrians are good hunters, they do not use much meat, because they have to sell everything that they kill in order to get a little money for taxes and gun cartridges.

Clothing is a very important problem with the Zyrians. On account of the lack of industries in the six hundred miles around them, and the scarcity of means of earning money, the Zyrians are compelled to produce all their necessities in clothing by handwork. This labor is laid entirely upon the women. In the summer they raise flax and hemp; in the autumn they prepare them for the spinning, and all winter the spinning and weaving of cloths goes on. Although they do not use any modern instruments, they can produce several kinds and colors of the cloths. Linens, shirts and skirts are made of the finest cloths; overcoats are rough ones. For the autumn overcoat they make a thick woolen cloth of the common sheep wool. For the winter they have a sheep fur coat, also a parka, which is made of deer skin with the fur on the outside, in the form of a night-shirt, with the cap

and gloves sewed to it. The summer shoes are made in the simplest form of leather, coated with wood tar, and winter boots are sewed from a young deer skin, or felted, about two and a half feet high, with sheep wool.

The character of the Zyrians is explained by their environment. They are very laborious. Only hard work has saved them in such a climate. All summer they work fourteen or fifteen hours a day in the field, preparing the hay and corn. In the winter, all men above sixteen years of age go into the thick wood to hunt, fifty or sixty, or even a hundred miles away from their home. In their spare time they make all household necessities from wood. Besides furniture and tools, they make the wooden spoons, forks, plates, cups, looms for weaving and shovels, harrows, ploughs, everything, even the tiny splints for the illumination of the house. They do not use gas, kerosene, nor candle, for illuminating their houses. Instead, they shave the thin, long splinters from a dry birch-tree block, fasten these splinters between the iron fork-link, under which a wooden basin is put down for the ashes, and set fire to the splinters. The splinters burn with dull flames, and after four or five hours the room is full of smoke.

In this world there are no more hard-working women than the Zyrians. Besides working in the fields like the men, and doing all the house work, they also take care of the cattle, and they actually provide clothing for the whole family. It is common to see the women sitting long after midnight, spinning beside the dull splinter flame.

The Zyrians are no less honest than laborious. For years there had been no need for locks of any kind. Only in the last few years have locks become necessary for the warehouses, but practically all of them can be opened by one key. It is customary for neighbors to use the same key in case a key is lost. Never does one find the door of a house locked. Instead of a key they put a stick across the door, as a sign that nobody is at home. In the summer, when no one over ten years of age is in the village, all houses are open, with only a stick across the door. Even what little money there is lies safely on the shelf. There are no banks. Nobody recollects a single robbery, and very rarely is there murder or theft.

The Zyrians are fearless, resolute and fertile in expedients. These characteristics are the result of hunting in the endless thick forests for so many years. Without realizing the industrial and class struggle, the Zyrians are very kind-hearted and unselfish. There was a case years ago when a Russian judge condemned one of the Zyrians to be punished with rods, but it was impossible to find anybody to perform this punishment. Only in recent years has intemperance appeared. It came when the people began to communicate with the Russians. Even in the Zyrian language there is no corresponding expression for drunkenness or drunkard. There are very few beggars among the Zyrians. Although they never refuse to give something to a beggar, they think it shameful and immoral to be a beggar. Their education stands on a higher level than it is in the central part of Russia. The financial side of it is wholly in their own hands. They build schools and houses for teachers, and the only money paid is the salary of the teachers. At the present time there is a school practically in every village, and education has made great progress in the last few years.

Although the Zyrians were baptized by the Greeco-Russian Church over five hundred years ago, still they have retained some customs of their original religion. One of the traces is the sacrifice of animals, usually an ox, before the church. It happens twice a year. There is always some one who is willing to sacrifice his ox or cow to the church. The attendants of the church, in a little ceremony, kill the animal, cook it and divide it among the people; every one who wishes gets a part of it. Practically

the sacrifice is always left to the poor, as the better-off residents leave it for them. At the same time, the Zyrians make their beloved beverage, "sur." The entire village participates in its making. Every family in the village contributes its share. This beverage is brewed of rye flour, malt and hops. It is something like beer, only the percentage of alcohol in it is very small. It is a very palatable and wholesome beverage. The church also divides this "sur" among the people, where again the greater part falls to the share of the poor. The custom arose as follows:

Years ago, the Zyrians, usually the whole village, went twice a year into the woods, hunting. When they returned home after a long and toilsome hunting trip with an abundance of game, they made a joyful feast for the whole village, with the thanksgiving sacrifice to the god of hunting, "Vursa." After their conversion to Christianity, this custom grew into charity for the poor.

This custom is mentioned in the International Encyclopedia, with the explanation that these sacrifices were made formerly in birch groves, which were held sacred, and that in them was carried on the worship of a being called the "Old Woman of Gold." It is true that there was the sacred birch tree, but I never heard from the Zyrians, nor read in any book, the name of this tree. But the name of "Old Woman of Gold" belongs to a woman who really existed. She was a very strong and clever woman; physical strength being a very estimable quality among the Zyrians. This woman accomplished much good for them by her wise counsels, and was of great help to the women in the absence of their husbands. That is why her memory lives.

Another custom in the Zyrian religion, which is also for the benefit of the poor, is to provide a good dinner for the poor after some one in the family has died. If the family in which the death occurs is well-to-do, several such dinners are given.

The most devotional holidays of the Zyrians are Easter and St. Stephen's day, celebrated in honor of their baptizer. At Easter, they express their enthusiasm by firing their guns and burning tar-barrels. At the St. Stephen's day the Zyrians go in procession with cross and banners around villages and fields. Crosses are erected in the fields, about a quarter of a mile from each other, and prayers are held at those crosses. Attention to the church is very great. In every village there is a church with beautiful adornments; and the people willingly pay a good salary to the preachers.

The social life of the Zyrians is very peculiar. It is customary to see in the streets, even in the day-time, young men and young women walking, caressing and embracing each other. Likewise, at an evening party, it is common to see boys sitting on the knees of the girls and embracing them. Moreover, after an evening party, young people do not go home, but remain there to pass the night, where they sleep in pairs, a boy and a girl together. Such evening parties are frequent. No invitations are made —whoever comes is welcome.

Although there is apparently a very close relation between the young men and women, they are far from being dissolute. Practically all of the youths are virgin when they marry. They have a higher moral standard than is found among the so-called cultured people in the large cities of Europe and America.

Contrary to this simple life, a wedding is a most complicated affair among the Zyrians. A girl begins to prepare herself for marriage at ten years of age. She has to weave at least two dozen towels, three dozen pairs of stockings, the same amount of gloves, one or two dozen shirts, and one hundred yards of cloth. All this clothing is to be presented to the family and to the relatives of the bridegroom at the wedding. The quantity and quality of this stuff is her chief recommendation, and the choice

of the bride by the bridegroom's family depends entirely upon it.

The wedding itself is divided into three parts: the betrothing, the ceremony at the church, and the feast. It takes not less than two weeks for these ceremonies to be carried out. They are full of what appears to be superstitions; there is a definite rule in each step and in each motion of the married couple. Even conversation must be in the established form. The most interesting part of the wedding is the betrothing. An important part of this ceremony is the lamenting of the bride before her betrothal. In the morning, when all the guests sit at the table, the bride sits down on a bench; the bridegroom covers her with a shawl, and pinches or strikes her slightly; then she starts to cry. She cries really and sorrowfully, and in the form of a woful song she appeals with parting words to her mother, father and other relatives and playmates. She expresses herself freely; thanks those who were good to her, and blames those who were not just to her. Then she appeals to the bridegroom, and prays him to be friendly with her, to love her always and not to affront her. Likewise, she appeals to the father-in-law, mother-in-law, to all with whom she may have to live afterwards. Usually, towards the evening her voice grows hoarse, then her friends help her. The day before they go to church, the bride and bridegroom have to take the steam bath, which is performed under special songs of her friends and with the observation of several other customs. After the bath the young couple are ready to be married.

The bathing in the steam bath is not only most highly valued by the Zyrians, but it is looked upon as a sacred duty; no one will go to a church on Easter-day or on Christmas without taking previously a steam bath. Besides this the bath is a substitute for many pleasures; it is a treat to a guest, a luxury for a holyday, and a cure for all kinds of sickness. However ill a Zyrian may be he treats himself with a vapor bath only. He takes the baths every day, until he is cured or dead. The main purpose of taking the bath is not to wash the body, but to exasperate it. For this purpose, they keep in a bathroom a temperature of 120 degrees F. or more, and strike themselves with a birch bath-broom in every possible way. Such a self-punishment is continued with very pleasant sounds, and until the person is exhausted. On account of this custom, there is not a family, which has not a special bath-house about five hundred feet from the living house. It has become of such importance to the Zyrians that whenever they build a living house the foundation of the bath-house is laid at the same time.

Besides these strange customs in the wedding and in taking baths, the Zyrians have some very good and beneficial ones. One of the most important is the communistical land holding. All land is divided among the inhabitants proportionally to the number of members in a family. In order to keep this proportion constant, they redivide the land every ten years. Moreover, if in ten years one family increases and another decreases, a corresponding portion of the land goes from the second family to the first one. Although the Russian Government urges the Zyrians to take the land as private property with many immunities, the Zyrians do not take it. They say: "The land belongs to Nature, as air, and nobody has a right to be the owner of it." This communism is general in every way. One valuable thing may be used for an entire district, though it is purchased by an individual man. Likewise, a tool, not used in everyday life, travels from hand to hand always. The Zyrians never refuse to lend any one what they have.

In the belief of the Zyrians there is a remarkable characteristic. First, they strongly believe in animism. The expression "kulem" (dead) or "lovtem" (without soul), they apply equally to a person and to matter.

They say "lov-tem mort" (person without soul) "lov-tem chery" (fish without soul), "lov-tem poo" (tree without soul), etc., so that they do not distinguish the source of the life between a man and a tree, but believe in the universal soul of Nature. Second, they believe in the existence of two souls for every person and animal. One soul is in the person another follows him outside. The first they call "lov," the second "ort." The "lov" is the enlivening soul of the body. The life is the existence of the "lov" in the body, death is the leaving of it, and birth is the union of it with the body. Before accepting Christianity they believed that "lov" after leaving the body goes to Nature and may go into the body of animals. If a person were a sinner, his "lov" has to go in a lizard, or in some other reptile. According to this they think it is a great virtue to kill a lizard; i. e., to deliver a human soul from a lizard body and to give it a chance to take a better form. A good person's soul, "lov," may get in the birds, doves, or some other superior animal. But the "ort" is entirely different. She follows the person invisibly everywhere. She is his friend and protector. If a person will have an accident, "ort" predicts it by suddenly rousing him in the night, or by an unusual noise, etc. A Zyrian often tells you how he heard distinctly the footsteps of his "ort," or how he heard something calling him by his name. And always something bad has happened after that. Before a serious accident, like death, the "ort" may take the form of his person and appear to him visibly. After the death of the person, "ort" does not disappear, and she does not go into nature like the "lov," but may be seen by the relatives of the person who died.

The general occupation of the Zyrians at the present time are agriculture and hunting. For a long period they hunted only; but about two hundred years ago they started to cultivate the land. The cultivation of the soil is conducted in a very primitive way. As the endless forests are under very careless control of the Russian government (one forester for eight hundred thousand acres) the Zyrians have a good chance to use them as they like. Calling together ten or twenty families in the spring, they choose an out-of-the-way spot in the woods, and cut down all the trees not over three feet in diameter. In the early autumn, when the fallen trees are dry, the Zyrians burn them, and in the remnants of ashes and embers they sow the rye. The next summer they always have good crops. Many thousands of acres are burned out for this purpose.

For hunting, the Zyrians make a party of twenty to thirty men, and go into the woods fifty or a hundred miles from home. A Zyrian hunter is armed very poorly. He has only one little gun with one-eighth of an inch of muzzle, one knife, a long spear, and is accompanied by two dogs. He is a first-class shooter; he rarely fails to hit his mark. He uses cartridges with great care, and thus reduces their cost to the minimum. He buys only gunpowder; the shots he makes himself. For this purpose he has lead wire bound across his shoulders, and bites off a small piece of it as the necessity for that arrives, and chews the bit until it becomes spherical. Their gun and cartridges are good only for small animals; in attacking a bear they depend solely on their spear. It is very dangerous to fight a bear with a spear, but frequently a hunter goes alone to meet his quarry. The Zyrian hunter does not fear any danger in the forest, but he does fear that his dogs will be crippled by sorcery. He believes that other hunters, knowing the sorcery, may steal the scents of his dogs. For their protection, in the morning he lets the dogs out between his legs. There are so many stories about dogs being bewitched. One hunter has good dogs; another has poor ones, but he knows the sorcery. The sorcerer by conjuration stole the scents of his dogs. He seeks another conjuror to restore them by his magic art.

An Indian village on the edge of the desert.

Yuma, the Hottest Place in America

By Felix J. Koch

DOWN at Yuma, on the border between the new State of Arizona and the older one of California, they revel in the distinction of possessing the hottest place under the Stars and Stripes. When the rest of the republic has been gripped by winter, in Yuma the thermometers register one hundred odd, while just what extremes they won't reach in the summer no man has as yet vouchsafed.

That Yuma is inhabited by human salamanders goes without the saying. Only people who like such heat would come here of choice, and only those who don't know better would not try to get away, by and by.

There are several features of Yuma that excite the attention of the stranger. All of them savor of just the sort of place you'd pictured Yuma before you came.

First among these are the Indians. Here, alone, of all the places under the flag, Uncle Sam authorizes polygamy, and the Yuma buck is permitted to maintain as many wives as he can induce to live with him in the wigwam. Then, again, the prison at Yuma is different from prisons anywhere west of Gibraltar. In fact, the only counterpart of the village jail, which is a sort of stepping stone to the prison, is in the heart of Turkey. And the people of Yuma are otherwise so typically

Mexican that one wonders almost if he be under the rule of the Stars and Stripes.

The whole experience of a jaunt to Yuma is southwestern and strenuous. You leave Tucson 8:45 at night. At 6:15 in the morning you're at Yuma. On the map the journey seems as nothing, but out in the West the distances are startling in their magnitude.

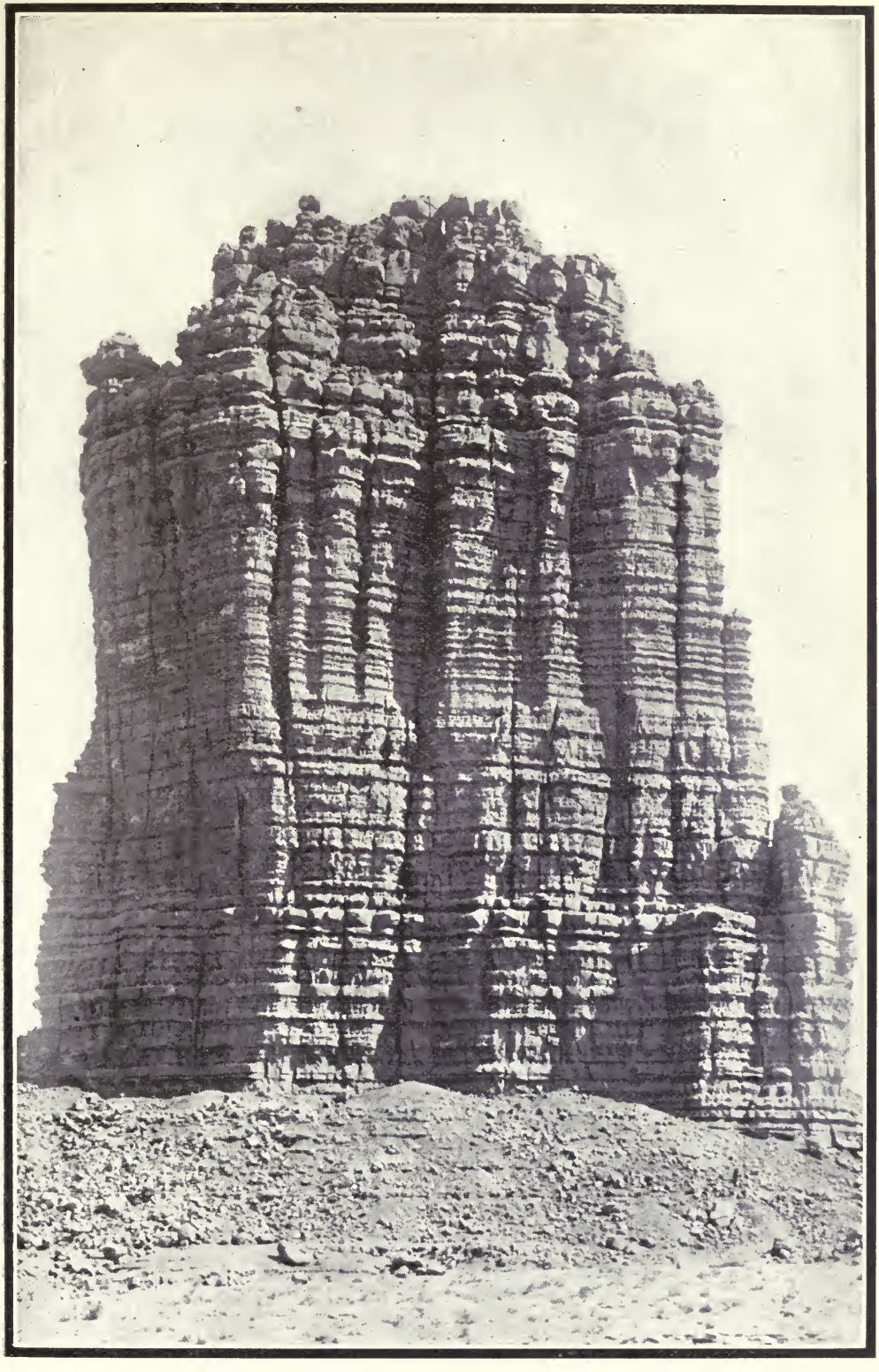
The hotel is what Dickens might have described as a depot-restaurant, built over the station itself, and with its porches looking down into the turbid Colorado, as is the fashion in Spain. There is a bridge, with the Indian women trundling past constantly, and the boat-landing below; while on the opposite bank one has the Government Indian school. Everywhere there are Indians, the Yumas, after whom the town is named. At Yuma, however, the gay garment and blanket of the Indian are genuine, and not put on simply to attract the tourist. As a matter of fact, the Yumas hate the whites, and while they sell trinkets to these at the station, altogether too few sight-seers get off here to win them over to affability. The bucks, who squat along the changing river banks in their straw hats and jeans, idle the year round, and are, in fact, positively discourteous to the stranger.

Yuma, once one has left his belongings in the hotel and started to explore, is interesting for what it lacks in modernity. There is practically but one long street, of low one or two-story cottages, built of frame, and housing, almost without exception, saloons and shops, in addition to the homes of the

A corner of America where the sun shines hottest.

house-holders. There are plenty of vacant lots between the 'dobes, so that any newcomer may settle if he will.

There is a fair public school building and a Catholic church, this latter interesting for its Indian communicants, who come here, the women's faces inclosed by the black shawl worn round the head and about the shoulders, as did the redmen to the missions in the pre-Mexican days in California. At the time of day that



A natural monument in Apache land.

Typical roadside scene near Yuma.

you are out, Yuma is still half in its slumbers. Apart from a flight of crows on the main highway, the quiet of dawn reigns supreme. You can walk over the entire place in an hour nicely, and you do so while you may, unobserved. There are lemons growing in one garden, the first you will have encountered in traveling west. To-day it is cold until the sun has risen, but then, and in summer, Yuma is, next to Death Valley, the hottest place in the world, so that you may look for tropical foliage.

You have just wondered at the foolish custom of the milkmen of Yuma, up betimes, who knock at each house-door until told by the tenants to leave the milk outside, a custom whose origin lies shrouded in mystery, when two women, seemingly drunk, attract your attention. They are following a man, expostulating as only Mexicans can, and so you, too, follow at a safe distance. They lead to the court-house in a side street, where you, perhaps, would not have ventured. It is a low building, this, with a door in the center, admitting to a sort of lobby—floor, roof and walls all of wood. On the right opens the court room, a few chairs and a stool on the platform, the sort of court room you see on the stage now and then. On the left, offices open. In the rear there extends an enclosed court yard or *patio*, and directly across, admitting to this, is a heavily grated iron door, behind which, all in one cell, as in the prisons of Turkey, are the prisoners.

It is to this jail that the women are directing their footsteps. The one is weeping, the other seems angry. Both begin pleading with the jailor. Last night the husband of the weeping woman came home furiously drunk, and began using the knife upon her. So the police were called, and now he is here. She, however, had no idea it was so vile a place, and now she had come to beg his release. When she finally became convinced that her pleadings were vain, she drew up her skirt—for conventionalities are unknown at Yuma, and took from her garter something, coin, probably, to

bribe, which she handed her husband through the bars. Then, looking neither to right nor left, she and her friends departed. Such, however, are the side-lights one gets on the day's work at Yuma.

With the court-house and a stroll among the homes and the gardens, their sterile soil overgrown with the olive and the castor bean, one has about finished Yuma. There is the post-office, some shops, and The Sentinel office, but they afford little of interest.

It is the environs of the town that attract. In the rainy season, when the narrow, dark-brown, shrunken Colorado rages beneath the great iron bridge of the railway, steamers run to the gulf, or up river, one of the most interesting trips in the West. In drier times, stages follow the Colorado along to Laguna, where the government has built the second largest dam in the world. The purpose of this dam is not to hold the waters of the Colorado, but, copied after the dam of the Nile, to control them, this being done by catching the water here, and then, by means of sluices, feeding it over a territory of about ten miles. So Uncle Sam will not alone prevent floods in the vicinity of Yuma, but he will be enabled to irrigate the land as well.

Over the bridge lies the Indian reservation, and on its borders an interesting primitive corral for the horses of the stage plying into the interior, is built. Of course, no roof to this shed is needed, for it practically never rains in Yuma, and the stages themselves consist of three open wagonettes, the covers of which have long since been lost.

You get a new idea of Indian control in the Southwest as you step past the corral. There is a sign forbidding whites to proceed, unless they have legitimate business with the Indians, and stating a heavy penalty for trading with the Redskins. Furthermore, it is forbidden to enter the reservation without a permit. The whole arrangement seems well-nigh despotic. The Yumas live in a sort of forbidden land.

Squaws, with the gay colored blankets, pass out. Old men, with the hair down their backs in innumerable braids, so that, from the rear, one can scarcely distinguish them from women, saunter in or stop to watch the stages being harnessed, and perhaps to lend an indolent hand to hitching the four horses.

The homes of these Indians are picturesque, if nothing else. Built at intervals over the reservation, on which they may settle where they please, one finds, almost everywhere, the primitive adobes in little groups, or else miles from the nearest neighbor. Some are on the open desert, where the summer sun beats in fury; others are hidden away in the tall arrowwood prairie. Basically, each hut is square, while from the front there extends a roof of dry brush and mud to a pole at either corner.

Under this hut, the gayly-clad Redskins squat, while outside are set poles, great cages being formed, as it were, and serving as corrals for the horses. Dogs are everywhere, but noiseless as their owners, who slink along silent as the Arab.

Children, likewise, are numerous, but their quiet demeanor makes them even more conspicuous. Two Indian boys will occasionally gallop past on a horse; otherwise the reservation seems to repose in perpetual quiet.

Maybe it's the heat that drives folks to silence—it's like the lethargy of a mid-summer noon-hour. At any rate, it saps all the strength from you, and you've neither energy nor desire to stir here among the Redskins of Yuma.

Baguio, Simla of the Philippines

By Monroe Woolley

Author of "Hongkong, the Storehouse of the Chinese Empire," "Modern Manila," "How They Hustle in Japan," "Chinese Consistency," Etc.

SUMMER capitals have long been the rage everywhere, except in the United States. The crowned heads of Europe, not satisfied with a paltry few, have whole clusters of capitals here, there and everywhere throughout their realms, so that when tiring of one executive center they simply move on to the attractive novelty of a new surrounding. This habit works nicely with royalty, the members of which do not have to worry over packing boxes, shipping tags, railroad freight rates, and careless draymen.

On the other hand, democracies are happily not much given to these luxuries, any more than perspiring wage earners are prone to encumber themselves with summer homes and gardens.

Uncle Sam, however, believes in summer capitals where they are really needed, and there being no liberal-pocketed Presidents in his colonial dependencies to provide Oyster Bays and Beverlys, Uncle Sam long since got busy in his capacity of high steward of the Philippine Isles, and built, mostly, if not solely, with insular funds, a beautiful summer home, including administration buildings, for his official family.

Thus, the officials of the Philippines have one on their brothers of the diplomatic service who, denied a house at government expense to live in abroad, are compelled to dig down in their private pockets and rent suitable quarters.

Early in the game of our occupation of the Islands, the imperative need of some place for recuperation from the onslaughts of the heated term in Manila, within easy distance of town, was soon realized by the administration.

In the end, trips into the mountains of Benguet province—a chain locally known as the Philippine Alps—got to be the thing in lieu of expensive, time-consuming jaunts abroad to China, Siam, Japan, or the Straits Settlements between February and June of each year, the period when Manila sizzles and sears—that is, in the mind of the *unacclimated* pale face.

Baguio, the capital of Benguet province, nestles amid the rugged pines (the only group in the archipelago), on the summit of a fine mountain range. With it, Governor Taft was greatly impressed after a few visits, and his recommendations to convert the miserable trail wending its way across jungle, vale and mountain, over innumerable streams and through imposing gorges, into a wagon road worthy the name, eventually led to the building of the famous Benguet road, more nearly resembling a turnpike or modern boulevard, and a thoroughfare elaborate with eccentric curves, cuts, and hundreds of bridges and culverts. The road, which cost several millions of pesos and not a few lives from accidents, such as dynamite explosions, and from disease breaking out in the construction camps, has been partially a failure, whereas the capital itself is proving a great success from many standpoints. With the coming of the rainy season, great expenditures for up-keep are necessary in re-

placing bridges and portions of roadway carried off by floods which dash down the mountain streams and by landslides from the towering mountains onto the highway.

Ten years ago, only the best guides with pack animals could by much labor and fatigue, after many days of struggle, reach the mountain capital. Now, Pullman cars, or rather what answers for standard sleepers in the Islands, run to within about twenty miles of the Philippine Simla. Taxis carry the crowds the remainder of the way through the finest specimens of tropical scenic splendor. Or, automobiles may leave Manila and run straight through over the famous highway almost without a halt. Sumptuous inns are scattered along the route.

Baguio, which, by the way, when fixed up in American style, means "storm," has a decidedly invigorating climate as a result of her five thousand feet of elevation. Ice has been known to form there during the cooler nights, and an extra supply of blankets, something entirely unnecessary in town, is required to eliminate a shivering skin and chattering teeth. A decade ago there were few white settlers—possibly not more than half a dozen Spaniards. These arrived after a perilous journey over the frightful trail since giving way to the new road, to say nothing of the railway. The town now boasts an ice plant, electric lights, telephones, telegraph system, and a taxi service, and few residences in Manila, in point of beauty from without and comfort from within, at least, can equal the snug homes built there. While the government buildings are of the bungalow type, they are, nevertheless, roomy and highly commodious.

The hotels are large and comfortable, and give excellent service—surprising service for institutions situated away off in the jungle on the extreme edge of nowhere.

Baguio's parks should serve as fitting examples for our smaller towns here at home. It may be conservatively asserted that no American community anywhere of equal size can equal, let alone excel, her drives and plazas.

But then, few American towns have any other save municipal treasuries to gratify their whims in parking. And Baguio is what she is only because Uncle Sam, with his accustomed liberality, wanted a nice place to send his officials during the hot spell. The Spaniards made all sorts of fun of the project in the beginning, saying they survived for centuries without a Baguio—that is, one of the town sort—but last summer a number of sweltering Dons made the pilgrimage when the pavements in town commenced to radiate heat.

The hot spell in the Islands does not come at the time summer strikes the United States. When our President is enjoying the chilliness of early spring, or, in other words, when he is getting in his best licks when not out boosting himself for another term, the officials of Manila, military and civil, borrow an extra outfit of bed clothing, box up their clerks and typewriters, and trek hurriedly to Baguio. There they remain, doing as little work as possible, until about the time old Sol begins to make things unpleasant in Washington.

The officials at Baguio, whether at the desk or on the recreation field, keep in touch with Manila and the outside world by wire and wireless. Few are supposed to work except the unboxed clerks, the typewriters, and the telegraphers.

Baguio so excels as a health resort that the military long since erected a fine, modern hospital there. Ailing soldiers and officers are regularly sent into the hills of Northern Luzon to recuperate from malignant fevers and other ills. In this way, much money has been saved to the government, as, otherwise, many patients would have to be sent home for a change of climate.

A military post for a battalion of troops, 550 acres in extent, and bearing the name of Camp John Hay, in honor of our deceased Secretary of

State, is located adjacent to the town. And if Baguio is a model municipality, Camp John Hay should wear a blue ribbon as a military post. Both projects, from standpoints of sanitation, comfort and beauty, are entitled to a grand prix.

In season, Baguio is a gay place. Titled foreigners from China, Japan, the East Indies, and Europe, may be found mingling at social functions with the cosmopolitan populace of the summer capital. Several hundred American school-ma'ams make the pilgrimage annually to the capital to attend the teachers' camp, and incidentally to get in on the merriment. The person that doesn't go to Baguio does not amount to much, in a social way, you know. That's the idea. It is the only thing that makes Baguio unpopular with the masses, particularly the peasantry.

Now and then the Governor-General, drunk with Yankee democracy, dons a baseball uniform to play the game with his Cabinet. Maybe the Count of Sen-Sen, from Kobe, or a mandarin from Tien-Tsin, or a Sultan from Sulu, with a British Lord from Hongkong, form a part of the opposing team, in which case the opposing team goes down to defeat, for no such mixture of races can hope to win against the *originators* of the game. If superior ability fails to win for the Yankees, then an interpretation of the rules may be relied upon.

As tourists are now coming from everywhere over the Far East to Baguio, thereby to much extent warranting the construction of the expensive road, the town has finally been incorporated and laid out in lots, double city-size. Of course, the price of the plots is effective in keeping out undesirables. Besides, the plan has the added advantage of keeping many dollars at home which formerly went abroad in search of recreation. Those who own cottages in the summer capital never think of going away to other shores in hot weather.

Railroad fare to Baguio is quite reasonable. The round trip may be made for $13.75, good for six months; whereas, in the early days the trip could not be made for less than fifty dollars, if for that, one way. These remarkable transportation facilities are having the desired effect of attracting thousands, where there were formerly but tens in the yearly exodus to the hills. Indeed, so great has been the demand for accommodations in late years that the hotels are soon to be doubled.

There are a number of beautiful residences of the bungalow type in the town. Chief among these is "Top Side," owned personally by Governor-General W. Cameron Forbes, who, by the way, is a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Mansion House is the Governor-General's official residence, built by the government. Both these buildings are constructed of Benguet pine and stone. At Camp John Hay a very imposing set of quarters has been built by the Federal government for the commanding General of the Philippine Division, at present Major-General J. Franklin Bell. General Bell's residence is surrounded by many pretty cottages for the officers of his staff.

"Government Center" includes the civil government administration building, occupied by secretaries and departments, and numerous other buildings, among which is a central mess hall. The Constabulary School, or West Point of the native provincial police corps, is also at Baguio. The Boys' School gives the children of foreign residents—American, British, German, Spaniard, French, etc.—the benefit of modern training in a bracing climate. There is also a country club, a teachers' club, an officers' club, golf links, a polo field, tennis court, baseball diamond, basket ball ground—all of which may or may not infer that there is a great deal of fun and play in connection with running the government out there for half the year.

The Jesuit monks, who for decades have maintained the best-equipped observatory in the Far East in Manila, are now busy building a colossal stone

monastery and observatory on the highest summit of Baguio. Already there is a band of priests at the summer capital. This Order may in due course build a large convalescent hospital at the summer *barrio*.

Just now an effort is being made to induce capitalists to build a railroad for the remaining twenty miles into Baguio, along the top of the divide, to avoid the awful landslides. The character of the country offers many engineering difficulties, which the present Manila & Dagupan Railroad, a small line, has so far refrained from undertaking.

Benguet is a famous gold producing province, and many other valuable minerals are found in the mountains. A number of Americans own rich mines about the summer capital. Also, the soil of the country thereabouts is rich, and with an average temperature of 75 deg. maximum and 51 deg. minimum, many things—strawberries for one—may be raised there which do not thrive elsewhere over the great archipelago. In fact, the Baguio climate is more nearly that of a temperate zone than that of a tropical section.

Because of these facts, the government continues to build additional homes for its employees, and to make the trip less expensive each year. The government believes that the improved physical condition resulting from a sojourn at Baguio gives returns in the form of better service and a greater degree of contentment.

And the Filipinos, no doubt catching a rebellious spirit from "Storm Town" expenditures, against which they were once bitterly arrayed, are gradually being taught by experience the value of the salubrious, invigorating climate of their hill-country.

Then, too, India had best look carefully to her laurels that Baguio may not some day not far distant outshine quaint Simla.

SAN FRANCISCO

Sun, and the flash of a seagull's wing
Aglint with sun.
The throb of the engine's beats that sing,
The siren's tongue.
A silver flash on the wrinkled blue
Of the age-old bay;
Then the city's towers spring up to you
Out of the day.

Night, and the sweep of the seagulls' flights,
Half-seen, half-guessed.
Night, and the gleam of the restless lights—
Night, but no rest.
The shy waves whispering to the shores,
Then a blaze of light—
And the city's face springs up to yours
Out of the night.

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES.

LITTLE MOTHERS

By Emma S. Nesfield

SOMETIMES in this queer old world, blessings are thrust upon us, and we simply take them for granted—accept them as our right—and think no more about them. One of the most common of these are the Little Mothers. Nearly every large-sized or even moderately large sized family, and oftentimes just ordinary little families, have one. Sometimes they don't even know they have them, because these precious blessings are born, like every other baby, squalling into the world, and by the time they have seriously taken up their life-work, why, they're just one of the family.

Once there was a real, large old-fashioned family of five boys and four girls, and the second girl, who happened to be the third baby, was one of those things I've been telling you about. She wasn't particularly strong in body—very often they are not—but she made up for it in mind, in love, in sympathy, in all the golden abstractions of true womanhood.

In the beginning of the story, the family was very prosperous, but like many large, old-fashioned, high-principled families, each year saw prosperity fading away into the dim and distant "used-to-be's." So, by the time this Little Mother was well on in her work, the world at large seemed to be one big, struggling, strangling problem.

When the last baby came, the Real Mother of the Family somehow didn't have the strength to go on struggling, and though life meant very much to her, though her work was waiting for her, giving the little new baby to her oldest girl, she stopped living.

This oldest girl, like many another girl, scarce grown, simply stepped into her mother's place. She washed and combed, dressed and prayed over the little ones. She managed on narrow margin to keep the large family together, with a fair amount of the happiness and good times that always come to large families, even under the most distressing pressures. And, when her little charges were well on their way; when the older ones were prepared to begin life's work—to swell the little margin to comfortable appearances—a big, lonely, homeless man came and begged her to help him gather Household Gods.

Then the Little Mother took the helm. Somehow, it seemed natural. For ever so long, "the boys," now big brothers, had been coming to her for sympathy—for advice, which was mostly so good that it was seldom acted on—for comfort, when misfortune followed failure to be advised. And they never found her wanting; because, being what she was, she couldn't help herself. She often scolded them with righteous indignation, and then relented of her cruelty in tears. How those brothers loved her best of all the sisters; how they pained her most, is only a repetition of what always happens to her kind.

One by one, the brothers and sisters married, started new circles, named new babies for this well-loved sister, and had her godmother the little newcomers. While she just struggled on trying to make ends meet as a reduced

gentlelady only can, by teaching petted darlings of the moneyed people in the world; and by giving readings and lectures to small circles of seekers after culture.

At last, one day, a cold gripped her with a merciless hold, and she, having nothing left to struggle for—no more mothering to do—had not the strength to fight it off. When they had buried her by her father and mother, and left her forever, to go back to their world of husbands and wives and babies, then this family realized, for the first time, that God had sent them a "Little Mother," and they had not known it: had taken her for granted until she was gone—and her life had been only half lived.

But that is the way with "Little Mothers." You'll find them the world over, in the tenements and alleys, in the palaces and mansions. They give all they have. They worry and grieve, comfort and scold; shield and protect, and when they have nothing left to mother, they mostly die. For, after all, they are blessings thrust upon us, and we simply take them for granted —accept them as our right—and think no more about them, giving them belated appreciation when they are gone.

MARCUS WHITMAN

He stood beneath young Oregon's great firs,
His heart turned Godward, and his human eye
Piercing the East, which way his path did lie,
For Duty's call rang clear, "Go now!" Ah, sirs,
A worthy message filled a worthy mind.
Nor kind entreaty, neither tears nor smiles
Could lure him from the peril of long miles,
That led him East. Great calls but seldom find
Great messengers. Whitman knew the word,
The time, the way, and rode in faith to fame.
His message to the nation struck a flame,
That blossomed into stars; for eyes unblurred,
Beyond the Rockies, stretching on and on,
Now saw in glory rise great Oregon!

J. WILEY OWEN.

When Accounts are Balanced

By Elizabeth Vore

THE ROOM was flooded with the warm sunshine of midsummer, and redolent with the perfume of flowers—old-fashioned jonquills, great bunches of them, with their white, waxen blossoms and their yellow circle of stamens. They seemed peculiarly a part of the elegant drawingroom, of the light and the sunshine and that indefinable atmosphere which stamps a room with the individuality of its owner, while through it drifted the delicate, pungent odor of sandalwood from various rare boxes brought from foreign lands.

The woman standing by the window was past youth, but had not yet attained middle age. Her slender, silk-gowned figure was drawn to its fullest height, her head—regal with its crown of red-gold hair—was held proudly, and an imperious pride, the inheritance of a long line of unblemished ancestors, was evident in every line of the *svelte* figure. The deep crimson of the sweet, haughty mouth was the only hint of color in her face, which just now was as white as the waxen petals of the flowers she wore.

The man standing abashed before her bore the unmistakable look of the condemned—the abandonment of self-condemnation, rather than the recoil of another's edict, although it was that, of the one, from whom, of all others, he dreaded to receive it.

Every fibre of his being quivered under the pride and haughtiness in her face. That she must feel inexpressible scorn for him, he did not doubt, but he accepted it humbly, although the agony of it had whitened his face—it looked drawn and ghastly in the merciless light of the afternoon.

"I have no right to ask it—no right to even hope for your forgiveness, Diane; but you cannot know—you cannot understand—I—I loved you always, dear—must love you, always—for all time——"

She held up an imperative hand to check the torrent of words upon his lips.

"No," she said, coldly, her mouth hardening, "I cannot understand that which men call love—an unstable thing which can be broken and cast aside in a moment's time—as easily as I can tear asunder this fragile thing"—she rent her handkerchief of lace in twain and cast its fragments contemptuously aside—her eyes were black with sudden passion, whether of scorn, of love, or undying resentment in that hour it was not for him to know.

"I only know," she continued, "that I, your promised wife, waited for the letter which was to tell me the date of your arrival. Instead, the news of your marriage to another was my reward—the reward of the love and loyalty and trust of an undoubting heart! You are right: I never could and I never have forgiven it! There are some things that may not be wiped out, not even by repentance—and the man without honor is an exile whose banishment is hopeless."

To the man, at that moment, words seemed inadequate. He stood with bowed head—all that he had hoped for in life had slipped away from him since he had entered the room. All was lost—irretrievably lost. He turned, then, silently, and went out, walking uncertainly, as one walking in the night where the way is difficult.

The woman stood motionless, gazing at the door through which he had gone. Suddenly, she put up her hands and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

* * * *

On the moonlit piazza of the great summer hotel, groups of light-hearted people were gathered, musical voices and soft laughter floated on the air of the night, and in the iridescent light one caught the flash of jeweled hands.

The honk-honk of an automobile was heard above the laughter, the hugh machine came chugging up to the hotel laden with returning pleasure seekers, hungry and happy, and in the midst of the merry exchange of greetings, the air of the perfect night was rent by the loud blast of a horn.

Up the winding drive, through the bloom-laden acacias, and white blossomed orange trees, came a heavily laden tally-ho, rocking perilously as the driver, sure of his skill, with reckless speed whirled the crowded vehicle around the curves, and with another blast of the horn amidst shouts of laughter, brought the steaming horses to a stand-still in front of the piazza.

The woman, swinging back and forth in the hammock under the Passion flowers, brought the swaying hammock also to a stand-still, and with her friend, a slender figure in white, who sat beside her, allowed the conversation to lag for an instant, to watch the return of the pleasure-seekers.

"I never lose interest in a scene like this, in some way: it never grows old," said her friend as the returning parties drifted in to dinner, and quiet was again restored.

The woman in the hammock gazed thoughtfully before her, with that retrospective, far-away look in her eyes which characterizes but comparatively few people.

In the moonlight her face was startlingly distinct. It bore the stamp of nobility, the nobility of nature as well as of lineage, and the calm tranquility which comes only to those who have learned the great lessons of life through suffering.

"Yes," she said gently, "there is a happiness in seeing others happy. It is one of the greatest lessons in life to derive sincere happiness in the joys of others." She hesitated a moment, and then continued: "Life, Alicia, is so full of tragedies that it is a blessing to forget, for a time, and to know that others forget their existence."

A shadow passed over the face of her friend.

"That reminds me," she said, "of the saddest story of a life that has been all tragedy—the life of an old acquaintance of mine, poor Chester Norton, who is dying at the Parole Hospital in the city. It is a pathetic story, but if you care to hear it, I will tell you—it is not always well to forget the sorrows of others, even in the gaieties of a place like this."

The face of the woman in the hammock was hidden by one slender, jeweled hand.

"Please tell it to me," she said, but the sound of her own voice was like that of a stranger to her ears.

"Chester began life," said her friend, "with all the promise of success a man could have: weaker, perhaps, in some respects than many men, as sometimes, otherwise very lovable natures are—but never unprincipled. Sensitive as a woman, entirely lacking in all commercial instincts, but very talented, full of the impracticable dreams which are the misfortune of those whom genius has only touched in passing, leaving the mere shadow of itself, which brings its almost certain heritage of misfortune.

"He was engaged to be married to a girl he met abroad. A young lady of fine family and fortune. I do not remember her name, if I ever knew it—I have deeply regretted this, since a few days ago I learned the story of his life and of his nearness to death. Almost immediately after his engagement he was summoned home to adjust the affairs pertaining to his small inheritance, and found his young ward—a distant relative—at the point of death with an obscure heart trouble, which had baffled her physicians.

That she was dying, no one for a moment doubted.

"To Chester's amazement, he found that this girl loved him. Weakened by illness and suffering, she threw aside the pride that womanhood, according to tradition, must preserve, and begged him not to leave her, but to marry her and make her last moments happy. She was as dear to him as a sister, and touched and broken by her love and passionate appeal, he did the fated thing—married her, believing that her days, and even hours, were numbered, and with implicit confidence in the woman he loved—certain in his own mind that he could explain to her, and that she would understand.

"It was one of those strange instances of the irony of fate. The girl lived, contrary to the expectations of every one, she recovered. For Chester, the situation was hopeless; yet he never allowed the agony of it to touch her; he was a gentleman, and the young wife at least was happy. Two years later she died, and left him with a little daughter, the counterpart of herself.

"He hoped for happiness then, and sought the other woman, the woman he loved, whom he is dying, loving—the woman he had so greatly wronged yet with so little desire to wrong her. But she sent him away with scornful words—one finds it difficult to forgive her—yet how could she know? Chester's lips were sealed—he would not betray the weakness of his child's mother. Pardon me, dear, they are calling me in there. I will return in a moment."

But when she returned, the hammock was empty, its occupant had vanished; on the floor, where it had fallen, lay a bruised and broken Passion flower.

The next morning, Alicia not seeing her friend in her customary place, inquired for her.

"She has gone," said the clerk, politely. "She left a letter for you, I believe."

She took the note in some surprise, and read its brief contents:

"Dear Alicia—I have gone to Chester. I am the other woman. Diane."

With the letter still in her hand, Alicia went out, and stood in silence under the Passion flowers. Her eyes were full of tears.

* * * *

The doctor held the door open for the slender figure in gray; the nurse arose and departed quietly; only the woman with the white face, framed in its masses of red-gold hair, was in the ward, where a life was fast ebbing away. She knelt down by the side of the still form on the bed, and drew the dark head to her breast.

"Chester," she said, brokenly, "Chester, I am here, dear—Diane. Speak to me, if only a word of forgiveness and pity."

Into the dim realm of the mysterious unknown, on the border of which his soul was hovering, her voice penetrated. His eyes opened, and a great light of wondering joy entered them.

"Diane!" he whispered, unbelievingly. "That this great miracle should come to pass! Here? With me!—you, Diane? My darling!! Suddenly he choked, and then, as words failed him, he slipped a wasted hand in hers as if he thus would hold himself to life and to her.

"Diane!" he whispered again. "Your arms are about me—who am so unworthy—that you should come to me——"

"Hush!" she said, gently. "Where else should I be, Chester, but with the man I love?"

Tears filled his eyes and rolled down his wasted face. Diane kissed them away with her quivering lips.

"I have—nothing—more to wish for," he murmured. "No anxiety—only Marjory—my poor—little—motherless girl!"

"I have thought of that, dear," she told him. With superb courage, her voice had become calm and strong. "I want you to give Marjory to me, Chester. She shall be my most sacred trust."

He wept then, unrestrainedly, with Diane's face against his own, her hand clasped in his failing grasp.

"I meant—to do such great things," he whispered, "but I always failed. Failure everywhere—at every turn—I have met defeat. Mistakes, Diane—mistakes—always."

"It will be all right, dear," she told him. "Success? What is it? Who can define it? The greatest failure of life may be the threads out of which the garments of eternity are woven. Mistakes are not sins—sin leaves scars—but when accounts are balanced it will be as if our mistakes had never been made." Through the storm of agony which shook her slender form, the faith of a life-time had come back with steadying composure. "It will be all right in the morning, dear, when accounts are balanced. Rest, now, and sleep," she added, bravely.

"In the morning; when accounts are balanced," he whispered solemnly. A great awe mingled with the sudden radiance which illumined his face.

With a last effort he lifted his eyes and gazed long and earnestly into her face.

"May God forever love and bless you!" he said. "May God—forever—love and—bless you!" And so, whispering the words over brokenly, again—with the tenderness of them still upon his lips—he fell asleep.

THE BOW OF PROMISE

Nay, this is not the end! Behold on high—
With flame of colors, wonderful and rare,
Reaching from ocean rim to mountain lair—
A promise-bow athwart the clearing sky.
The thunders with a last faint rumble die,
And lightnings flicker, fading in the air;
Storm furies tame, and forth the sunbeams fare
With strands of gold to bind the blessed tie.
And now there is no need for saddened heart,
For tempests nevermore may crush the soul.
I look above the earth into the blue,
And read the promise writ with magic art:
"Though mighty storms may beat and surge and roll,
This bow extends between your God and you."

CHARLES H. CHESLEY.

Pains of Hell Explained to Us

By C. T. Russell, Pastor of London and Brooklyn Tabernacles

THE DISCOURSES of Pastor Russell, published weekly in several hundred newspapers throughout America and Europe, are causing a great awakening in the Christian world and creating a new interest in true Bible study everywhere. Recently he gave a notable address before an assembly of Bible Students on the text: "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me."—Psalm 116:3.

Opening his address, the Pastor apologized for the selection of such a text. He would much prefer to talk along the lines of Christian character-building, and the necessity of growing in grace and love, and thus becoming more and more copies of God's dear Son. His apology was that his text, a sample of many other Bible statements, is so grievously misunderstood as to stand in the way of Christian progress. In conjunction with other Scriptures, it was woven into terrible theories during the Dark Ages. Those theories became imbedded in the various creeds of the time, and so obstructed the channels of thought that the grace, truth and beauty of the Bible were hidden. Many noble hearts, he claimed, are famishing for lack of the refreshment of God's Truth by reason of the fossilized errors which block the way.

"Perish for Lack of Knowledge"

The Scriptures foretell conditions exactly as they are today. They declare that there shall be "a famine in the land—not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the Word of the Lord." (Amos 8:11). Again the Scriptures declare, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." (Hosea 4:6.) It is certainly true that there are as many honest-hearted, conscientious, well-meaning people in the world today as have ever lived—perhaps more. Yet these well-meaning people are perishing, famishing, for lack of spiritual nourishment. True, there are some who claim to be well-nourished and to find in the popular pulpits of the land all the spiritual refreshment and strength they need.

But these are as nothing compared with the millions who give a different testimony. I am glad that those who attend worship regularly, and are well-nourished and well satisfied, have what they desire, at the mouth of a hundred thousand preachers. I am reaching out after "the lost sheep of the House of Israel," through the secular press. They tell me that I am reaching millions of the unchurched every week. My readers are the discontented, the unsatisfied, perishing for lack of knowledge, hungering and thirsting after the right ways of God—the real teachings of the Bible.

My heart goes out to those as the heart of Jesus went out to the same class, nearly nineteen centuries ago. We read, "He had compassion on the multitude, for He beheld that they were like sheep having no shepherd." I am seeking, as an under shepherd, to bring these hungering, thirsting, perishing sheep to the true "Shepherd and Bishop of souls"—the Lord Jesus.

I am seeking to remove from their minds the prejudice and various obstructions which have hindered the flow of God's grace and truth to their hearts. I am seeking in the Master's

name to present to them the Bread of Life, the Water of Life. I am not seeking to build up another denomination.

Results show a certain measure of success already attained. I am receiving more than five thousand letters a week from hungry sheep and others, who, so far as denominational Christian systems are concerned, are homeless. Everywhere—all over the world—these, instead of forming a new denomination, are associating themselves with Bible classes for the study of God's Word. I am simply doing all in my power to help them out of darkness into God's marvelous light—out of misunderstandings of the Bible into a right appreciation of it; out of ignorance into a knowledge of God; out of ignorance of the Savior and His work into a true knowledge of Him and His glorious Kingdom, which is yet to bless all of the families of the earth.

It may be interesting to know that while I am advertised by the newspaper syndicate as the Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation of independent Christians, and of a similar congregation of London Tabernacle, and of the congregation of Washington Temple, I have additionally been chosen pastor of more than one hundred and fifty of these classes of Bible students, to which I have already referred. They elected me pastor without any suggestion or solicitation on my part. In so doing, I understand them to signify that they recognize the Lord Jesus as the great divinely appointed Shepherd of the true sheep, and that they desire me to serve them in any way that I can as an under-shepherd.

Through the columns of The Watch Tower I visit these classes regularly twice a month, doing a pastoral work to the best of my ability—leading them to the fountain of grace and truth and breaking for them the living bread, the word of God. Additionally, they have my weekly sermon and a weekly treatise on the International Sunday School Lessons.

The True-Hearted Should Rejoice.

One would suppose that all of the one hundred thousand ministers and all their flocks would rejoice to know that the unchurched, straying sheep are being reached with a message of God's love and mercy which is appealing to their hearts and working a transformation in their lives. Many do rejoice, but alas! a few are jealous, as were some of the scribes and Pharisees of Jesus' day. Of these we read: "They were grieved that He taught the people"—the people whom they could not reach, the sheep that were straying and famishing.

As those jealous scribes and Pharisees antagonized Jesus and the Apostles, because their hearts were out of harmony with the good tidings, so it is to-day with some. Unable to uphold the doctrines which have driven away so many of the intelligent of their flocks, famished for truth, a few ministers are angry with us. True to the Master's prophecy, these seek to say all manner of evil falsely against us, for His sake, for the truth's sake. Yet, in spite of their unchristian course, the poor, straying sheep are hearing and recognizing the voice divine, are coming back to the word of God, are being sanctified by the word of truth.

I Proceed With My Text.

If this were the only text mistranslated and misunderstood, the ordinary reader would doubtless pass it by, saying: "I do not understand it. Probably it is a figure of speech." But this text is merely a combination of mistranslations, all of which are connected with an eternal torment system of doctrines invented during the Dark Ages. It is this combined system which has such power over men's minds. This power of error, this power of fear, is turning intelligent minds away from the Bible. Hence it is our duty to break down the false doctrines, and to clear away the obstacles which hinder the flow of truth to the minds and

hearts of the people of God—the straying sheep. Nor are these straying sheep all, or chiefly, the ignorant. They include many of the ablest minds and truest hearts in the world—minds and hearts too true and too logical to believe palpable falsehoods, or to profess what they do not believe.

The Psalmist is merely telling of his severe illness, from which by the grace of God he recovered. He would have us understand that it was not merely a slight ailment. He described his emotions in the language of our text, saying: "The sorrows of death compassed me about"—that is to say, the sadness associated with the thought that he was about to die, about to leave his friends. In the poetic form of the Hebrew language, he repeated this thought, namely, "The pains of hell gat hold upon me." In our modern language this would mean the pains of death, or the pains of the tomb. They were pains that indicated the approach of dissolution. Nothing in this text has the slightest reference to anything in the future life.

Our Baptist friends, in their revised translation of the Bible, have chosen for such passages as this the expression, "the underworld," instead of the word "hell." Yet even here there is danger of the average reader not catching the true thought. Far simpler and far less liable to be misunderstood, would it have been had the translators said, "The pains of the tomb." The revised version of the English Bible reads, "The pains of Sheol."

Why Not the Whole Truth?

Every learned minister knows that the Hebrew word Sheol really means the grave, the pit, the state of death. Why do they hesitate to tell the people the whole truth on this subject? Why do they translate it part of the time "the grave," and at other times "the underworld?" Why do they use the translation, "the grave," in one place, and "the pit" in another, and then refuse to translate the word at all in the third instance, but give the word Sheol? Was it their intention to confuse the people? What is the motive? We wish that some of these great men would explain.

The Reason for All This.

We would like to have our ministerial brethren state their reasons for pursuing a course of hiding the truth on the subject of hell. Only because they neglect to give the reasons do we feel at liberty to suggest them. It seems to me that these ministers are of two classes, and that their reasons are therefore slightly different. All of them seem to agree that it would be dangerous to tell the people that God is really a God of love, and that the doctrine of an eternity of torture is entirely unscriptural, finding no foundation whatever in the writings of the Apostles.

They fear to tell the people that these doctrines were built up during the Dark Ages by the very men who manifested so little of the spirit of God and so little knowledge of God's will respecting His people that they burned one another at the stake. They fear to tell the people that during the Dark Ages our blinded forefathers took the parables and dark sayings of Jesus as literal statements, quite contrary to the Master's intention. These they supplemented with certain crude misconceptions of the symbolisms of the Revelation. From the combinations they made scarecrow doctrines, blasphemous in the extreme, which never produced saints, but which led men astray into thinking that they were copying God in the deviltry which they accomplished one toward another.

The fear now seems to be lest the public should at once perceive that the creeds of Christendom, while containing much good, are cankered, wormy and vitiated by those doctrines of demons. Why should they fear to tell the people the truth? Perhaps it is because the religion of our day is built so largely upon man worship, system worship, creed worship, and not upon the Bible. Perhaps they fear that if

the creeds were thus discredited it would mean that the ministers of those creeds will be similarly discredited. Perhaps they fear that the people would never again have confidence in their teachings, and that thus all the various party walls of Christendom which for so long a time have divided the sheep would fall. We cannot definitely know of their reasons, because they do not tell us; we can only surmise what they are.

Others, very worldly-wise, have become Higher Critics, and do not believe in the Bible at all. They are really agnostics. But they do not desire to advertise their lack of faith, lest it should detract from their esteem among men. They prefer to pose as believers, and to hope that the time will come when all the wealthy and intelligent will become unbelievers also. Then they will declare, "We have not been believers for many years, but we kept the matter secret, fearing to be misunderstood as opponents of the best interests of society."

All the while, this latter class constitutes the greatest menace in the world to law and order, and are the best agents Satan has in making void the word of God and destroying faith therein. Robert Ingersoll's methods of antagonizing the Bible were far less successful than the methods of modern higher critics and evolutionists.

Fear to Tell the Truth.

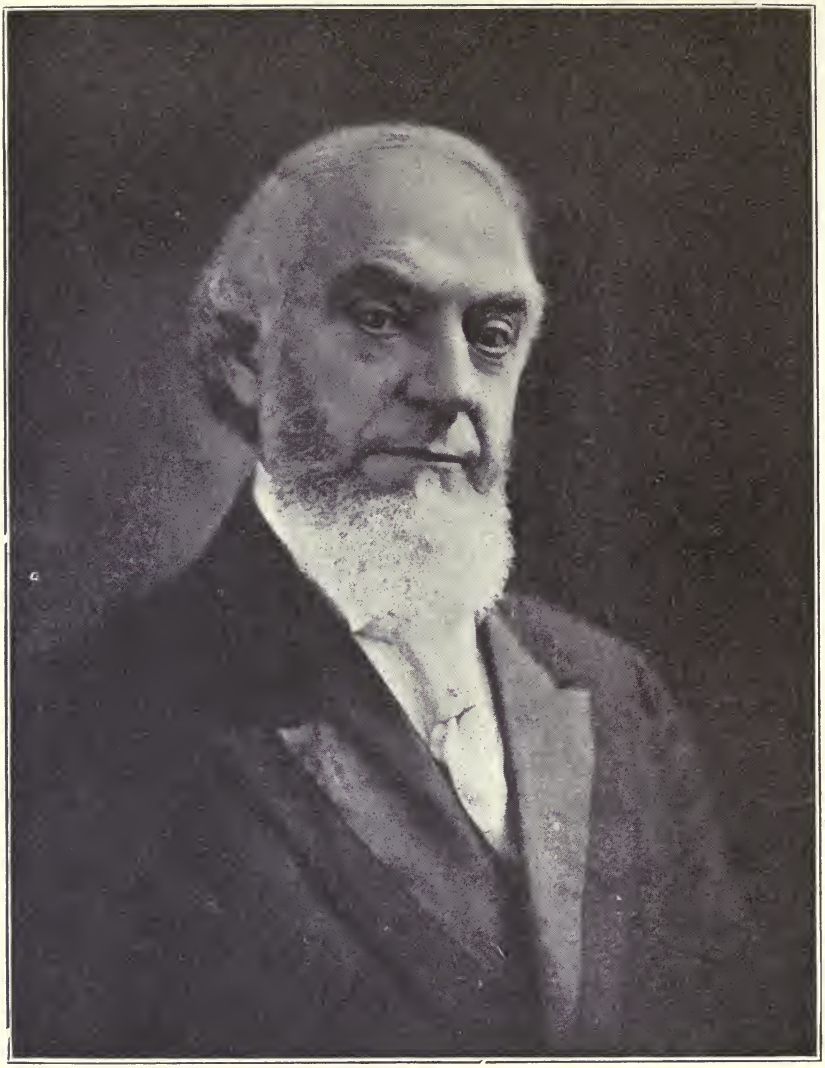
All who oppose the telling to the public of the plain truth respecting hell seem to have one common ground of objection. They say, "With all the fear of hell that has been preached for centuries, see how wicked the world is and how little human life is worth! See how every law of both God and man for the protection of life, purity and property is endangered! Note that if it were not for our telegraphs, telephones and immense police forces of to-day, nobody would be safe, so much more wicked does the world appear to have become within the past fifty years! If the fear of eternal torment and purgatory were lifted from the minds of mankind, would it not make the dangers tenfold greater than they are now? Would it not speedily be necessary to double our police force, if the masses lost their belief in a place of eternal torture?"

This is lame reasoning, it seems to us. It confesses in one breath that in spite of all the false teachings of centuries wickedness has been growing. Would it not be wise to inquire to what extent the false doctrines, the misinterpretations and mistranslations of the Bible have been responsible for the increase in wickedness? Are men wiser than God? Is it possible for man to invent some monstrous, unthinkable delusion which will have a greater power with men than the plain, simple message of God's love?

But if we were sure that by blaspheming God's holy name, and by playing upon the ignorance and superstition of the masses we could make the wicked preserve peace, would it be wise to do so? Could God's blessing be expected upon such a course? Would it not be wiser for us, as the people of God, to have faith in Him, and to trust that, while we faithfully present the truth, Divine Providence will oversee and overrule its effect, and will influence for good?

Experience proves that theirs is not the proper thought. When we go to the records of the various prisons, penitentiaries, etc., we find that nearly all the worst criminals have been taught the doctrine of eternal torment. Many of them confess full faith in it. On the other hand, many infidels—once violent opposers of God and of the Bible and Christianity—after hearing of the love of God, have thoroughly melted, and with tears in their eyes have become loyal soldiers of the cross.

We heard of an interesting case recently. A colored man, in prison for crime, somehow came in touch there with my sermons, and then with my books on Bible study. He became a thorough Bible student, and a master at handling the word of God. His fel-



C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles.

low-prisoners came gladly to hear this colored man preach the divine plan of the ages from God's word, while they cared not at all to attend the chapel services addressed by the ordinary chaplain.

In the "wonderful words of life," started by the Master's lips, and handed down through His apostles, there is a sweetness, beauty and power that cannot be associated with the doctrines of demons, which became attached to the message during the Dark Ages. The message of life everlasting through the Redeemer and by obedience to Him, has its offset, or alternative, in death everlasting to those who refuse to obey after full enlightenment. Eternal life is the gift of God, tendered to all the willing and obedient, through the Messiah. All rebels will be destroyed in the Second Death. (Acts 3:23.) Their punishment will not be everlasting torment, but "everlasting destruction"—a destruction from which they will never be recovered, most surely will never be resurrected.

"Is it Enough?" by Harriette R. Campbell.

Unshrinkingly and with an exceptionally fine and discriminating touch, the author lays stress upon the peculiar duty of a woman to love and to give, in order that she may find completion. There is no shrinking from the essential issue. Hild Emery, the heroine is from the first proved by every test save that of sacrifice: to deprive her of the self-devotion that makes her highest opportunity would have been, Mrs. Campbell makes us feel, not an act of benevolence, but an injustice. Her husband—Jean Konte, a musical genius—is at the beginning brutal in the selfishness of his demands, and by common standards he remains brutal to the end. "Sometimes I shall hate you," he says to her, when at last they have won success; "sometimes I shall make you very sorry. That is not my business: my business is to live—yours is to love. And is it not enough?" And Hild answers, "It is enough." Perhaps not every woman's soul is capable as Hild's of perfection through suffering; undoubtedly not every man's genius is worth what it costs in wretchedness; but whatever may be thought of the general applicability of the doctrine which the story unwaveringly maintains, one cannot but feel that Mrs. Campbell searches out and appealingly enforces a true significance of life. Hild acts by the logic of the soul: her grief hurts; her happiness is real. Here are no mere sentimentalities, nor bare ethical formulas, but true human values. The story of Hild Emery's life might have been told as a series of sordid mistakes. An inexperienced girl just gifted enough to long for something beyond the every-day round, it is natural that she should be fascinated by Jean Kontze—the poor, unkempt, mongrel musician who comes to board at her mother's house. And it is natural that her mother, weak and mentally myopic, should, in her over-anxiety to see her daughter safely "settled," bring pressure upon her to marry the apparently worthless Jean. Such are the short-sighted motives that commonly—and especially in fiction—lead to disaster. But Hild has a soul and Jean has genius—and there are elements of salvation. The man is a kind of musical Queed—cruel in his single-minded devotion to his own aim. He regards the woman at first as merely a domestic slave, destined to make life easier for him. Later he sees her soul; but it is only to demand more—the ideal in addition to the real. Yet withal there is a stiffness of backbone in him that differentiates him from the more usual type of self-indulgent child of genius, and his singular outflashings of a more than half-true philosophy hold the attention. Through the story of error and suffering come glimpses of genuine beauty—beauty of character and beauty of music—so that it seems a story not of sorrow, but of the only kind of happiness that is worth while. Well and simply plotted, cleverly descriptive alike of a Maine country village and of New York's bohemia, exquisitely discriminating in the delineation of character—the story sweeps on through natural stages to an unhysterical climax of true feeling.

Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

"Safety," by W. H. Tolman, Ph. D., Director of the American Museum of Safety, and Leonard B. Kendall.

The authors make is glaringly plain that the number of preventable accidents occurring in this country involves not only an amount of death and suffering shocking to humanitarian feelings, but a tremendous economic waste as well. "One of the most important phases of our future development," they declare, "is the work of creating an inexpensive handrail at the top of our industrial precipice, to take the place of the unreliable and expensive ambulance at the bottom." Happily, many employers are beginning to realize that not only honesty, but also humanity, is good policy, and it is both pleasant and interesting to read of what has been accomplished in some quarters through the installation of safety devices, the establishment of committees on safety and hygiene, and by similar means. But there is still much room for improvement, toward which "Safety" points the road. The book describes almost every conceivable device and method for safeguarding life and health, treating of the philosophy of safety in an illuminating way, and descending to somewhat minute details in dealing with industrial hygiene and the prevention of accidents. It offers definite information to those directly concerned in the management of industries, while its scope and thoroughness make it valuable to the student of economics and social science. Readers unfamiliar with industrial conditions will find in this treatise much that will interest them, and perhaps change ther views.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill.

That with very few exceptions the leading ministers of the country would heartily commend this book was not perhaps so easy to foresee. From preachers of every denomination the publishers are receiving letters praising the novel and its purpose.

"A wonderful portrayal in fiction form of a movement world-wide and profoundly significant," is the characterization of the Rev. George Van de Water, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City.

"It is one of those books it is impossible to lay aside until one has completed it," writes the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, adding that "the author has done an admirable service in calling our attention to problems which, presented in the form of fiction, are frequently more impressive than in any other garb."

"The inevitable collision between the old and the new ideas of religion and the church has attracted many writers," says Dr. Frank S. C. Wicks, pastor of the All Souls Unitarian Church of Indianapolis, "but I know of none who has given the problem such masterly treatment as Churchill . . . . the book of the hour, vital with present life."

"I have read all the novels Mr. Churchill has written, and I consider this the strongest of them all," the Rev. A. A. Shaw, pastor of the East End Baptist Church of Cleveland, declares. "It touches with a skilled hand one of the most vital problems of our day."

"It is a strong book," the Rev. Arthur N. Ancock of Providence holds, "and I hope the clergy will read it."

It would be possible to quote many other expressions of opinion from prominent divines further to demonstrate that it has been many a year since the appearance of a story over which the ministers of the gospel have been so enthusiastic.

Published by the Macmillan Company, 64-66 Fifth Ave., New York.

Where July is Hottest.

Edwin C. Martin, author of the just-published work, "Our Own Weather," states that the world's record for the highest absolute heat is held by the

United States—130 degrees in the shade being registered at Mammoth Tank, California. Though this is not a Weather Bureau record, a record of 128 degrees at Salton in the same region has the Weather Bureau's indorsement. The highest record in any other part of the world is 127.4 degrees on the northern edge of the Sahara Desert, according to "Our Own Weather."

"Sleep and the Sleepless." Simple Rules for Overcoming Insomnia. By Joseph Collins, M. D., Physician to the Neurological Institute of New York; Author of "Genesis and Dissolution of the Faculty of Speech," etc.

The aim of this book is to help sleepless people to cure themselves, to tell them practically and specifically what should be done in the way of food, exercise, baths, dress and mental attitude, that they may capture sleep. The book is essentially practical and free from puzzling scientific terms. It sets forth what can be done by each for himself without the help of nurse or doctor. Although addressed to the layman in his own tongue and free from technical terms, it is based upon the latest results of scientific study and represents the essence of a wide experience. It constitutes a reliable hand-book for insomniacs, who, if they follow it as a guide, should find relief and ultimate cure.

Cloth, 12mo. Price, $1 net; postpaid, $1.07. Sturgis & Walton Company, 31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

"Social Welfare in New Zealand: The Results of Twenty Years of Progressive Social Legislation and Its Significance for the United States and Other Countries." By Hugh H. Lusk, Author of "Our Foes at Home," etc.

New Zealand's social experiment is of great moment to the whole civilized world. The attention given it in uncounted articles in the reviews of Europe and America bears witness to the appetite for information on the subject. This book has no rival in its field on the score of scope and careful documentation, and could not have been written before the appearance of statistics inaccessible until 1912. It is a work of the first value to sociologists and political economists, and is equally illuminating and interesting to the lay students of these sciences. The book is chiefly a study and record of what New Zealand has accomplished in the way of legislation and other matters of universal interest; of the resultant social well-being; and of its significance for other countries. It serves also a useful purpose in correcting the swarm of distorted facts, baseless opinions, and perverse misinformation that has long hung over the subject. The author was a member of the New Zealand Parliament for nearly ten years.

12mo., $1.50 net. Sturgis & Walton Company, 31-33 East 27th St., New York.

"Work and Life: A Study of the Social Problems of To-day." By Ira W. Howerth, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of Sociology, University of California.

How to organize and conduct our economic institutions, strongly intrenched as they are in privilege and power, so that their benefits may be more justly shared by all the members of society, is the problem at which Prof. Howerth works to good purpose in this carefully reasoned and practically suggestive book. Recognizing selfishness as the heart of the industrial competitive system, this book renounces attempts to moralize it, and finds the direct road towards a solution of the problem through social legislation—legislation backed by enlightened public opinion and promoting the welfare of society as a whole. From the standpoint of such socialization, measures like the initiative, the referendum, proportional representation and the extension of suffrage are examined. The author's point of view is throughout optimistic and human.

He contends for increased co-operation, holding that its palpable wastefulness alone dooms the present economic system.

12mo, cloth, $1.50 net. Published by Sturgis & Walton Company, 31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

"Tad Sheldon, Boy Scout: Stories of His Patrol," by John Fleming Wilson, author of "The Man Who Came Back," etc., with illustrations by Dougherty.

This is one of the most popular of the author's Boy Scout stories, which had their beginning in that highly entertaining book for active boys, "Tad Sheldon, Second-Class Scout." The latter book won instant popularity, and many thousands of copies were sent out officially from the headquarters of the Boy Scouts of America.

With the nine new stories that make up this volume, the old favorite is included. In them, Tad Sheldon, the Boy Scout hero, appears, lending a helping hand everywhere, a modest, fun-loving hero, who keeps his honor bright, never fails in pluck and daring, is idolized by every member of his patrol, and still remains an unspoiled youngster, sure to stand high in the good graces of all readers. This new volume adds vivid interest to the rounds of new adventures and experiences of the plucky and resourceful Tad Sheldon and his enthusiastic companions. These are stories which a healthy, natural boy will read hungrily, and with benefit to his boyish aspirations.

Price, $1. Published by Sturgis & Walton, New York.

"The New American Drama," by Richard Burton, Professor of English, University of Minnesota, Assistant Editor of "The Bellman," and Vice-President of "The New Drama League."

Mr. Burton's chief aim is to trace the growth of a native drama on American soil, in place of the foreign importations so long the dominating influence. Special attention is given to recent productions by American playwrights. The volume will have great value as the most up-to-date contribution to the literature of the stage by a recognized authority.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

"The Woman Thou Gavest Me," by Hall Caine.

The success of this novel is said to be very unusual. The first edition, August 25th, was followed by a second edition within thirty days. Mary O'Neill, the heroine, whose remarkable story is told in the novel, is likely to become a character of wide discussion, as in addition to the editions printed in England and America, the book is being translated, and will be issued simultaneously in several foreign languages.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Washington Square, Philadelphia.

"Monaco and Monte Carlo," by Adolphe Smith.

The breaking of the bank at Monte Carlo has been the theme of countless short stories and several long ones. So great has been the publicity given in the various ways to the gambling that few people are aware that the principality of Monaco and Monte Carlo is the centre of much scientific endeavor and investigation. The present year witnesses the Ninth International Congress of Zoology, opened by Prince Albert at the beautiful museum of Oceanography at Monaco. It is the center to which eventually gravitate the leading men and women of Europe and America. Some find there the social element which gives them pleasure; others the climate and scenic setting and still others the association of great minds interested in various economic, social and scientific problems. Few books have been issued on this most interesting country and "Monaco and Monte Carlo" may be said to be the only work which deals thoroughly with the history of Monaco and that describes adequately

all the varied interests that one finds there. The author is especially adapted to write this work as he has enjoyed a lifelong acquaintance with Monaco and Monte Carlo, and was especially fortunate in securing the consent and aid of Prince Albert and the officials under him in gathering authentic information and data.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Washington Square, Philadelphia.

"A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Zeyneb Hanoum.

The author, Zeyneb Hanoum, is the daughter of Nourri Bey, who was under Secretary for Foreign Affairs under Abdul Hamid. She escaped from the Harem, got out of Turkey with a false passport, the Sultan unsuccessfully tried to stop her at Belgrade, but she reached Paris. Even in France, however, she was not safe. To curry favor with the Sultan, one of her uncles very nearly succeeded in kidnapping her in a motor-car when she was on the Riviera. Her father, unfortunately for him, was blamed for his daughter's escape and in spite of his great ability and clever efforts to elude the Sultan's revenge he died suddenly one night. Miss Hanoum is also well known as the heroine of Pierre Loti's novel "Les Desenchantees." Her experiences, adventures and impressions after leaving the harem as told in her charming and delightful style, makes an intensely human and authentic document. The work contains 32 interesting illustrations from photographs and a drawing by August Rodin.

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co.,Washington Square, Philadelphia.

"Confessions of a Pullman Conductor," by Charles H. Walbourn.

This is a small, paper-covered pocket book, written by a Pullman conductor of seven years' experience, setting forth the helplessness of women passengers on trains where, according to his story, conductors and porters are bribed by men who make a practice of pressing their attentions on unattended women travelers. The author claims that his book is an attempt to arouse public sentiment in the hope of remedying immoral conditions on sleeping cars and the betterment of working conditions of thousands of employees.

$1 net by mail. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

Mr. Owen Johnson, whose new book, "Murder in Any Degree," is on The Century Co.'s August 15th list, has been living and working in Italy for some months. It is interesting to know that the first book of this popular author, "Arrows of the Almighty," was accepted by the Yale faculty as the equivalent of five months' academic work, lost through illness.

Lace That Grows on Trees.

Alpheus Hyatt Verrill, author of "Harper's Book for Young Naturalists," tells of a tree cloth or lace which Indian girls in South America use for clothes. "In order to procure this beautiful material," he says, "it is only necessary to break open a branch of the lace tree, pull out the pith, and unroll it into sheets. Often these sheets of delicate fibre are over a yard square, and they are used by the South American girls and ladies as veils, handkerchiefs, mosquito-netting, portieres, sheetings, etc. Although very delicate and pretty, yet the lace is extremely strong, and is often made into harness, ropes, hammocks, and even suspension bridges across the mountain streams. It is so abundant that it is seldom washed, for it is far easier to cut some new lace from a near-by tree than to wash that which is soiled."

Robert Haven Schauffler's "Romantic America" will be published in book form in the fall, with many illustrations by such notable artists as Maxfield Parrish, Joseph Pennell, Winslow Homer, Albert Herter, etc. Mr. Schauffler's sympathetic descriptions cover Mt. Desert and the Maine coast, Provincetown, the California Missions, New Orleans, Mammouth Cave, the

Grand Canyon, the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, and Pittsburgh.

Published by The Century Company, Union Square, New York.

"Lanagan, Amateur Detective," by Edward H. Hurlbut.

Good detective stories are perenially entertaining, as the reading world has discovered ever since Poe uncovered that field of literature with his masterpieces. A few authors have appeared since then who have had the detective sense grafted on their instinct values in story telling, but for the most part the ordinary detective stories turned out by the ton are simply rot. In "Lanagan," however, the reader will find the genuine test of the real detective story—holding the suspense and intense interest from cover to cover. Their locale is San Francisco, a city that has furnished some of the most sensational and colorful crimes of the last fifty years. The author is a trained police reporter on one of the San Francisco dailies. His stories are the fruit of his experiences, some of them based on occurrences, and have the actual thrill of the recital of an eye-witness. Nothing so good in their line as these stories has been published in a long while, and Mr. Hurlbut has scored an initial success in a field where, by all tradition, he ought to make a name for himself.

Price, $1.25 net. Published by Sturgis & Walton, New York.

The Century Company's children's list this fall includes "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," by Annie Fellows Johnston, author of "The Little Colonel Series;" a new edition of Mother Goose lavishly illustrated by Arthur Rackham; a new Palmer Cox Brownie Book, and, for very little folk, "Sonny Boy's Day at the Zoo," the illustrations from photographs of a real little boy who spent much time in the New York Zoological Park the summer he was two.

Maria Thompson Daviess, author of "The Melting of Molly," has written in her characteristic way of how a Southern beauty decides to break the deadlock of sex inequality by proposing to the man of her choice. She calls the book "The Tinder Box," and The Century Company will issue it in the fall.

"Perceptions," by Robert Bowman Peck.

A pocket edition of verse on the world and its flexing emotions, as viewed by the author. The first offering, "The Chimney Wind," strikes the keynote in style and impression:

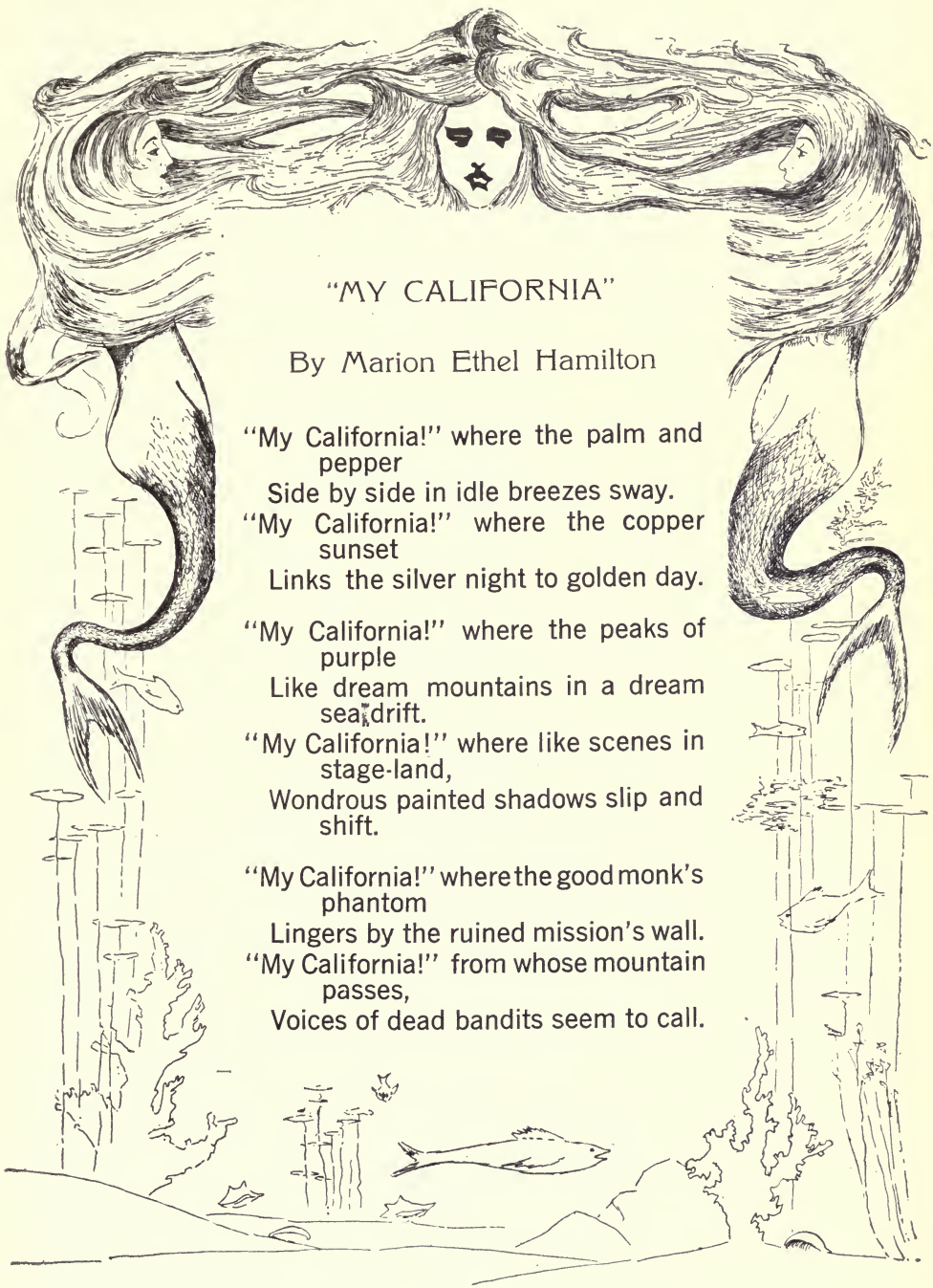
"Does the wind whistle so at home,
O fellow forlorn and lone?
By strange chimney-seats in queer foreign streets,
Does the wind whistle so at home?

"Does the wind whistle so at home,
Or is it a poor, buried moan,
With no fire to atone and love left alone?
Does the wind whistle so at home?

"Does the wind whistle so at home?
Away where you long and roam,
The fire in your heart is the hearth apart.
Does the wind whistle so at home?"

Published by Elkin Mathews, Cork Street, London.

Archibald Colquhoun, author of "China in Transformation," has called attention to the Asiatic immigration question as it affects Canada. In 1906, he says, the large Japanese immigration into British Columbia was the cause of anti-Asiatic riots. A Canadian minister was sent to Tokio, and Japan intimated that she would not "insist upon the complete enjoyments of the rights and privileges" to which her position, by the treaty of 1894, still entitled her. In the new edition of "China in Transformation," brought up to date, Mr. Colquhoun has noted that "any attempt to differentiate between Chinese and Japanese in international intercourse can only be temporarily successful."



"MY CALIFORNIA"

By Marion Ethel Hamilton

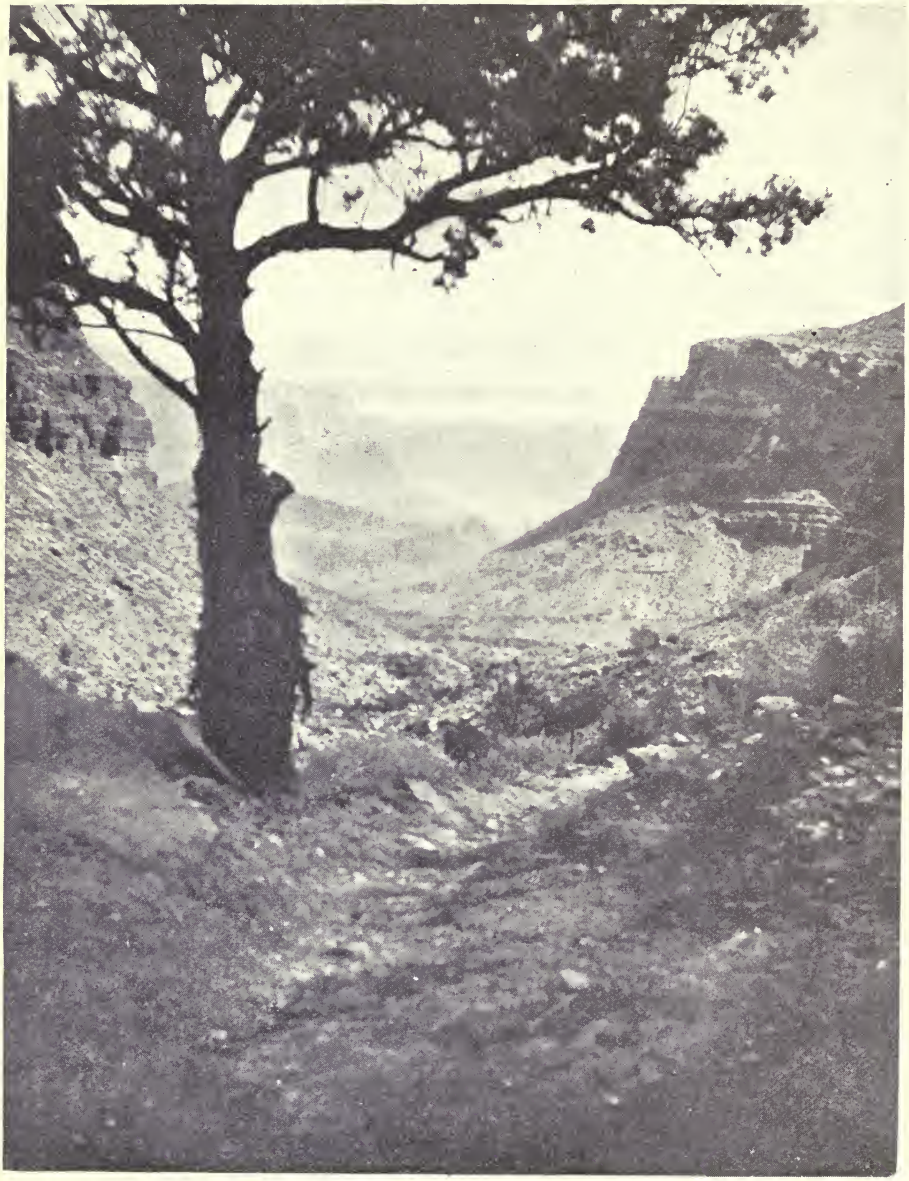
"My California!" where the palm and pepper
Side by side in idle breezes sway.
"My California!" where the copper sunset
Links the silver night to golden day.

"My California!" where the peaks of purple
Like dream mountains in a dream sea-drift.
"My California!" where like scenes in stage-land,
Wondrous painted shadows slip and shift.

"My California!" where the good monk's phantom
Lingers by the ruined mission's wall.
"My California!" from whose mountain passes,
Voices of dead bandits seem to call.

Auto tourists sight-seeing along a portion of the old Santa Fe trail. *—See Page 317.*

Descendants of the vast buffalo herds that crossed the old trail by the hundreds of thousands. —*See Page 317.*



A VISTA FROM THE TRAIL

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The Fonda, or Exchange Hotel, terminus of Santa Fe trail, Santa Fe.

THE SANTA FE TRAIL

By John L. Cowan

OF THE historic highways of the West, there are three whose very names stir the most sluggish imaginations, and kindle a spark of patriotic fire in the hearts of the most indifferent. These are the Santa Fe Trail, the Oregon Trail and El Camino Real.

The Santa Fe Trail was a trade route, established for the barter and sale of merchandise. Its history abounds in thrilling incidents and tales

of heroic deeds; but the dominant note is commerce and the pursuit of gain.

The Oregon Trail was the path of Empire. It was not the pursuit of dollars, but the love of adventure, that led the fur traders and trappers to the Pacific Northwest; and who shall say that it was not Destiny that dispatched after them Jason Lee and Marcus Whitman, who went as missionaries, and became the colonizers and Empire builders? In any event, it was the men. And as long as California lures the dwellers in less friendly climes to come to bask in the sunshine of her shores and inhale the perfume of her flowers, so long will the glamor of romance surround the old missions and glorify every mile of El Camino Real with legends of the loves and sighs of forgotten Juans and Juanitas of old Spanish days.

The Santa Fe Trail was laid out by the engineer who planned the universe. Trade routes, like trade centers, are

A modern street in a town on the old trail.

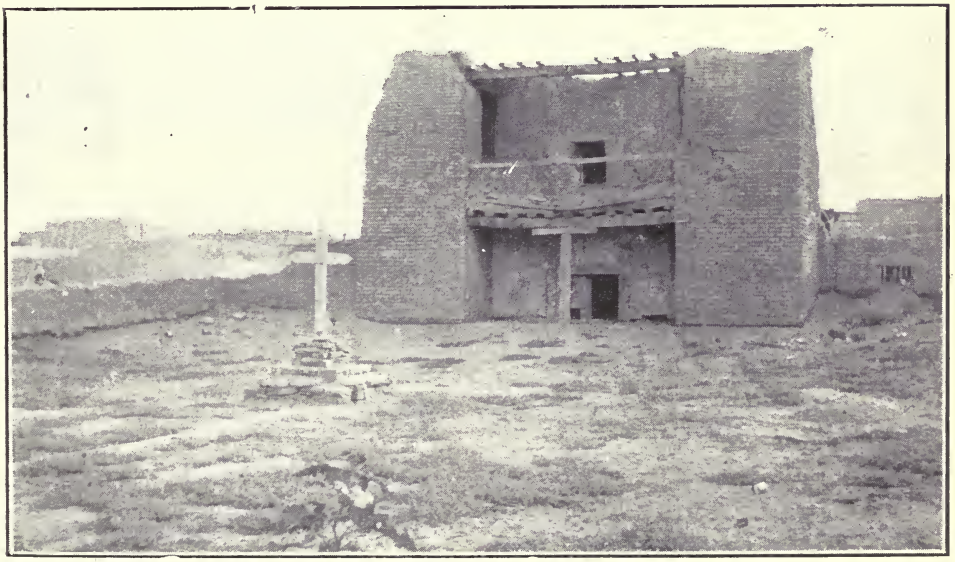
emigration of 1842 and 1843, over the Oregon Trail, that defeated the well-laid plans of the British, and settled for all time, in favor of the United States, the long-standing controversy as to the ownership of the Oregon country.

El Camino Real is the pathway of romance. The padres were the greatest of all altruists, laboring neither for the greed of gold, nor for the lust of conquest, but for love of their fellow

located and determined by nature, rather than by the arbitrary caprice of man; and this was the highway that nature planned and prepared for the connection of the region of the Great Plateau with the Great Plains. Today it is followed by one of America's most important railroad systems. A half century ago it was traversed by caravans of clumsy wagons, drawn by oxen, mules and horses, carrying a traffic valued at millions of dollars

A wayside stopping place in New Mexico.

annually. More than three and a half centuries ago, much the same course was taken by the Spanish explorers in their journeys through the unknown land whose peoples they believed it was their mission to conquer and convert. And if we could dissipate the mists that shroud the ancient history of aboriginal America, we might behold the march and countermarch of armies of plumed and painted warriors, and tribes of savage nomads of



Relics of an old Mission on the trail.

plain and desert, moving on to conquest, or fleeing in wild retreat over this highway of the ages.

It is said that French traders from the Mississippi valley established a trading post near the present site of Pueblo, Colo., as early as 1763; but the modern history of the Santa Fe Trail must be considered as beginning in 1804. In that year, William Morrison, of Kaskaskia, Ill., sent Baptiste Lalande, a French Creole, to Santa Fe, with a small stock of goods. Lalande reached Santa Fe in safety, sold the goods at attractive prices, and liked the country so well that he decided to stay, keeping his employer's money.

Old home of Kit Carson at Taos, New Mexico.

Two years later, Captain Zebulon M. Pike set forth on his famous expedition, designed to reconcile the differences of several Indian tribes, and to explore the Arkansas and Red rivers. Pike strayed outside of United States territory into the possessions of Spain, but whether this was by accident or by design need not here be debated. He reached the Rio Grande, which he said he thought was the Red river, and camped not far from the present location of the town of Alamosa, in southern Colorado. There, on February 26, 1807, Lieut. Salcedo demanded his surrender on account of his unjustifiable invasion of Spanish territory. He was first conducted to Santa Fe, and thence to Chihuahua, where he was questioned by the military authorities. Then he and his men were liberated, but they were conducted out of the country, through Texas to United States soil, in Louisiana.

Before Pike's expedition, little was known of distances, directions, obstacles or opportunities in the undefined region called "Kanzas," and in the possessions of Spain that lay beyond. Pike mapped the way from the Great Bend of the Arkansas to the Rocky Mountains, and thence to Santa Fe and Chihuahua. His report was published in 1810, and gave to the American people their first definite knowledge of the vast region he had traversed, and of its possibilities of commercial exploitation.

But it had always been Spain's settled policy to monopolize the trade of her colonies, and it was quite generally known that profitable trade with Santa Fe was out of the question so long as Mexico remained a possession of Spain. The revolt of 1810, led by

Grave of Kit Carson, Taos, New Mexico. Photo by John L. Cowan.

Hidalgo, the patriot priest, gave rise to the hope that Spanish rule was about to be terminated. This hope was not altogether dissipated by the capture and execution of Hidalgo, as another revolutionary leader appeared upon the scene to take his place.

In 1812, Robert McKnight, Samuel Chambers and James Baird, with a few companions, set out from the Missouri river for Santa Fe, hoping that fortune would favor them in their attempt to open up trade with a region that was manifestly more favorably situated for doing business with St. Louis than with the cities of Mexico. Their hope was vain. They were seized as spies, their goods were confiscated, and they were thrown into prison. Not until after the overthrow of Spain's power in Mexico by Iturbide, in 1821, were they released.

Three years later, Auguste Chouteau and Julius De Mun, of St. Louis, with a number of companions, tempted fate in the same manner. They were arrested and tried by court martial at Santa Fe, and their goods, said to be worth $30,000, were confiscated. Then each of them was given a horse, and they were told to get out of the country.

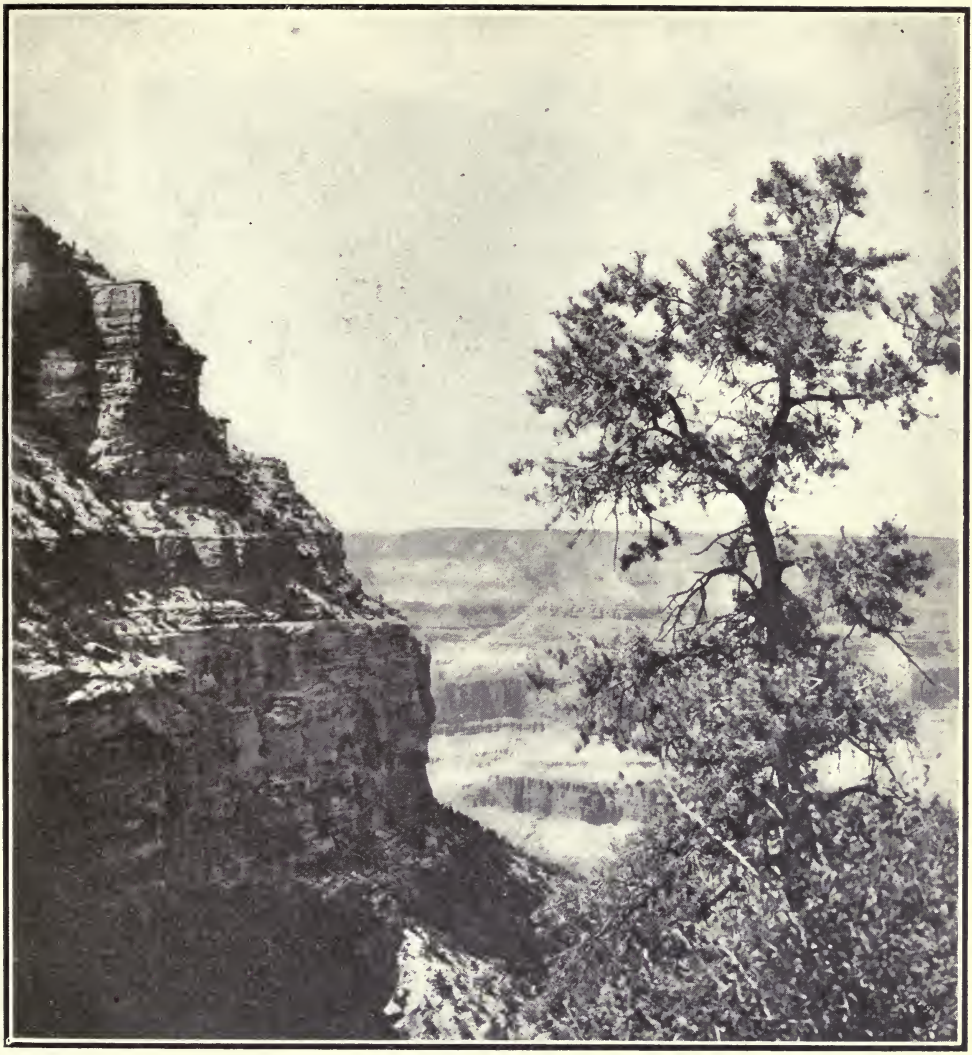
That ended all efforts to establish overland trade with Mexico until after the success of Iturbide's revolution became assured. In 1821, several parties

The old palace.

of traders set out from different points on the Missouri river, led by William Becknell, Braxton Cooper, Jacob Fowler and Hugh Glen. None of these parties carried large stocks of goods, but the merchandise they did take was disposed of at a profit; so that the year 1821 is memorable in the annals of the Santa Fe Trail as witnessing the first successful trading expeditions ever conducted over it by Americans.

The next year, Becknell made another trip, taking with him three wagons. These were the first wheeled vehicles that ever succeeded in crossing the plains. The fact that their use, without preliminary road-making, proved practicable, shows how truly the Santa Fe Trail was a natural highway. Becknell's success, and the accounts he gave of the prizes that awaited the enterprising, led many others to undertake the same journey, and the traffic to Santa Fe soon began to attain important proportions. Thus was inaugurated the "commerce of the prairies." The journey from the Missouri river to Santa Fe was short in comparison with that over the great trade route of South America, from Lima, the chief seat of Spanish power on that continent, to Buenos Aires. It was short in comparison with that over the Oregon Trail, which was to become a commonplace of later years; but it was by far the longest, most difficult and most hazardous commercial journey overland that the American people had, up to that time, undertaken. For long distances the trail lay across treeless plains, with stretches of waterless desert, swept by blinding sandstorms and terrifying cyclones. Indian hostilities along the route date from 1828, when Samuel McNees and Daniel Munro were killed by a party of Pawnees. For forty years thereafter, the Pawnees, Comanches, Apaches, Arapahoes and other tribes lost no opportunity to plunder, harrass, kill and scalp freighters and travelers over the road to Santa Fe.

Beginning in 1829, in times of particular danger from the Indians, the government furnished military es-

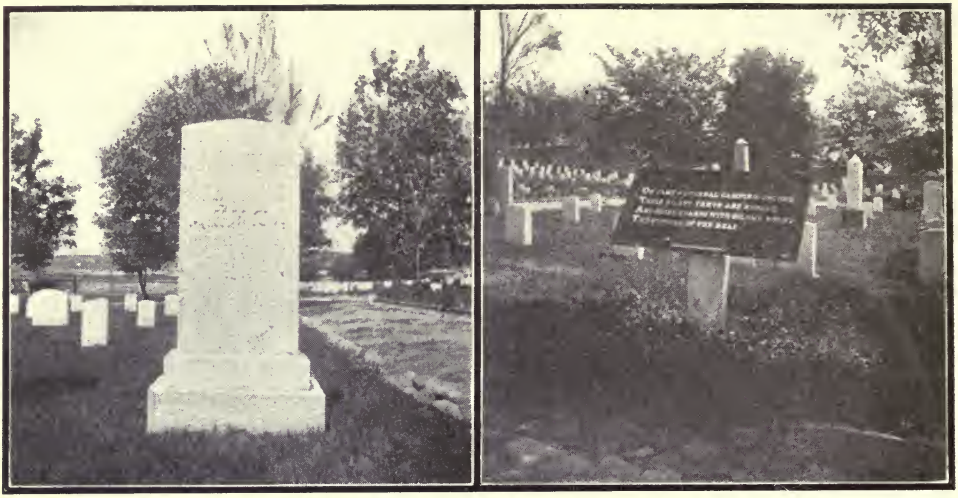


View of one part of the New Mexico country through which the trail passed.

corts for freighting caravans. However, the freighters were well armed, and usually traveled in large parties, so that, as a rule, they depended upon their own resources for defense against the attacks of hostile war parties. In 1849, the white bandit, or road agent, made his initial appearance, and from that time forward constituted a danger as real as the Indians themselves to stage coach passengers and travelers not connected with large caravans.

In 1824, a caravan of 25 wagons, accompanied by a long train of pack mules, made the journey, and the trade with Santa Fe ceased to be of an experimental and tentative nature. Cutlery, firearms, cotton goods, silks, velvets and finery were the articles dealt in most largely. The traffic fluctuated greatly in volume from year to year; but by 1843 it had reached $750,000 in annual value.

In 1844, President Santa Anna, foreseeing the impending war with the United States, closed the cities of Mexico against American traders, and,



View of the National Cemetery, Santa Fe. The one on the left shows the grave of Governor Bent.

for the time being, the traffic with Santa Fe came to a close. In the summer of 1846, the Army of the West, commanded by General Stephen Watts Kearny, traversed the trail, entered Santa Fe on August 16, and proclaimed New Mexico a possession of the United States. The first stage coach from the states that ever entered the plaza at Santa Fe arrived in 1849. At first only monthly trips were made. The fare from Independence was $250 in gold. Each stage coach was guarded by an escort of eight men, each carrying a "Hawkins" rifle and two revolvers. In 1849, also, began the rush to California. Most of the goldseekers followed the Oregon and California Trails, but there were thousands who took the Santa Fe Trail instead. Late in the '60's and early in the '70's, it is claimed that merchandise valued at from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000 passed over the trail each year. Much of this was destined for California, for by that time the Santa Fe Trail had become a mere reach on the long journey to the coast.

Traffic over the Santa Fe Trail was brought to a close by the construction of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, the freighters retreating as the construction crews advanced. By 1872, the line had been completed as far as Wichita, Kan., where it stopped, because capital hesitated to venture far into the unproductive "desert" that lay beyond. But in a few years the railroad builders took fresh courage and work was resumed, the goal being California. Las Vegas, in New Mexico, was reached in 1879; and a branch line from Lamy to Santa Fe was completed February 9, 1880.

From Independence to Santa Fe, the distance was about 785 miles by way of the Cimarron desert, and nearly one hundred miles farther by way of Fort Bent. The longer route was often preferred, because it was safer and attended with less hardship. The route taken by the freighters varied from time to time, so that it was only in places that identically the same course was taken by the caravans year after year. In many such places, after the lapse of a third of a century, the ruts worn by the wagon wheels and the paths beaten by the feet of the oxen may even be traced on the plains of Kansas and Colorado and over the hills of New Mexico.

Several years ago, the Daughters of the American Revolution started a

An example of the old Zuni architecture.

movement for the erection of appropriate monuments and markers along the trail. The State legislatures of Missouri, Kansas and Colorado, the school children in the states traversed, and various patriotic societies, individuals and corporations, gave material assistance, so that the old road has been blazed again from end to end.

The Santa Fe Trail has few natural landmarks of very picturesque or spectacular interest. Perhaps the best known is Pawnee Rock, between Great Bend and Larned, Kansas. It is a great sandstone promontory jutting out upon the bottom lands of the Arkansas river. It is now owned by the State, and is protected from further vandalism than it has already suffered.

A few miles beyond Raton Pass, in New Mexico, is Starvation Peak, on which it is said that a number of freighters were once besieged by the Indians until they perished of thirst and hunger. Whether the legend is based upon fact or not is uncertain.

Memorials of historic or sentimental interest, also, are few and far between. At Council Grove, Kansas, where caravans were organized and leaders chosen, and where many conferences between the Indians and whites were held in the early days, may be seen an old bell that used to summon the people of the settlement to political and religious gatherings, and to give the alarm of fire or Indian incursions. The old stone tower in which the bell swung in frontier days was blown down years ago by a cyclone; but a new one has been built of stones supplied by the school children and citizens.

The most famous stopping place on the old trail was Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas, built by the Bent brothers, who were the largest operators in the fur trade of the Rocky mountain region, with the single exception of the American Fur Company. Their first fort, or trading post, was built in 1826, on the north bank of the Arkansas, about midway between the present sites of Pueblo and Canon City, Colorado. In 1829, they began the construction of a much larger and stronger trading post, not many miles from where La Junta, Colo., is now located. This became the pivotal point in the history of the Southwest, and was by far the most important stopping place on the Santa Fe Trail, between Inde-

pendence and Santa Fe. After the fur trade ceased to be profitable, William Bent endeavored to sell the fort to the United States government for military purposes. Exasperated by his inability to get what he regarded as a fair price for the property, he blew it up with gunpowder, in 1852. Two years later he built another fort, a few miles east of the present town of Lamar, evidently with the expectation of selling it to the government. The negotiations dragged for years, but it was finally purchased by the War Department and renamed Fort Wise.

On the last lap of the road to Santa Fe—only 25 miles from that city—was the Pueblo Indian town of Pecos. This was once the largest of the Pueblo communities, with a population of perhaps 2,500. War and pestilence decimated the community to such an extent that in 1847 the few survivors deserted it and went to live in other villages. Gradually the great communal buildings fell into ruin, until now there is little left but the crumbling red adobe walls of the old mission church. This old mission was a prominent landmark of the trail from the beginning to the end of traffic, and remains to this day one of the interesting historic memorials of the Old Southwest, dating back to 1617.

About 80 miles north of Santa Fe, on the Rio Grande, near the Colorado-New Mexico line, is the village of Taos, not far from the Indian town of the same name. William Becknell, on his expedition of 1822, reached Santa Fe by way of Taos. This road was often used by the early traders, and always continued to be a well traveled highway, so that it is properly considered a part of the Santa Fe Trail. In the village of Alcalde, on the road from Taos to Santa Fe, the old stage station and corral are still standing in an excellent state of preservation.

Taos is notable in the annals of the Santa Fe Trail because it was there that Kit Carson made his home. That famous frontiersman made his bow upon the Western stage in the humble capacity of mule-driver on the Santa Fe Trail, for Ceran St. Vrain, a business partner of the Bent brothers. From 1834 to 1842, he spent the hunting season each year shooting buffalo and other wild game to supply the employes and guests of Bent's Fort with meat. The late winter months were passed trapping beaver, and the summer season usually found him at his ranch near Taos. From that point he made frequent trips over the Santa Fe Trail, as guard for freighting caravans. His old home in Taos is still standing, and not much more than a stone's throw distant is his grave. In Taos, too, is the house in which Charles Bent, one of the fur-trading firm that owned Bent's Fort, and the first American Governor of New Mexico, was killed in the Taos insurrection of 1847.

In Santa Fe, the most interesting memorial of the trail is its terminus, "The Fonda," known, after the American occupation as the Exchange Hotel. This was the rendezvous of all the scouts, freighters, plainsmen, pioneers, bad men, soldiers, travelers and settlers of the Southwest, in the days when Santa Fe was on the frontier. Many a stirring melodrama of the real Wild West here had its setting. Diagonally across the plaza from the Exchange Hotel is the famous "Old Palace," a long, low, one-story building that was the seat of Spanish, Mexican and American authority for almost three hundred years. It was to the Old Palace that Pike was taken a prisoner in 1807, and it was over the same historic building that General Kearny raised the American flag, August 16, 1846. It is now the headquarters of the New Mexico Museum and School of Archaeology, so that its preservation as a relic of the heroic past is assured.

Father Duncan, Metlakahtla, Alaska. (From a recent photograph.)

DUNCAN OF METLAKAHTLA DESERTED

By

Harold French

A GLOOMY winter of discontent broods over Metlakahtla, long-lauded as "the Indian Arcadia of Alaska." Its founder, Father Duncan, after devoting fifty-five years of his life to the moral uplift and the material welfare of his wards, is now, at four-score, forsaken by a generation who know not their Joseph. Under his paternal guidance, the Tsimpsheans, a tribe of erstwhile cannibals, were transformed into a community which deeply-impressed visitors have compared to the early Christians because of the simple faith and brotherly love displayed by these people. So remarkable was the social, political and economic development of the Metlakahtlans that they won the warm approval of President Roosevelt, who, in a message to Congress in 1905, characterized these exceptional natives as being "highly intelligent, civilized, and fully entitled to all the rights and privileges of citizenship."

Now, in his old age, evil days have come to the patriarch, Duncan. Nearly all his younger colonists have emigrated to new districts of industrial activity, where higher wages and freedom from restraint have proven stronger attractions than the conditions of living under the strict and uncompromising rule of their religious and temporal overlord. If this significant exodus continues at the present rate of depopulation for another summer, this idyllic island home of the Metlakahtlans will become but a memory. Scattered along the labyrinthine coastline of Alaska, and left to their own devices, the future of these long-shielded children of Father Duncan's flock is not difficult to foresee by all who are familiar with the ways of whites with a weaker race whom they

no longer fear. In William Duncan's long and eventful career, he has won many victories over vice and greed. Barbaric superstition and the thralldom of ecclesiastical bigotry, he has banished from the minds of his native followers. But now, at fourscore, fighting alone in his last ditch against corrupting phases of commercialism, he has reluctantly signaled for succor.

Duncan Comes to New Caledonia.

The story of "The Apostle of Alaska" was fully recorded up to a few years ago by his devoted Boswell, Mr. John W. Artcander, in his fascinating volume with the fitting caption quoted above.

Born at Beverly, Yorkshire, in April, 1832, Duncan early acquired a dual aptitude for religious work and the mastery of business methods. As a boy chorister in the old Beverly Cathedral, his clear soprano voice attracted noteworthy appreciation. His skill as a penman and accountant, his tact as a confidential clerk, and his resourcefulness as a traveling salesman, won him such well remunerated recognition that, at twenty-one, he received an offer of five thousand dollars a year from a prominent firm which vainly endeavored to induce him to reconsider his resolution to devote his versatile talents to the service of the English Church Missionary Society.

While preparing for his life calling at Highbury College, he learned through Captain Prevost of the Royal Navy of a remarkable tribe of Indians inhabiting the coast of British Columbia, who were called the Tsimpsheans, "the livers along the Skeena River," as their native name signified. Although they possessed many superior qualities, they were still steeped in the mental miasma of superstition, resorting at times to the most revolting rites bordering upon cannibalism. Furthermore, they were rapidly becoming victims to the vices and wiles of liquor-selling traders. In response to the urgent appeal of Captain Prevost, anonymous patrons of the Church Missionary Society subscribed $2,500 for the purpose of sending a missionary to this remote corner of "New Caledonia," as Canada's Farthest West was then called.

A British man-of-war brought Duncan to Victoria in June, 1857. On the voyage, the now long-forgotten officers and High Church chaplain repeatedly snubbed their passenger, the lowly layman missionary. He, in turn, rather than dine at their table, subsisted for weeks upon dry biscuits which he bought at ports en route. Upon his arrival at Victoria, the Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Douglass, warned Duncan against entrusting himself to the caprices of the reputedly treacherous Tsimpsheans. "It is as much as your life is worth to go among these savage and bloodthirsty Indians," this pioneer trader declared.

Nevertheless, on September 25, 1857, he finally was permitted to depart on board a Hudson Bay steamer bound to Fort Simpson, six hundred miles northward, and near the historic boundary of 50 deg. 40 min. Duncan, during his first week of residence at the fort, found the Tsimpsheans were "just as bad as they had been painted to be." He witnessed the slaying of a slave by Chief Legaic and the mutilation of the warm body in a semi-cannibal fashion before the horrified but helpless gaze of the garrison. Similar deviltries were of common occurrence, and the handful of whites at the Hudson Bay post were powerless to interfere. Later, Legaic became one of Duncan's most earnest disciples. The favorite pastime of these children of nature was the tearing of a living dog to pieces with their teeth. Direst superstitions clouded their minds. Their medicinemen, shamans, or, phonetically, "shoomansh," pretended to cure disease by the most barbarous practices, attributing their failures to effect cures to evil spells conjured by some unfortunate old man or woman whom they then subjected to torture. And yet, withal their bestial degradation, their innate nobility was made manifest in many ways. Until they came into corrupting contact with

The famous Indian band at Metlakahtla.

shifty whites, theft and dishonesty were unknown to the Tsimpsheans. Their open-hearted hospitality was another redeeming trait. Soft and pleasing was their native tongue. Working with wood, stone or metal, they displayed ingenuity and artistic skill.

Duncan refrained from making serious overtures to these Indians until he had mastered their language and studied their nature, customs and code of aboriginal etiquette. After nine months of careful preparation, he sallied forth from the fort on Sunday, June 13, 1858, to preach all day to the dusky, doubting Thomases in the Tsimpshean dialect. With infinite tact, he gradually dispelled their superstitions by expounding a common sense interpretation of natural laws in a physical world. After an alternation of initial successes and set-backs, he persuaded some twelve hundred of this tribe to abandon their shamans and their deviltries. At first, he induced them to cease indulging in liquor and gambling. Then they agreed to strictly observe the Sabbath, and to send their children to school. In a couple of years they were domiciled in clearly, civilized homes, and had won a widespread reputation for their honesty in trade and their unflagging faithfulness in their performance of labor.

Matlakahtla, the Pioneer Colony.

Realizing that close contact with the exploiting white traders and their camp followers was a factor not conducive to the welfare of his converts, Duncan went prospecting for a Promised Land to which he could lead them. Seventeen miles to the southward, he found "an inlet with an outlet," called Metlakahtla in the Tsimpshean tongue. Its sheltered harbor and fertile clearings among magnificent forests afforded exceptional advantages to settlers. Thither Duncan and fifty pioneers paddled their canoes in May of 1862, followed by a thousand more who flocked to their new home. Ere winter, all were snugly housed, and a bountiful harvest of potatoes stocked their storehouses. A commodious church and school house were also constructed.

Duncan was decades ahead of his times in his ideas of the duties of a missionary. He realized that it was a simple task to convert heathen com-

The first and only church at Metlakahtla.

pared to the complex problem of knowing what to do with them afterwards. But this Superman possessed the foresight of a modern social engineer. His theory was that the true elevation of the Indian was not to be effected by driving dogmas into his head, but by making him a self-supporting, responsible man of many resources. In order to lead his converts up the social ladder, Duncan planned to place it on a firm economic foundation. The new order of living demanded higher standards. But even the staple commodities of civilized life were costly luxuries upon this far frontier. It became necessary for him to develop home industries and an export trade with the balance in favor of Metlakahtla. He acted on the principle that the only way to make a good Indian was to make him industrious. With a generation of young men coming to maturity, mischief would surely ensue unless they were given opportunities to supply their growing needs by increasing their earning capacities.

The fundamental principle of all progress, respect for rightfully constituted authority, Duncan inculcated in his converts, who, in 1862, after four years of his teaching, had advanced so far as to co-operate in a happy combination of autonomy and autocracy. Flocking to town-meetings of the old-time New England type, they made their laws, elected a council, and voted upon policies affecting their commonwealth. Taxes levied to cover the cost of public improvements were paid for the most part in labor performed. But, as a benevolent overlord, Duncan took care to decree himself the Chief Magistrate of Metlakahtla and the Court of Last Appeal. And ever back of his kindly but kingly control was his faithful native constabulary, who promptly quelled any incipient seditions with all the majesty of Metlakahtlan law.

In order to secure the much-desired commodities of civilization, Duncan encouraged his colonists to ship their furs to Victoria, where they received from ten to twenty times the niggardly allowance doled out by the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Simpson. Naturally, this historic monopoly resented Duncan's competition. Its vessels left Metlakahtla off the map as an embargo was declared against the colony. Undaunted, this captain of industrious Indians decided to launch a new enterprise which would cut ever more into the profits of this predatory, fur-trading trust. Raising the sum of $1,500 in part from the collective capital of his colonists, he organized a joint stock company and purchased a staunch little schooner, which made frequent and highly remunerative trips to the settlements. This new departure caused the prosperity of Metlakahtla to increase most substantially. The delighted natives wanted to christen their craft "Hah," meaning a male slave,

The Metlakahtla Emporium.

because, as they reasoned, "He does all the work and we get all the profits." Ownership of stock in a trading and transportation corporation had quite evidently transformed these simple folks into class-conscious capitalists.

So formidable became their competition with the western outposts of the Hudson Bay Company that its agents resorted to drastic measures to drive the Metlakahtlans out of business. Fancy prices for peltries and low rates for imported merchandise were allowed by the Hudson Bay factors. Although this powerful fur monopoly employed all the tactics of a typical *unregulated* American trust, it found Duncan a foeman it could not down. When his would-be eliminators underbid the prices that he could afford to pay at his store, Duncan, instead of playing a losing game of freeze-out by following suit and reducing his rates below cost, delivered an ultimatum to the factor of Fort Simpson, to whom he declared: "My goods are all paid for, and it will not break me if I do not sell a pound or an ell of my stuff. The moment I find that you raise the price of furs above a fair, living price, or lower the price of goods below a fair profit, I will turn the key in the lock of the door of my store, and not sell another article. When the Indians come for goods, or with furs, I will send them to you, and tell them that they can make a good profit by coming to the Fort. The moment I learn that you have come down on the furs, or have come up on your store goods, I open the door of my store again, and tell them to come and trade with me once more. Now, honestly, what do you think about my plan?"

Duncan well knew that he had won the love and confidence of his clansmen and that he could depend upon their loyalty. In the parlance of poker, this missionary, playing a lone hand,

called the bluff of the great company. Business, thenceforth, was conducted along the lines of *reasonable* competition.

As soon as Duncan had established one industry upon a profitable basis, he undertook new ventures. Smoked salmon, and later the canned product, became a principal source of revenue from shipments to Pacific Coast ports. From the fat of the *oolakan,* or candlefish, the natives manufactured a merchantable quality of soap. In 1870, Duncan journeyed throughout England and America, learning all he could of new developments in various occupations, to which his people could adapt themselves. At Manchester he studied weaving; at Yarmouth, the manufacture of rope and twine. And when he returned, he brought the machinery of a modern saw mill and the implements of many useful trades. On being presented with thirty band instruments, he learned in eleven lessons how to perform on each instrument well enough to become the leader of the later celebrated Metlakahtla Indian band.

Ecclesiastical Persecution.

Strenuous as were Duncan's labors during the week, in advancing the material interests of his converts, on the Sabbath day he worked a double shift, conducting a succession of religious services. Inflexibly orthodox in his faith, he nevertheless had his own opinion of ritualism and ecclesiasticism. He held that the appearance of a priest in his vestments would excite the suspicions of the shrewder and more critical natives, and recall to their minds the somewhat similar make-ups of their own shamans, whose sham and hypocrisy had been exposed. Duncan preferred the unpretentious garb of a layman. He also radically refused to perform the sacrament on the grounds that it would be inconsistent for a missionary to offer wine to communicants who had taken vows of total abstinence. Besides, the theory of transubstantiation was in his belief a difficult, and, indeed, a questionable doctrine for these tribesmen to assimilate, since many of that generation had actually tasted the horrors of cannibalism. Heretical as his actions appeared to his enemies, the conditions of aboriginal life at that period upon the North Pacific Coast amply justified his course. What Duncan most feared was a reversion to the vices which the symbolism of flesh and blood suggested. The wily shamans were quick to claim that missionaries were themselves practicing the very rites of a living sacrifice, and that they forced their converts to devour human flesh and drink human blood, mixed with the liquor they had pretended to proscribe.

Duncan's success engendered jealousies which culminated in the efforts of a bigoted ecclesiastical hierarchy to drive him from the scene of his heroic labors of a quarter of a century. In 1879 "the Serpent entered into Eden," as his admittedly biased biographer, Mr. Arctander, wrote in narrating the advent of William Ridley, Bishop of New Caledonia. An exceedingly narrow and dogmatic secretary, he insisted that Duncan should conform to High Church ceremonials, however unsuitable they were for these simple neophytes. The Bishop decreed that all in his diocese should address him as "My Lord." Failing in his attempts to win Duncan's flock from their pastor, Ridley adopted an infamous rule or ruin policy of religious persecution. Duncan, although deposed from his post, remained in Metlakahtla in response to the prayers of his disciples. He still did business at his own little store, preaching as an independent layman to his usual congregation, while the Bishop could barely muster a corporal's guard. Determined to crush Duncan at all costs, the Bishop invoked the vast economic power of the influential Church Missionary Society. Its income amounted to a million dollars a year, and, like the great fur company, its management preferred monopolistic methods in its relations with the Indians. Once more

Hudson Bay tactics were resorted to for the purpose of bankrupting Duncan. His cut-throat competitor was his supplanter, Bishop Ridley. He established an opposition store at Metlakahtla, where goods were sold far below cost, and every attempt was made to coerce Duncan's converts to desert him. But these wonderful Indians, with the solidarity of a most exemplary labor union, boycotted the Bishop, refusing point-blank to patronize his "unfair house." According to Arctander, "My Lord" Bishop Ridley even engaged in discomfiting fist-fights with his parishioners. On the flimsiest pretexts, he summoned British warships to overawe the really law-abiding Metlakahtlans.

Finally, in 1886, the Church and State combined against this John Knox of New Caledonia. The Ottawa government, at the behest of the Bishop, sent commissioners to Metlakahtla to dispossess the colonists of the lands of their fathers and to confiscate all the products of their toil. Ridley was given full control of the colony, with all the improvements of a quarter of a century. Duncan appeared before the Dominion Parliament and protested all in vain against this outrage, itself a repetition of the tale of the expatriation of the Acadians. Upon his fruitless return to the coast, he warned the provincial authorities that his long peaceful and trusting Indians were being goaded to savage reprisals. "If war comes," he declared, "may God have mercy upon the white people of this Province. You will need to send five thousand men up there. And they go there only to be killed, too. The Indians will withdraw up the Skeena River, and all the military you can send up there will be simply slaughtered in the canons, while the Indians will go comparatively free."

The voices of the young braves were strong for war in defense of their homes and their rightful heritage, but a *modus vivendi* urged by the elders swung the pendulum towards peace. "Let us go instead to Alaska," they reasoned; "where, as Mr. Duncan tells us, every one can have his own religion without any government."

Pilgrims of the Pacific

The wiser counsel of Duncan prevailed, and the outbreak of hostilities was deferred in the hope that he would send them word from Washington that their immigration would be welcome. Arriving upon the Atlantic Coast late in 1886 he presented the claims of the Metlakahtlans to the American people with the potential support of Henry Ward Beecher and Phillips Brooks. President Cleveland cordially granted the use of Annette Island, ninety miles northward from Old Metlakahtla. In 1891, Congress set this beautiful island apart as their reservation, subject to the regulation of the Secretary of the Interior.

Although Bishop Ridley had stripped these native conformist of all their possessions except the few personal effects which they stowed away in their canoes, they resolutely renounced all they had gained for the sake of their simple faith. With eager strokes, these Pilgrims of the Pacific paddled across the buffeting billows of Dixon Entrance. The shadowy shores of the Tsimpshean peninsula sunk to the southward; before them gleamed the bright white peaks of Alaska guarding their goal. Rounding an island of romantic beauty, they entered a sheltered haven and hoisted the starry banner of freedom over the site of New Metlakahtla on the seventh of August, 1887. Gratefully, they vowed their allegiance to the friendly government whose protection they had begun to enjoy.

The very next day, the equipment of a saw-mill arrived, and skilled and willing hands set to work building their new homes. Over a hundred substantial dwellings were constructed in a brief period, most of them being two-story structures, ornate with embellishments and surrounded with

carefully cultivated flowers. A substantial town hall was erected and a boarding school for girls was opened. In 1896, they completed a magnificent cathedral, well named "Duncan's Westminister Abbey." The public library soon became stocked with several thousand volumes. During the past few years, the most highly appreciated additions to its shelves have been the works of Theodore Roosevelt, in which are inscribed his autograph and best wishes for the Metlakahtlans.

For more than a quarter of a century Duncan has ruled this community as its mayor, judge, treasurer, auditor, attorney and business manager, in addition to administering to its people as their physician, teacher and pastor. One secret of his success was his tactful enforcement of discipline. Jealousies were promptly smoothed over by his mediation, wranglers reconciled, while malcontents were promptly banished by popular vote. Harmony was long the key-note of New Metlakahtla.

Metlakahtla's Progress and Economic Conditions.

The most pressing problem which Duncan has ever endeavored to solve has been the planning to find sufficient work to supply their needs. He encouraged the clearing of ground and the cultivation of berries, vegetables, the cutting and curing of hay, and dairying. At a cost of $9,000, he constructed a dam high in a mountain gorge, and brought the water of "The Lake in the Clouds" down to supply the municipality. The pipe line afforded water power to run the saw-mill, which furnished regular employment for many colonists. Considerable lumber and packing cases for the salmon canneries were exported. A fair quality of furniture was manufactured from the fragrant and beautifully grained yellow cedar. So marked was the success of a cannery operated by the natives that its scope was enlarged in 1895, through the organization of the Metlakahtla Industrial Company, capitalized at $25,000. This co-operative enterprise merged the saw-mill, store and cannery under one management. During the following decade, the entire capital invested had been returned to its subscribers with interest amounting to 15 per cent per annum paid to the natives and 7½ per cent dividends disbursed to outside patrons. A small fleet of steam and sailing vessels, together with docks and warehouses, were acquired. But, in 1905, the Metlakahtla Industrial Company was, by common consent, taken over by Mr. Duncan, who has since conducted these enterprises personally on a wage-paying basis. The most profitable industry of the Metlakahtlans has been the catching and canning of salmon. Halibut, herring, cod and candle-fish also afford considerable revenue. But from early preparations to clean-up time, the fishing industry only keeps them occupied for about three months. Agricultural work is only possible for an equal period.

Keen competition between great companies, which have engaged in these basic industries during the last few years upon a prodigious scale, has cut into Duncan's trade. Not only can these now coalescing corporations pack and market their products more economically, but in many instances their practices have been shown to be the opposite of the conscientious Metlakahtlans. The latter have long been noted for the scrupulous care they take in preparing fish for human consumption. Care and cleanliness means increased cost; also, their strict observance of the Sabbath cut into their margin of profits, with the natural result of lower returns for their toil. Duncan would not conform to the get-rich-quick methods of commercialism, nor could he afford to pay as high wages as those offered by rival companies. His Indians, natural fishermen as they are, were in great demand during the mid-summer run of salmon. Their women and children were able to earn good wages at work in the can-

neries. While Duncan could only afford to allow from $2 to $2.50 a day, the great canning companies offered often as much as a dollar a day more. Necessity compelled his younger colonists to emigrate once more—this time not for religious freedom, but for the temporary economic betterment of themselves and all who are dependent on them.

Recent developments on the Alaskan coast near Ketchikan, a hustling little city of 2,000 people, offered varied opportunities for steady work at good wages, drawing more of the younger generation away from Duncan. To the southward, another strong attraction was the construction of the transcontinental Grand Trunk railway down the valley of the Skeena to Prince Rupert, near the old home of the Metlakahtlans.

Deserted in his old age by nearly all his energetic young men, Duncan was unable to successfully operate his cannery last season. With this principal source of revenue tied up, it will be seen that a most serious situation prevails at Metlakahtla. Duncan, at first, sent out notices to those whom he deemed deserters to return to their homes under penalty of expulsion from the colony. But, however kindly these wanderers from the fold of Father Duncan feel towards their good shepherd, their economic conditions must improve first.

Now Duncan has come to realize that the only way his good work can be kept up is by the government. He has appealed to the people of the United States, through the Secretary of the Interior, to take over his colony. Congress is to be urged to maintain Metlakahtla as a model Indian reservation under the control of the Bureau of Education. It will cost our government no more to conduct a modern training school and industrial colony on Annette Island, where all the necessary equipment is readily available, than it now expends in sums scattered at isolated points in the neighborhood of Metlakahtala. There, Uncle Sam, Successor to Duncan & Co., may gather these worthy people together once more as a united family, whose living should be assured by the regulation of their industries so as to make the Metlakahtlans self-sustaining, as they long were under the rule of one man, working alone.

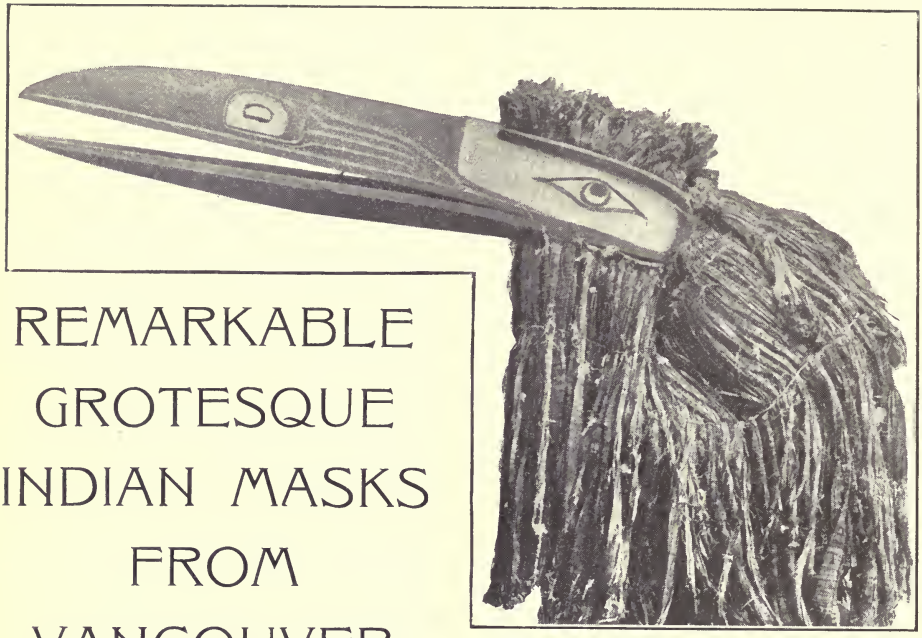
NOT FOR TO-DAY

Not for to-day, dear love, when shines the sun
  In azure skies, so cloudless and so clear;
But for the day when storm clouds, one by one,
  Obscure the light, and make the heavens drear!

Not for to-day, sweetheart, when blossoms rife
  Bestrew your path and carpet all the way;
But for a time when, wearied with the strife,
  You turn your bleeding footsteps from the fray!

Not for to-day, beloved, nor for to-morrow,
  When laugh for laugh and jest for jest is paid;
But when, alone, your head is bowed in sorrow,
  My love will come to strengthen and to aid!

ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM.



REMARKABLE GROTESQUE INDIAN MASKS FROM VANCOUVER ISLAND

The great mask representing the Raven, used in the Ha-mat-sa initiation ceremony. The crouching figure of the wearer is entirely concealed in the dangling strips of cedar bark.

By Lillian E. Zeh

SOME remarkable, grotesque and highly interesting Indian masks have recently been obtained from explorations of the North Pacific Coast of America. The object of this ethnological expedition was to study the origin of the native races of the Northwest Coast and their relation to those of the Old World. The type of the Indian inhabitants of the North Pacific Coast of America, especially those of British Columbia and Vancouver Island, show a great similarity to North Asiatic people, and the question arises whether this resemblance is due to mixture, migration or to gradual differentiation. The culture of this area shows many traits that suggest a common origin, while others point to a different development.

Toward solving this difficult question, systematic researches have been carried on among the various Indian tribes of the North Pacific Coast, and many specimens have been obtained which throw new light upon their present and past customs. Probably the most interesting tribe, as far as their mysterious and spectacular ceremonials are concerned, are the Kwakiutls, who occupy the northern part of Vancouver Island. Their mythology is based upon adventures of a number of their mythical and supernatural ancestors, who dropped down from the sky, arose from the underworld or emerged from the ocean. All of the people are supposed to be the descendants of these fabulous personages. This has afforded a wide range for their super-

Huge ceremonial mask representing the killer whale.

stitious imaginations to weave innumerable tales and legends, and induce them to construct enormous grotesque masks, which they wear during their ceremonial dances and on festive occasions.

By the wearing of these great carved representations of their ancestral spirits, who are still supposed to be present, it is thought they will bestow a supernatural help upon the person or clan who has acquired the right to use them. The magical gifts, dances and crests of these spirits are all hereditary, but can also be obtained by marriage and the initiation into one of their secret societies. The Kwakiutls have a great number of these, one of the most important and highly prized is the Ha-mat-sa. So highly prized from an ethnological standpoint are the fantastic masks and other ceremonial objects of this tribe that scientific institutions in Europe, as well as those in this country, have vied with one another in obtaining all the material possible illustrating their customs. The masks here shown were secured by a Kwakiutl ex-chief, who posed especially for the accompanying photographs in order to show just how they were worn and manipulated during one of their strange winter ceremonials, particularly the Ha-mat-sa. The candidate for initiation into this fraternity, which formerly embodied a frenzied habit of biting human flesh, has to stay three or four months in the woods, at the supposed abiding place of the great supernatural spirit and protector of the society. At the end of his period of isolation, the elaborate

Ha-mat-sa initiation ceremony is given, which lasts several days and nights. Masked dancing by the older members of this society is one of the especial features of the ceremony. On one of the appearances during his initiation the candidate wears a huge mask of the fabulous double-headed serpent, which has one head at each end, a human head in the middle, one horn on each terminal head, and two on the central human head. This is supposed to give the wearer supernatural power. The mask is made to fold and close, and by means of a cord pulled by the dancer, the long tongues of the serpent are caused to protrude out. The Bear fraternity are dressed in the skins of grizzly bears, and do a sort of detective duty, observing and punishing any mistakes made in the performance. The person making the error is scratched with their claws, which inflict painful injuries. Their dances consist in violent motions of the body, imitating the actions of a bear who sits on his haunches, and now and then growling and scratching the ground with their paws. At a certain time during the ceremony the candidate appears clad in a bear skin, walks on hands and feet, and paws the ground, imitating the motions of an angry bear. Another of the strange and enormous masks worn during the ceremonial is the Killer Whale; the gigantic mouth is made to open and close by means of a concealed cord operated from the inside. The last night of the ceremony ends in a general festival, at which all the men, women and children of the tribe are invited. The candidate now appears dressed for the first time in a

Gigantic mask representing a grizzly bear, worn in Kwakintl ceremonial dance.

Interior of the ceremonial dance-house of the Kwakintls.

button blanket and a brand new head-dress and neck-ring of cedar bark. He then pays the men for the bites he has inflicted during initiation, the price being a canoe for each bite. The women dancers who assisted at times are given bracelets, and the men who sang button blankets. The new-fledged Ha-mat-sa is henceforth considered a person of rank and power in the tribe in which he has just been initiated.

MAN

Dropped into dream from silent nothingness,
  Thoughtless oblivion, plunged into the way
  Of roaring suns; and bound up for a day,
By some strange alchemy, into the dress
  Of sentient clay—

And—like a dream—to fade back into night?
  Great God! Give not to unoffending clay
  This taste of earth, nor let it feel the play
Of thought—if only to blot out the light
  Of this sweet day!

MYRON H. MORELAND.

With the Theosophists at Point Loma

The Interesting Headquarters of the Sect

In the Southwest End of the Republic

By Felix J. Koch

WHATEVER your faith or beliefs may be, you cannot help enjoying a canter among the hills, beyond San Diego, to the headquarters of the Theosophist brotherhood, at Point Loma. Headquarters of sects of every sort are always interesting. Even the most ardent athiest finds interest in a visit to the Pope; the greatest Christian divine would not omit reception by the Sheik-ul-Islam in the Orient. And so it is at Point Loma.

Your first impression of the place is as of a great farm, lined with the cypress trees, which run back, low-cut, in rows. One meadow alone is enfenced, and the fencing garbed in ivy; beyond it a tented village peers, each tent with door screened in, and, around this entry, an arching arbour. Flowers are everywhere, even in these approaches to Pt. Loma. Continue on, and you greet a small cupola-like building, from which one may overlook the main drive, leading straight to the main building of the establishment, a structure with three huge domes of dark glass, and a smaller side dome, in red.

You halt, first, at this tented city. It is a sort of campgrounds, as it were, where there is an average of three dozen tents at a time. A charge of $2.50 to $3.00 is made for the tents *per diem*, this then including meals in the "city" dining room. A new dining room for seventy has been built in late years. The tent-city concern, be it noted, is a private affair, where meals are sold to tourists—who come on an average of a hundred a day. Many of the tenters imitate the Theosophists and don khaki while here.

The drive continues on toward a large white gate, in Hindu style, admitting to the main grounds. An admission fee of a dime is charged, this going to the benefit of the schools. The kodak, too, must be given up, not so much as protection for the one concern monopolizing the sale of views, but to prevent indiscriminate taking. Furthermore, you quit your carriage here, and, prince or pauper, proceed to walk up the broad, oiled roads. Already here the artistic beauty of the place attracts you—the drive is flanked by a strip of the pink vine-geranium, and back of these rise splendid large date-palms, in rows. Then beyond these, on right and left, lie almond orchards, and there grows the barley or the oats on the hill-slope. Ahead, ever, the while, a thing of beauty like the Taj, arises, ever, that strange, odd, monastic—or should one say romantic—building, three stories tall, which is known as Headquarters. The glass dome appears green now, on close approach, and you find it surmounted by a smaller globe of glass. In front the two domes is another lavender dome, and at the building's two corners there are turrets, as to some convent of old. You

stop to get full force of its beauty and to listen to the charming singing of the birds.

Here at the head of the lane a guide meets you, he like all the other men of the place attired in brown khaki suit, as of some Rough Rider. You, who would see things other than superficially, present credentials here, and on strength of these are turned over to Mr. White, a power in the place. White shows one much indeed, but he is preceded, first of all, by a courier, with the message that the Theosophists never pay to advertise the place, and if one come with this intent there is no need to bother further.

As you walk, he tells how this is the international headquarters of the society. They own four and a half miles along the coast, next the beautiful, open sea. Mrs. Tingley, present head of the society, moved here in 1900, but the organization was founded in 1876. No one here receives any pay for their services,—they are attracted simply by their interest in the work,—and those who are in position, financially, so to do, support themselves beside. This, possibly, accounts for the criticism of opponents to the place, that the farmers of the great estate, who work for clothing and food alone, are little more than peons.

"Chief Executive over all, is now Mrs. Tingley."

There are so many phases to the work, one must, of course, step from one to another without seeming logical sequence, in order to cover them all, and so conversation turns to the young folks.

"Children," White tells us, "are brought here from all over the world—some from different local lodges, some from far distant. The schools are under the so-called Raja Yogu system, organized by Mrs. Tingley and serving to develop the child mentally, morally and physically, in equal amounts and equally fully on all lines. School hours, *per se*, are but two and a half hours a day."

We have now come to the main domed building, the Homestead he terms it.

"As soon as Mrs. Tingley decided to come here from New York," he is telling, "the thing was carried out; for it was but fulfilling the plans of Mme. Blavatsky, that there should be an educational center in the West.

"Hence, as soon as Mrs. Tingley was established here, she began her work with the little children. She started actually with five children, all very small, and so for some time her work was merely elementary in education, but the purpose of this was to establish eventually a full University course. This large building was originally the living quarters for the older students of the academy, and is still so used, whereas now they have other buildings for the younger pupils. The university is to be established here, when the occasion comes; while now, those ready for it get university instruction from tutors. This large building is also devoted to lower class rooms and studios on the lower floor, and the upper to the dormitories for girls only. Children are in about equal numbers as to sexes. There are roughly 250 children on the place, while there are hundreds of applications to enter the schools which must be refused, owing to lack of accommodations therefor. This is because of the method employed being brought to the attention of those interested in such things. There came to be great calls for introducing the system elsewhere, and this has been done in England and Cuba and over the European continent. Here at Pt. Loma they have a boarding school, and there is a day school at San Diego with about fifteen pupils. Another school exists in this vicinity as well.

"The teachers of these places are specially prepared for them, since the tuition embraces the moral, as well as the mental, and the course of preparation must be very large. A number of the children in the schools now are intending to be teachers.

"These children are divided, according to age, into groups of six, eight or

ten each, and each group is always accompanied by a sort of tutor (and nurse, in the case of the smaller), who is with them all the time, while the older have the tutor alone always with them. Then the manly and womanly characteristics and self-restraint are developed."

We have been passing down the avenue of the main building, and on, along some artistic bungalows. We grow more and more charmed with Raja Yogu, it seems a bit of old India here in the States. These bungalows, we learn, are for the boys' work. They live in the bungalows with a teacher, so that the houses are under supervision. The class rooms comprise separate bungalows. These buildings are all of a peculiar architecture, ventilation and lighting arrangement, devised by Mrs. Tingley.

As we saunter, we pass eleven little girls, all in brown ginghams, and with round caps, their hair falling loose from these. They pass us, two by two.

Then the bungalow serving as dentist's office, and, below it, the bath room for the boys appear. Originally the water supply here came from San Diego; now they have a source of their own. Each house has its bathroom.

"There are no servants, all do their own work," White continues. "Rich and poor contribute in doing the work; there is no coercion in the place. There is one dining room for all, but adults and children dine in separate shifts, the adults at 12:30, the others a little earlier."

Another group, this time little boys, very small, pass us, with their teacher.

"System," white says, "is paramount in the organization of the place. For example, the kitchen and dining-room are under the Department of Domestic Economy, the head of which is educated for her position. This division is composed of volunteer workers, the men doing the heavy work, the women, the cooking. In every other branch of the institution they carry out this idea, for they do all their own work, remember, here—carpentering and plumbing and the like. They even have their own photo-studio, their engraving plant for publications, a chemical works and a dye-plant, and so on. There are between two hundred and two hundred and fifty adults here, and large numbers of the organization elsewhere wish to come here. So much is involved in maintaining those who do come that they only allow such whose presence it is felt is absolutely necessary, or those wanting to come on account of the education of their children. One man here is the son of a millionaire. He is not connected with the organization, but has placed his four small children here.

"Nor is the place communistic. If you are rich, you keep what you have; if you can afford to pay for the tuition of your children in the schools, you do so; if not, you don't. So, too, if you can afford to pay their board you do; otherwise not. All, however, give their services, their work, to this place, since for those whose object it is not to improve the place, there is no reason for remaining here, as, then, they can earn more money on the outside.

"Mrs. Tingley," White tells us, "is greatly interested in the drama, especially in the revival of the Greek dramas, and believes that through the instrumentality of the great plays, the great truths will be assimilated by the people."

We are sauntering up the heights now, past pretty bungalows and among cypresses, to a great natural amphitheatre, one in which they are about to replace the wooden seats with stone. The theatre faces near the sea and there are hills off to the beach, adding to its beauty, since the sea thus forms a background to the stage. Accoustics are very fine, as there is always a current of air up the canon from the sea. The dressing rooms are constructed in the cliff, out of sight of the audience, and hence are unique. The path to the stage is through natural cliffs. Beyond, on the brow of the hill one sees the tent camp of the young men of the literary department, who like to be

alone. This is on a bluff washed by the sea.

All the society's publications, we are learning, meanwhile, are edited here, and printed at San Diego.

"Mrs. Tingley," White relates further, "is fifty or fifty-five years of age and a veritable human dynamo. She will work all night, when there is need of it. Were she superintendent of the educational department only it would need to be a great head, as there are schools, both here and the country over,—away down in Santiago and over in London, and at other centers. Each country, the world over, has a central lodge, which reports here, and everything comes up to her attention. So, too, they have a Humanitarian Department and a department for relieving distress (the International Brotherhood Society), and the Theosophical Department (or literary, propaganda and library founding section), and the Isis League, devoted to music, of which they have great amounts. At the head of each department is a competent person, whom Mrs. Tingley instructs how to proceed."

On the brow of the hill we encounter the corner stone for a permanent building. When Mrs. Tingley came here, she put up temporary buildings for ten years, but now these are outgrown. She has her own apartments in the main Academy Building and has an office in the Headquarters Building. There she has three secretaries and stenographers for her mail.

We halt to see the boys' playground. Old and young recognize Sunday, we are told, here, but they "live Sunday every day." On Sunday they have meetings, but all through the week there are such. One is not to call them a religious body,—they have no set creed, but are merely interested in the things that make for the betterment of human life, mainly the humanitarian and philosophical.

We see a group of houses occupied by young ladies. Theirs' are the regular daily duties of any one. Music is important with the society and so there is musical instruction in every house. Children begin music at an early age. The school hours are so shortened that there is no idea of drudgery, the day being filled with duties of short duration, such that none becomes irksome.

In one of the bungalows of the boys they show us a sun-parlor-corner, for study room, whence one looks on the lovely sea, and to another camp on the brow of the hill. The young folks here are partial to tents; these have wooden floors and wooden side walls, yet afford much open-air ventilation. The older boys, we remark, wear blue sweaters. As we stroll we hear music always—even while we overlook the gardens.

"Mrs. Tingley," White continues, enthusiastic, "has advisers known as the Cabinet, and she's always refused to let the funds pass through her hands. Instead, they go through the disbursing offices, at the direction of this Cabinet. This is very fortunate for her, when she is assailed by calumny, although in starting the work she used her own private funds. Her husband is still living . . . he is in business in New York, and he comes and goes here, and is thoroughly in sympathy with her, but he has never become identified with the work proper."

"We enter a building with what seem matting walls, this the studio of a Miss White, no relative, however, of our guide. Her specialty is flowers. Round about, the studio walls are covered with a matting which is treated in decorative work. The ceiling consists of old rafters (for the place was once a barn), painted over, and the floor is of a dark grained linoleum. The walls are hung everywhere with rather heavy floral pictures—it was to get the desired light from the north that the artist converted this barn into such a unique studio. The door to the studio is the work of the children, and its object is to teach them to have beautiful surroundings, even if poor. It is in a sort of bark-like matting, with panels of raffia, done in colors, all of it strikingly unique. Over it there

hangs a lambrequin of eucalyptus seeds, while the walls proper are hung with fish nets. The place has its own chemical works and does its own dyeing, so that the children get the raffia dyed to taste and they achieve some astonishing results in duplicating silk strands in raffia. A pillow embroidered in raffia is shown—this, at but a few feet distant, looking as if embroidered in silk.

Of course one admires some of the White paintings—a study in grapes, in flowers, and the like. There is a basket of all the California wild flowers, which is especially pretty; it was painted at request of Madame Tingley. The brightness of the colors is more marvelous as one finds them absolutely correct. Many frames of the raffia take the eye in this charming study. Music, even here, comes floating in, and from the windows one hears the sea. The artist, it seems, is sufficiently well-to-do to retire, but labors for love now, and still takes her part in the work of the dining-room the while.

Out again, it is stated how there is a different doctor for the boys and for the girls—who come daily; and every week there is physical examination of all, when measurements are made for record, thus often detecting and preventing disease.

Up the hill, over the sea, we climb. The main building, it is indicated, follows no plan, but was built and added to as needed. The red-domed annex is a memorial to Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Judge, her successor who preceded Mrs. Tingley.

They have three orchestras here, the one of children actually conducted by children, White interjects now, as we parallel the handsome edifice, of the red glass ball on the dome, and the walls of heavy stone blocks. Out from this runs a broad pillared portico, behind which one sees the large, deep red windows, which mark individual studios. Admitting to the building are doubled doors, of oak, carved with a man and a woman each, in mythological Teuton style, this work the labor of the students.

Not far from this, the private home of A. G. Spalding is passed, a one-story, white-painted bungalow, with small glass dome, and a spiral stair on the outside. Buildings are erected and leased to families on request.

Far opposite, over the meadows, are the barns and stables.

"It is untrue," White assures us, "that they separate man and wife and that they take children from parents here."

He himself is a young married man.

Half-past twelve we leave him and return to the carriage.

We continue on out the road longst their place and off to the sea and the Lighthouse. That, though, is another story,—one quite apart from this bit of transplanted India.

Sufferings of the Overland Emigrants to California in '49

From October 6, 1849 to November 3, 1850

By Vinton M. Pratelles

TO the Editor of the Herald and Tribune, New York, N. Y.—Dear Editor—Perhaps you may deem the following extract from my son's letter worthy of a place in the Herald and Tribune": . . .

"City of the Great Salt Lake, Rocky Mountains, Oct. 6, 1849.

"My dear Father: I scarcely know how to commence the chequered history of my journey from New York, but will endeavor to give you a very abbreviated account, reserving my journal until we again meet, which happiness will, I trust, yet be permitted to us. We started, 24 in number, on the 10th of March, armed and equipped for a long and toilsome journey.

"During the first part, having the advantage of hotels, we were very merry, and enjoyed ourselves amazingly, but this was not to last long, as we had yet to experience the toils of a camp life. We traveled some thousand miles upon the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. I was in a fever of apprehension the whole time, the accidents on the rivers being innumerable. They arise from 'snags,' pieces of timber sticking up in the muddy waters, from fire, collision and bursting of thin boilers, which are placed under the saloon.

"In the early part of May we purchased our mules and started on our journey across the vast prairie. Our party had six wagons, each drawn by eight mules, and, in addition, we rode upon these combinations of all that is stupid, spiteful and obstinate. For some little time I enjoyed the change—the novelty of this predatory mode of life. At day-break we left our tents and were soon busy around the camp fire, preparing breakfast. Our stores did not admit of much variety; coffee, bacon and hard-tack biscuit, forming the staple of our provisions. The weather soon became oppressively hot, the thermometer rising to 100 and 115 degrees. This was rendered much more trying by the entire absence of shade upon this ocean of land; indeed these vast plains closely resemble in atmospheric phenomena and in the appearance of the ground, the dry bed of some mighty sea. . . . The heat, with the quality of our food, soon produced bilious fever, and before our journey thus far was accomplished, half our number had suffered from this complaint. We were much mistaken in believing the route a healthy one, the road being marked with the graves of victims to the California gold fever. Turning over the leaves of my journal, I find the following account of a night in the prairie, and only one of the many similar:—June 9th; 'We had not been an hour in our tents before one of the most dreadful storms swept over us: the horizon was of the deepest purple,

illumined occasionally by flashes of forked lightning, the accompanying rain resembling, at the distance at which we stood, a rugged cloud descending to the earth. I cannot describe the startling effect of the thunder—each clap resembling some immense cannon shaking the very earth. I have a full perception of the sublimity and grandeur of these storms but cannot attempt an adequate description.'

"When the storm reached the tent it was blown over, and we were left to seek shelter in the best way we could. I dragged my coverings under a wagon, but soon found I was lying in a pool of water, with saturated blankets. I then crawled into a wagon, and in a cramped position, bitten horribly by mosquitoes, I passed an emphatically miserable night. . . . .

"The next day, an hour before sunrise, we espied, off to the Northwest, a large herd of buffalo. They seemed to be traveling toward us; their shaggy heads down, bellowing and throwing up clouds of dust, they seemed to blacken the ground for two miles in each direction. We waited nearly two hours for them to cross our path. One of our party shot a large bull, which supplied us with choice steaks and jerked, dried buffalo meat for the next thirty days.

"Two days journey on the other side of Fort Laramie, while we were baiting our animals at noon, on the banks of the Platte river, we saw a large body of Indians, who came sweeping down a gentle, sloping hill east of us. When they first appeared, they were about three quarters of a mile from us, and as they were mounted upon excellent chargers, they came with the rapidity of an arrow. It gave us little time enough to gather our mules and prepare ourselves to meet our belligerent visitors.

"Captain Sam Roundy ordered us to quickly gather the mules, and fasten them securely to the wagons. We then formed into line, our men showing great intrepidity, every man standing at his post undaunted. The efforts of the Indias were to either break our line or turn our flank; but being repulsed at all points, they were brought to a dead halt about a rod and a half in front of us. During all this, and for some time after, they were shaking out the priming from their guns, and priming them anew. They would then throw their guns to their shoulders, aim toward us, then slowly lower them. Many placed their arrows to their bow-strings, their lances in rest—and were wetting the ends of their arrows with their mouths, that they might not slip too quick from the finger and thumb.

"Their chiefs, whom we supposed kept intentionally behind, came up after awhile and showed signs of peace; but as they understood neither French nor English, nor we their language, and neither party having interpreters, we could only convey our ideas by signs. One of the chiefs presented a paper, which had been given him by Major Sanderson, commanding at Fort Laramie, certifying that 'this tribe was friendly to the whites;' upon which we told him to withdraw his men a little, which was done immediately. We presented them some crackers, dried meat, tobacco, etc., of which they partook, sat down and had a smoke, and thus everything concluded amicably. We then harnessed up our mules and pursued our journey. They very courteously filed to the right and left, and escorted us on our road until we came opposite their village. They were about two hundred in number, were of the tribe of 'Shyanns,' as they pronounced it.

"They presented the most respectable appearance of any Indians we have met with. Many of them were dressed in American style, with clothes of the best broadcloth, beaver hats, caps, etc. And those who were dressed in Indian costume, displayed the greatest elegance of taste in their attire. They were adorned with headdresses of feathers of the richest hues; and their various insignia of office, displayed a taste which is at once wild, romantic and beautiful. They were

mounted on excellent horses, richly caparisoned in many instances, and painted off in the most fantastic style; they pawed the ground and champed their bits, and seemed as impatient of restraint as their riders. We could not but admire the magnificent display which the lords of the prairie presented as they dashed with lightning speed upon us.

"The same evening the Crow Indians made an attack upon two outposts of a company of emigrants camped a few miles ahead of us, and stole twelve horses from one and nine from the other. Nothing saved us from a like fate but the strictness and faithfulness of our guard. These Crows stole a number of horses from a trader in our neighborhood the same night. Sam Roundy, our captain, kept up a guard of four men at a time, with scarcely an exception, all the way through.

"On our arrival at Fort Laramie, we obtained supplies for ourselves and animals. Those of our number who had passed this fort previously were astonished at the great improvement made here in a few months' time. Major Sanderson made us feel as if we had found an oasis in the desert. This same feeling of kindness and gentlemanly deportment seemed to pervade all ranks at the fort.

"We reached the 'city' near the Great Salt Lake the latter part of June. You will perhaps imagine that, being so styled, it resembles an 'English' city, but it is only in prospect; there being but three or four houses, built of logs, or mud bricks, called 'dobies,' and are not larger than one or two rooms; but time will accomplish much for this energetic and faithful people.

"Each house stands in 1¼ acre of garden ground, eight lots in a block, forming squares. The streets, which are wide, are to be lined with trees, with a canal, for the purpose of irrigation, running through the center. As our wagons entered this beautiful valley, with the long, absent comforts of a home in prospect, we experienced a considerable degree of real joy; and when, to my surprise and gratitude, I met a pious, kind and intelligent artist, and a countryman also, who took me, emaciated, sick and dirty, to his humble log home, my happiness seemed completed. . . .

"The land here is most fruitful. I am told it produces eighty bushels of wheat to the acre; fruit and vegetables grow in profusion. A city lot —that is, 1¼ acre—may be purchased at one dollar and fifty cents; and would produce food sufficient for my needs the whole year. No man, with ordinary intelligence, can be poor in such a place, and then, blessed privilege, he can be free from the harassments and perplexities which continually destroy the peace of those who live in an artificial state of society, such as is found in London and New York.

"We will thoroughly recruit up here in order to accomplish the remaining 600 miles, the distance that still intervenes between this city and California, and which will be the most difficult part of our journey.

"Immense loss of life and property, starvation, cholera, Indian depredations, 30,000 persons yet east of the mountains and desert.

"From the Salt Lake City, there are two routes to the mines, the Northern via Weberville, St. Mary's River, Carson River and Desert, Humboldt River and Lake, Truckee River, and then the Sierra Nevada Mountains, whose altitude is so great that snow is often several feet in depth on them as early in the year as September. It is not safe to leave Great Salt Lake Valley to go on this route later than the 15th of August. It is on this route that the terrible scenes of suffering, related in the following account occurred:

"Alta, Cal., Sept. 6, 1850.

"No man would believe that the number of people pouring into California was as great as it actually is, unless he traveled the Emigrant road. Our calculation was on the first four days after we left Weberville, that

we passed from 100 to 300 wagons per day. On the fifth day I counted the wagons, and the number we passed was 165. Nearly all were drawn by oxen. One hundred and fifty wagons per day for two months would make nine thousand wagons on this route. Yesterday, I counted the number of women, and it was forty-two. We passed fully that number every day since we left Weberville. Counting twenty-five women per day for two months, the number would be 1,500. We passed, at the lowest calculation, five hundred men per day. Four hundred per day for two months would make 24,000. Add to these the number who travel by other routes.

"Nearly all of those we passed were sturdy-looking Western workingmen. Most of them were afoot, having lost their animals on the desert, and scattered along, with care-worn and dejected countenances, dusty, and in many cases tattered habiliments, with pots, pans, bags, blankets and rifles strapped over their shoulders, they looked more like straggling volunteers, on a forced march than independent citizens bound for the land of gold. The women were generally young, good-looking and well dressed.

"Many of them were plump, fresh-looking farmers' daughters, and several of the handsomest I welcomed with bouquets of beautiful California flowers, gathered in the valleys on the other side of the snowy mountains. Some of the women handled the whip and reins, some were well mounted on horseback, some rode in the wagons, and others strolled on foot. Many of the men were in distress, and a few asked us for bread.

"Their misfortunes were chiefly owing to the loss of animals on the desert for want of food and water. I am told that the road through the desert is literally strewed with dead horses and oxen, and that 1,000 wagons were left on the desert. The road from Weberville to this place is strewed with broken wagons, wheels, harness, trunks, beds and bedding, dead oxen, etc. The loss of property on the route has been immense. Everything, except provisions, was thrown away and left on the road.

"At every camping ground the question is: 'Don't you want to buy this?' 'a splendid rifle,' 'a superfine coat,' 'a fine pair of boots,' 'a new pair of pants,' 'a good feather bed.' Any of these articles can be bought in the valley for five dollars. Flour and other articles of provisions have been sold at one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per pound.

"I have met several acquaintances here from the southern mines. They found gold, but not in sufficient quantities to induce them to remain. Rich discoveries will be made on this side of the mountains, but whether we will be the lucky ones remains to be seen. To-morrow we start for the Truckee River.

"I will write you again if anything worthy of note occurs.

"Yours truly

"R. W."

"Sacramento City, Cal., Tuesday, September 10, 1850.

"After enduring what no man should for gold alone (not one in a thousand would do it the second time) I am in California.

"The Overland emigration must indeed reap a golden harvest to repay it for its necessary sacrifices of human life, loss of property and the hardships and privations experienced. Permit me to give you a single scene: We passed directly over the camping ground where forty or fifty California emigrants had perished, and been eaten up by their fellow-sufferers only a few days before we passed. Skulls, bones and carcases lay strewed in every direction. We also met one of the hindmost of the unfortunate emigrants making his way in to the settlements. He was a German, and had lived upon human flesh for several weeks. The entire route presents a similar aspect, though not quite so frightful in its features.

"Many believe there are dead ani-

mals enough on the desert (45 miles) between Humboldt Lake and Carson River to pave a road the whole distance. We will make a moderate estimate, and say there is a dead animal to every five feet left on the desert this season, which would make about 45,000 head. This number, at the low average of $50 for horses, mules and cattle, would produce over $2,000,000. I counted 153 wagons within one and a half miles. Before all is over, there will be as many as 100 wagons to the mile, which at 100 dollars each, makes $450,000. Then the desert is strewn with all other kinds of property—tools, clothes, crockery, harness, beds, bedding, etc., and there cannot be left on this desert this season less than $3,000,000 of property.

"California of 1849 is not California of 1850. A great change has taken place, and this year's emigration is most egregiously disappointed. Surface mining yields nothing near the amount it did last year. Labor rates from two dollars to three dollars per day, and hundreds are working for their board, but the latter are usually the necessitous, possessing neither money, tools, nor provisions to go to work with, and consequently compelled to accept any offer.

"The wild and savage tribes of Indians that roam over these terrific regions take every advantage to steal, murder and plunder the already unfortunate emigrants. We passed one camping ground to-day which was strewn with the bodies of victims to their murderous attack. The Indians had shot some and tommyhawked others!; scalping them and stealing everything in camp. Thus many are left more than six hundred miles beyond the settlements. Fighting between the Indians and emigrants occurs almost daily. Thirty thousand persons are yet beyond the mountains and desert, of which number fifteen to twenty thousand persons are now destitute of all kinds of provisions, yet the period of their greatest suffering is yet to come. It will be impossible for ten or twelve thousand of this number to reach the mountains before the commencement of winter.

"We are indebted to Hawley & Co.'s express for the Sacramento Transcript of yesterday, containing two letters from Captain Waldo, giving this information, both letters dated September 15th, one at Great Meadow, Humboldt River, the other dated Truckee River. He states that the relief committee has not a single pound of flour east of the mountains; that he entered the desert on the 7th inst., met two men who had given up to die from starvation; same day two men died of starvation on Carson Desert; that those with wagons have no food but their poor, exhausted animals; that footmen subsist on the putrified flesh of the dead animals along the road, and disease and death are consequently sweeping them down. The cholera made its appearance on the 8th, and eight persons out of a small train died of it in three hours.

"Captain Waldo was about starting to try to persuade such as are from four to six hundred miles back, to return to Salt Lake. He calls for ten thousand pounds of flour for the station at Truckee, and the same amount for the summit.

"We regret our inability to give as much communications as we could wish. He asks for contributions, and offers to the city council his claim to ten thousand dollars' worth of property if they will forward that amount in flour and articles for the needy sick, to that place. His report is fearful.

"A black man, from Boston, rode a pony express night and day, 400 miles, with the information: 'Cannot something be done here to save the lives of these, our countrymen and friends? Many of them are women and children, widows and orphans, their husbands and fathers having died with the cholera or starvation.' "

THE FIESTA

By Ray McIntyre King

TO-DAY is the Monday, and the Friday is the great, the gran' Fiesta, and I have the nothing to wear!"

As she finished her morning tasks in the ranch house, Mrs. Quatros, wife of the Portuguese dairyman, bewailed her hard fate aloud to her little Mary. That little one, being only four, and therefore not as yet arrived at years of feminine understanding, danced like an untroubled, unsympathetic and bright-eyed sprite about her mother.

"And I can ride the merry-go-round." She clapped her little hands joyously.

"Ach! Ach! Baby, there must be no merry-go-round, no Fiesta! We must stay the home."

"I will ride, I will!" shrilled the little one, defiantly. "Papa, he say I should ride."

The little dark-eyed, dark-skinned woman went to her room, opened her big trunk and knelt beside it. Unnoticed and unreproved, little Mary explored a far corner of the trunk, which to her seemed a rich and wonderful treasure box. Her mother was absorbed in carefully and deprecatingly sorting out her "bes' clothes." The closer she inspected her wardrobe, the deeper became her despair. She unwound a priceless home-made linen towel—the work of her own girlhood in her far "old country" of Portugal—and held up her best hat. It had cost only $3.98 to begin with, and the fierce suns of two brilliant California summers had hopelessly dimmed and dulled its cheap glories.

"If we were reech," she murmured, bitterly, "and rode in an auto, I could wear the towel, the rag, anything, over my head, but the wife of the poor Shon Quatros, she should to have the fine hat! The fine hat I have not, ach, ach!"

At that moment, little Mary, in her explorations, unearthed her own particular garment of state, a little scarlet frock with gilt buttons carefully wrapped in bits of tissue paper.

"The bad, bad baby!" cried the mother, giving the curious, prying little fingers a sharp rap. Thereat, the surprised, spoiled little one voiced her indignation in loud, tearless wails out of all proportion to the punishment. The mother-heart of Mrs. Quatros melted in shame and remorse. One should not be mean to one's baby even if one had no clothes to wear to the great, the grand Fiesta.

When peace was restored, it was the mother whose face was tear-begrimed, and it was little Mary who, gurglingly happy, was delving in the treasure depths of the big trunk. Presently she found her mother's best white shirt-waist and her mother's best gray panama skirt, and wadded them excitedly into her mother's lap. How could the child know that the skirt had unaccountably acquired a brownish spot on the front gore that no amount of cleaning would remove! And the shirt waist was old fashioned and sadly needed laundrying.

"No," said Mrs. Quatros, firmly, "I shall no wash it, and then at the verra last minute I can say to Shon, 'My shirt-waist is no clean to go to the Fiesta.'

"No," she told herself, bitterly, "I no go to the Fiesta. It would be more better I stay at home. My verra reech sister-in-law will be there. I

no shame her with my verra old, tacky clothes."

Only yesterday she had been to see Mrs. Silva, her "verra reech sister-in-law." That fat, comely Portuguese lady had donned for her poor relation's envious admiration her resplendent garments bought especially for wearing to the coming festival. She showed an expensive silken tissue robe worn over a lavendar silk slip. She had a new, widely spreading black and lavender hat, and lavender silk gloves that reached but did not quite hide the huge dimples in her fat elbows. Altogether, Mrs. Silva's elaborate and expensive toilette would be worthy Rose Valley's fifteenth annual and most resplendent and widely advertised Fiesta.

The Fiesta was Rose Valley's one social and business event of the year. Almost every town of superior California boasts a distinctive festival. Chico might advertise her Fourth; Oroville her Water Carnival; Gridley her Cannery Picnic; Colusa her River Carnival; Sacramento her Fiesta of the Dawn of Gold; but it remained for little Rose Valley to celebrate each June with increasing annual fame her Fiesta of the Roses.

It would shame one's fellow-citizens not to appear in fine holiday attire on such an occasion when all the world came to one's town. In particular, it would shame one dairyman's little wife to parade her shabby clothes alongside the grandeur and elegance of the "verra reech sister-in-law."

"No," she told herself for the hundredth time, "I shall no go to the gran' Fiesta."

At that moment, a distant door slammed, and Mrs. Quatros heard little John, her ten year old son, stamping and shouting through the ranch house. He was megaphoning through his hands, imitating the long-drawn nasal twang and shrill, strident call of a popular side-show spieler of the previous year's Fiesta:

"Jungle ta-a-own! Jungle ta-a-own!
Huge pythons, alligators, crocodiles,
O-rang-o-tangs, monkeys.
Jungle ta-a-own! Jungle ta-a-own!
Right from Afrikee!"

"Little Shon, little Shon," screamed his mother, distractedly, from her room, "many time I tell you no say that: it give me the bad dream!"

"Say, maw," answered the boy when he had located his mother. "At the Fiesta, kin I ride on the Ferris wheel? And——"

"The boy, the boy!" she wailed to the lithographed Madonna hanging over her bed, "it will break the heart to no go to the Fiesta, but I shall no go!"

All her thoughts of the coming festival were enshrouded in clouds and fogs of lavender and black, and those were anything but cheerful combinations in Mrs. Quatros' visions. Not that she wanted any similar perfervid raiment for herself. She was much too modest and simple in tastes to choose, even if she could have afforded it, such expensive and noticeable dress; but she wanted what such things bespoke, financial ease and competence. And just at that time the Quatros felt poorer and harder driven financially than they had ever felt in all their married life.

Some twelve years before she had come, a young girl fresh from the highlands of Portugal, and to pay her passage she had gone to work in the rich Mrs. Silva's kitchen. In the great Silva dairy, young John Quatros, brother of the wealthy dairyman's wife, was working as a milker. It had been a very pretty romance between the two young people. After their marriage, they had continued working for the Silvas. After patient years of serving, John Quatros finally asserted himself and embarked in his own small, but independent, dairy business. All his savings went as first payment on his cows. The creamery paid twice a month, and every other cream check must go to the payment of the remainder which he owed for his cows. He was renting alfalfa land at ten dollars per acre, and it re-

quired careful management to pay his land rental, his family living expenses and the incidental dairy expenses out of the other, his half, of the income. By the severest economy and frugality, the Quatros were slowly but surely paying off the debt for their cows. They began to see the end of their long financial stringency, when an unexpected profit and loss account, for which they had left no margin in their calculations, had to be reckoned with.

John had begun somewhat incautiously to increase his dairy, and in his first purchase of cows the dairy inspector found and condemned as tubercular a number of valuable animals. That was a heavy loss. Then the seepage waters from a canal killed out a large tract of alfalfa, and he found that his lease had no provision for his protection in such an event, and a lawsuit against the canal company promised only remote and inadequate damages.

"Meester Wright, I owe so much," John explained to his wife a few days before the Fiesta, "and him I haf to pay next week. I haf not the mon', only so leetle of it, and when I tell him, what Meester Wright say and what bad things Meester Wright do to us, I no say."

John Quatros was used to meeting his obligations promptly, and it troubled him sorely that his debts should go unpaid, even in part. In a flood of Portuguese, John explained to his wife that if this creditor, Mr. Wright, should be harsh and attach their dairy, that it would go hard with them. Ever so little pressure at that time might mean ruin for the Quatros fortunes.

"If Meester Wright be hard on me, maybe so I get a shob with my verra reech sister once again," groaned John.

"We haf the bad luck now," said Mrs. Quatros, hopefully, although her soul was sick with this new worry. "But maybe not for long."

The black and lavender fogs lifted instantly from her spirit. What were such trivial things as gala clothes if the dairy, everything, was threatened with ruin? What mattered the age of a hat or a waist if they should have to go back to the old hired-man servitude with the Silvas?

Sorrowfully, she watched her husband as he went away to his work in the separator house. After a decade and more, she still thought him the handsomest of men, with his great breadth of shoulders, the well set head with the heavy black hair, the bright color in his dark cheeks, the kind mouth gleaming with its full complement of shapely, white teeth. His best feature was his eyes, those great, dark, melting eyes of the South European races.

"The good man he is to me," she said, tenderly. "I should not to worry him about Fiesta clothes. I should no stay at home. I should to make him go to the Fiesta. It would give him the glad heart. If we have not the mon' and not the fine clothes, we should to keep the heart glad anyway. Maybe so I go to the Fiesta for Shon and little Shon and little Mary—to keep their hearts glad."

So with much secret worry and many unhappy forebodings, Mrs. Quatros, on the very last day before the Fiesta, made hasty preparations. The shirt waist was hurriedly laundried that soil and crumples should not be added to its offensive old fashionedness. Her best culinary efforts were expended on the picnic lunch. Her family should have one good dinner—it might be their last for many a day—she thought grimly. If harder times were in store for them, she resolved that her little ones should not be made to suffer double, once in anticipation and once in realization.

With full lunch basket and smiling holiday mein, the Quatros family went forth with the crowds to the great Fiesta. Once in the laughing, jostling crowd, Mrs. Quatros soon forgot her clothes and all financial worries. There was so much of vivid interest in the thousands of strange faces, the long parade of hundreds of rose-decked automobiles, the gymnasts and acrobats, the dozens of side shows with enticing

banners and loud-voiced spielers, the Ferris Wheel, with its dipping, dangling, ever-ascending seats always crowded; the merry-go-round with its loud, inspiring steam organ, and its laughing loads of children whirling ecstatically, and the bands and orchestras blaring from new-lumber platforms rising above the ever-moving crowds.

One might have been in a strange city for all one saw of familiar faces. Only once did Mrs. Quatros catch a glimpse of a distant lavender and black toilette that might or might not have gowned her sister-in-law.

Leading their children tightly by the hands, the Quatros walked about the wide, oak-shaded Fiesta park. From attraction to attraction, they pushed their way, happily engrossed with the wonder and newness and fascination of all this noisy activity.

While John took the children riding on the merry-go-round, Mrs. Quatros found a seat on a park bench. Her family was having "the good time," and her mother heart swelled with sweet emotions. She thought how little ones could not always be little, and that the best of living comes from making the little ones happy.

Beside her sat a plain, unfashionable woman, who looked lonely and pensive. Out of her full heart, Mrs. Quatros spoke to her.

"This day is more better for the children," she said, with a bright nod toward the crowded merry-go-round.

"Mine are grown up and gone, and I haven't even a grandchild here to help me enjoy it," said the stranger. So it was that the two fell into friendly and absorbing talk about that universal theme of all good mothers, their children. On the other side of the unknown woman sat a gentleman who listened smilingly, but silently, to the sprightly conversation between the two women.

"It is the dinner time," cried Mrs. Quatros, when she saw seeking her from afar her husband and children, all evidently somewhat dazed and giddy with long-continued whirling.

"Yes," said the woman with a wry smile. "Presently my husband is going to take me over to the pavilion to get dinner."

"The bought dinner is no good," cried Mrs. Quatros, excitedly. "My sister-in-law, she say last year she eat the bought dinner and then she verra sorry, for it give her the bad thoughts —worry, worry, worry, for fear maybe she die next day, next week, with, what you say?—ptomaine poison. It verra bad for the stomach to eat the fear with the bought dinner! She like much better to eat my dinner, but I no see her. I like you and your man to help eat my dinner. I have the fry cheeken and the berry pie, and the cakes, all so good. I make myself, like my verra reech sister-in-law, she show me when I learn to cook American."

At this moment, the gentleman sitting beside the strange woman touched her arm.

"It would be imposing on this lady to accept her invitation, dear," he said. "But her dinner sounds mighty good compared to the pavilion fare."

"So, so, your husband? And you no say?" beamed Mrs. Quatros. "Oh, I like so verra, verra much you please to eat dinner with us. Here comes my man. Shon, I have ask these two if so please they eat dinner with us."

Either intentionally, or thoughtlessly, the strange woman had not during their conversation mentioned her name, and she did not introduce her husband. At his wife's announcement John Quatros smiled most friendly at the woman, but when his glance rested on the man beside her, the color washed his dark face with surprise and embarrassment. Recovering himself quickly, however, he offered his hand to the strange gentleman with eager friendliness.

"Maybe so my wife not know you," he explained. "This," to his wife, "this is Meester Wright."

Mr. Wright! Their hard creditor, the one to whom payment was due next week, the man who had it in his power to press and ruin them! Would

he think her forward and presumptious? Poor little Mrs. Quatros gulped in astonishment and confusion.

"Maybe so the dinner taste more better," she hastened to urge. "Now we know Meester and Meesis Wright. Please so to eat with us," she begged.

"With pleasure," accepted Mr. Wright. "Provided, after dinner, you lend me this little chap"—pinching little John's hard red cheek—"I've some nickels burning my pocket to get spent on a real live boy. Eh, Mrs. Quatros?"

The Quatros and their guests went off to the wagonette left standing under a great live oak. Soon the two women were chattering merrily, while they spread the cloth and set out the abundant, tempting viands. Mrs. Quatros established herself at Mr. Wright's elbow, and never slave waited more devotedly on a master than did she on their creditor. Platters of fried chicken and sliced ham, bowls of home-made pickles and cold slaw, plates of pie, and cake, and ice cream, dewy glasses of lemonade with suggestive icy tinglings in their refreshing depths, all, she pressed upon him, and he did eat with all the enthusiasm and appreciation of the healthy, hungry man who eats his fill and trusts God for the rest.

In the glow of good-fellowship that followed the dinner, Mr. Wright spoke to John.

"By the way, John," he said quite in the familiar way of fast friends, "about that payment next week, don't trouble yourself about it just now. I hear you have had some bad luck lately, and I am glad to give you a considerable extension of time if you need it. I feel like helping a steady, hard-working man, especially when he has a good wife like yours."

"You are the good, kind man," said John, his voice trembling with gratitude. "Yes, I haf the good wife. Maybe so my luck no so bad, for I have the good wife, and now I haf Meester Wright for my friend."

"You will make it all right," said Mr. Wright confidently.

It was a tired, happy Quatros family that rode homeward from the Fiesta. Little Mary's scarlet frock was streaked with candy and ice cream. She snuggled beside her mother, her little sticky hand clasping a precious little wad, a little collapsed red rubber balloon. Little John hunched in the front seat beside his father, muttered drowsily, and unreproved:

"Jungle ta-a-own! Crockodiles—"

As their horse turned into the olive avenue leading to the ranch house, Mrs. Quatros leaned forward from the wagonette's back seat till her bright, eager face was close to her husband's ear.

"Ah, Shon," she said, "it was the great, the gran' Fiesta!"

"It was the good wife," flung back her husband, happily, "what make it the gran' Fiesta!"

THE BLIND SEARCH

We are too learned, we who search for God
In halls of science and in obscure writ;
We are too pinned to rusted theories
To see Him whom we vainly strive to please—
And in the striving fail. Too high we look,
Believing, as have centuries of men,
That a dread supernatural presence broods
Above the plane of mortal fretfulness.
With wrinkled brows and heads among the clouds
We look in vain. The child of simple heart
Stoops down and plucks a wildflower, and, behold!
He has found God; while we in research wise,
Have drawn apart and lost Him as we sought. C. L. Saxby.

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN

By Elizabeth Vore

THE UPSTAIRS lady came trailing softly down the stairs. She wore a pale green gown of some filmy texture, which fell about her with a soft swish-swash, as Sangfreid described it. Bertreim could have sworn that she had on the green gown, although his back was toward the door, and the door was shut between them. Bertreim always knew what the upstairs lady wore—he did not need to see her. Whether he attained this knowledge by the proverbial sixth sense, or by some other psychological process, I am unable to say. It necessitated very acute ears to know when the upstairs lady condescended to come down to the plane occupied by common mortals. Her feet made about as much noise as did the rose petals when the wind drifted them down on the window casement, as it was doing at this moment. The upstairs lady and the rose petals were drifting down at the same time. This thought was in Bertreim's mind. It was such comparisons from Bertreim, who boasted from the housetops and the market-places that he was not a poet, which kept his friends and enemies alike in convulsions. True, Bertreim did not write poetry—but he painted it—poetry personified characterized every canvass which had made his fame, for, although it is a good deal to say of a man in this day, he was famous.

Bertreim's hearing, it may be remarked, had grown very acute of late. There was but one pair of ears keener, and they belonged exclusively to Sangfreid.

At that moment the door was thrown open, and Sangfried himself appeared on the threshold. The wind had blown his curls in bright confusion about his face, and his eyes were shining like stars.

"I met the upstairs lady just now, father, as I came in, and she stopped for a moment and spoke to me!" he cried, excitedly. "She asked my name—s-h! she is passing now!" He pointed a slender finger to the open window.

Bertreim, his brush suspended in mid-air, looked in that direction, and caught a glimpse of a green dress, held up by a pretty white hand as she passed.

"What a pretty hand she has!" said Sangfreid, his little artist's face aglow with worshipful admiration.

"She is not wearing gloves to-day," remarked Bertreim, as one imparting an important piece of wisdom.

"Why, as for that, father, she seldom does!" cried Siegfreid, in surprise. "How could you have forgotten?"

Bertreim colored slightly, and painted with rapid strokes which threatened disaster.

"True, she does not. I had not forgotten, Sangfreid. It was a stupid remark," he said quietly. It was a part of Bertreim's bringing up of his son to be strictly honest with him, even as to his thoughts. It was a matter of honor between them that there could never be any toleration of anything resembling falsehood.

Sangfreid came across and sat down near his father. He rested his chin in his slender young hand, a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes.

"I think," he said, judicially, after several moments of silence, "that she

went to the matinee."

"I had thought of a kettle-drum, or —er—that sort of thing that ladies attend in the afternoon. She is English, and it is almost sure to be a kettle-drum," said Bertreim with the gravity that such a weighty subject demanded.

It was a favorite pastime of theirs to guess where the upstairs lady went, and one which Sangfreid never wearied. If his father wearied, he gave no evidence of it. The game, begun to interest Sangfreid, had, to all appearances, become equally fascinating to Sangfreid's father.

In this instance they were both wrong. The upstairs lady had gone neither to the matinee nor an afternoon social function, for she returned in a half hour or so. There was an odor of violets wafted to them as she again passed the window. Her arms seemed full of them.

Sangfreid laughed outright at their stupidity.

"She had only gone to the florist's!" he exclaimed. He tilted his delicate, straight little nose upward, sniffiing unconsciously.

"Makes me remember that I love violets better than any other flowers!" he said with a sigh of delight.

Bertreim regarded him meditatively.

"Sangfreid, you will never again be so young as you are now," he remarked.

"Why, no, father, of course not!" cried Sangfreid. "I am nine years old —in another year I shall be ten! Every week, I am seven days older than I was the week before."

"The last is true of all of us, Sangfreid, but few of us can afford it as well as you can," said Bertreim, with a slight sigh.

"I keep wondering," said Sangfreid, "who gave her the rose."

"The rose!" cried Bertreim in astonishment.

"Yes; I quite forgot to tell you about the rose. She wore it pinned on to her gown when she went out. It was not like our roses by the window, but a great American Beauty rose. That was one reason why I liked the violets so well. The rose did not quite please me. I had rather you or I had given it to her, father. It was a beautiful rose, though. I do not think it can be bought at the florist's. Have you ever seen any at the florist's?"

No, Bertram had not. They were only raised in hot houses and conservatories. His hand shook slightly, and he put a big dash of vermilion on the nose of the fawn he was painting in his "Idyl of Evening."

Sangfreid, who had witnessed this catastrophe, came over and stood beside him. His delicate face had paled.

"You've done it now," he said, soberly.

"I think I can save it," replied Bertreim, quietly, scraping industriously with his palette knife.

Sangfreid, who had learned when silence was golden, said no more, but held his breath. While his father, with skillful strokes, worked away with tightly set lips, his Rembrandt type of face was sharply outlined in the brilliant afternoon sunshine. Sangfreid's eyes, leaving the picture, rested upon it in loving sympathy, understanding well the anxiety in every line of the artist's face, and the gravity of the fine eyes.

After what seemed a lifetime of waiting, he ventured timidly:

"I hope I was not to blame, father?"

Bertreim flashed him a loving glance of reassurance.

"*Ach! Nein, mein kind!*" he said, relapsing into the mother tongue, as he was apt to do when he felt deeply. He hesitated, and then added in matter-of-fact English: "You might take a run to the attic for a while, Sangfreid —you know Mrs. Maitland never objects—while I straighten out this infern—— That is—er—Sangfreid."

Sangfreid replied only with a little, comprehensive wave of his hand to imply that he understood, and needed no explanations, and turning, went out of the room.

Upon the second landing, he tiptoed softly past the door of the upstairs lady's apartments. He would

have liked greatly to have gone in, but he thought she might be tired after her walk—besides, perhaps it was too soon.

Seigfreid had a nice discrimination of what was good taste. For although he was undersized for his years, he was also very old for a boy of nine, as a result of never having had any children to play with.

It is an old saying that no one knows what waits for him just round the corner. Sangfreid was to visit the upstairs lady sooner than he expected.

The shadows of evening were beginning to fall when Bertreim laid aside his brush and viewed his work with an exclamation of relief. He believed the picture was as good as when his careless hand had wrought such ruin. It would be one of the best in the fall exhibition he did not doubt.

At that moment, a gay lilt of song, sung in a man's rich baritone, was heard in the hall outside. Bertreim's tired face brightened.

He laid aside his brush and looked up with a smile, as the door opened in response to his cheery:

"Don't stop to knock, Barry!" and a tall, broad shouldered young giant entered, the song scarcely hushed upon his lips. He was an exceedingly wholesome specimen of American manhood—just plain, ordinary Jerry Jackson, as to name—"Barry" being only a nick-name, because of his very extraordinary baritone voice, which was the most remarkable in New York. He was more than a singer. His compositions were being sung on two continents with marked success, which is quite enough fame for one young man.

Bertreim loved him. This remark would have been superfluous to any one who had witnessed the smile with which he had greeted him. He threw himself down on the couch and stretched his long limbs with a sigh of content.

"Sing it, Barry," he said briefly.

Jackson, who was only waiting for an invitation, seated himself at an open piano, and a moment later the room was flooded with melody. It was a glorious voice, and it had never been more glorious than in this new composition, which was still fresh enough to have the touch of inspirational fire, which causes the composer to render his song in the beginning as he never can afterward.

Bertreim closed his eyes and drifted off into an exquisite harmony, through which a slender figure in a green gown floated through a maze of rosy clouds, an Elysium of birds' songs, and the scent of violets, lighted by the radiance of a pair of tender blue eyes.

At that moment, some one tapped on the door. With an impatient exclamation, Bertreim came out of the world of radiance and song, and, getting up, went to the door and opened it. He started back in amazement when he saw whom was his visitor.

At the same moment, the music stopped with a crash, and an instant later Jackson stood beside him.

"Miss Elwood!" he exclaimed in amazement. Undeniable pleasure mingled with the astonishment in his voice.

The upstairs lady held out a delicate, slender hand to meet the one extended, but her eyes were very grave —all the exquisite color had left her face.

Bertreim's face was scarcely less white. That his friend and the upstairs lady were acquaintances was evidently a shock to him. But her first words banished all thoughts of amazement from his mind.

"It is in regard to the little lad—Seigfreid, I think is his name," she said, gravely, turning to Bertreim. Something in her face warned him of trouble.

"Sangfreid? I trust he has not intruded!" he began courteously.

"You do not understand. He fell from the attic stairs just now. I cannot think he is hurt seriously." She finished hurriedly, her eyes full of pity at the sudden whiteness of his face.

"He is in my apartments, and I sent

Mrs. Maitland to him as I came down stairs."

"Permit me to go to him," said Bertreim, huskily. All that was whitest and sweetest and most sacred in himself was personified in his son.

She led the way silently.

The room of the upstairs lady was flooded with sunshine. Its walls were tinted in cream color, and the afternoon sunshine gave it a warm, mellow radiance. There was the odor of violets in the air. To the day of his death, Bertreim would remember the minutest detail of that room—whether it was his terror which stamped it upon his memory with electrifying force, or by that sub-consciousness that is often peculiarly alert under moments of intense mental anxiety.

By the west window, where one had a view of the distant ocean, lay Sangfreid. His eyes were closed, and his face as white as the pillow on which his head rested. Bertreim's face was scarcely less white as he knelt down and placed his arm under the bright head, lifting him up tenderly.

"Sangfreid, my boy!" he cried anxiously. His hand shook perceptibly. He chafed the boy's hands, so like his own, and pushed back the curls from his face, but Sangfreid did not stir nor open his eyes.

"*Ach mein Gott in Himmel!*" cried Bertreim huskily.

There was a flutter of linen and lace in white hands. The upstairs lady had suddenly put her handkerchief to her eyes, her woman's heart unable to bear the pain in the big, anguished voice.

"Come! Come! I can't think the boy is seriously hurt, Bertreim. Bring the little fellow downstairs and send for Dr. Menton. He will fix him up all right. Don't give way, Miss Elwood—it's certain to turn out better than it seems," said Jackson.

"Pardon me, fraulein," said Bertreim, huskily. "It is not my wish to impose upon your goodness." He lifted the boy in his arms as he spoke. Sangfreid, unconscious that he had made his first visit to the upstairs lady, limp and white was held against his father's heart and carried downstairs to their own rooms, where Bertreim laid him on the couch, while Jackson telephoned for the doctor.

Bertreim became vaguely conscious that some one was beside him, holding a bowl of water in her slender hands. She set it down and bathed the boy's white face.

"It is infinitely good of you," said Bertreim, stumblingly. "A man is so helpless." He seemed to be feeling his way through a great darkness in which there was no longer any hope of light.

She was rewarded presently by seeing the color creep back into Sangfreid's face. In a few moments he opened his eyes.

"Sangfreid!" It was his father's voice; the exquisite tenderness of it sent a thrill through the heart of the woman kneeling beside him. He lifted first one of the boy's hands, and then the other, to his lips. His eyes were full of tears.

At that moment the doctor came.

"Thank Heaven!" muttered Jackson. He wrung the doctor's hand. "Bad work here, I'm afraid," he said in an undertone.

Sangfreid was entirely conscious when the doctor sat down beside him. His face was contorted with agony.

"Why, Sangfreid, what does this mean?" asked the doctor.

Sangfreid tried to smile.

"The upstairs lady—I want her!" he murmured.

She had only withdrawn outside the door at the doctor's arrival, and she came at once as Jackson beckoned to her.

"Don't leave me!" whispered Sangfreid.

"No, dear," she said, gently. "I shall be right here."

The doctor made a careful examination.

"H—m! A bad twist to the wrong leg—always is the wrong leg," he said cheerfully. "Nothing worse—no bones broken. Why, Sangfreid, you'll come out of this in good shape. Yes! Yes!

All right here. Now, we'll hurt you a little—won't amount to anything. You will bear it like a soldier. Here, smell this and doze off for a minute. It would be a great deal worse if it were broken bones. Might be a mere splinter—nothing worse."

When Sangfreid again regained consciousness, his father and the upstairs lady sat beside him. Jackson had been compelled to go to rehearsal, and the doctor had just gone. Sangfreid's hand was in the hand of the upstairs lady. His father, pale and silent, was watching him with tender solicitude. To Sangfreid's surprise, a white-capped nurse stood at the foot of the couch, her hands full of bandages. He wondered dimly why she was there, but he was too tired to try and think about it. He heard the street door close—it was the doctor leaving. Then he dozed off again, and did not know when the upstairs lady laid his little, limp hand down and turned to his father.

"I will go now. The doctor said he would sleep. The nurse can let me know if he wants me. If you need me, I beg you will not hesitate to send for me," she said, earnestly.

Bertreim held out his hand.

"There are some instances," he said huskily, "where gratitude cannot be spoken."

"It was nothing," she protested, gently. "Any one would have done it."

Bertreim, gazing after her as she left the room, had that in his eyes which caused the demure nurse to turn her face away and suddenly busy herself in counting over the bandages in a most matter of fact manner.

The story of Sangfreid's illness and convalescence would make a book, in which the element of romance would be stronger than the historical interest. Consequently it must be passed over without a detailed account. During this time there was one heart, aside from Sangfreid's, which was lost entirely. It belonged to Sangfreid's father—had belonged to him, I offer as an amendment—it was now the sole property of the upstairs lady, and in her keeping, but, unhappily, she was not aware of this fact.

Sangfreid was out for his first walk after his illness. He was on his way to the park. It was late in the afternoon, and the heat of the day was over. When he entered the cool, shaded walk which he always liked best, he was beginning to feel very tired. A bench under the trees in a secluded corner looked very inviting to the little convalescent. He was about to sink down on it with a sigh of satisfaction, when he saw something which caused him to stop short.

On another bench, on the other side of the trees, two people were sitting, secure in the belief that they were unobserved. The man had his arm about the young lady's waist, and her head rested on his shoulder. Sangfreid needed but one glance—that was enough.

It was Jackson and the upstairs lady! On the truth of this, Sangfreid would have been willing to have staked his honor as a gentleman. He turned and went away silently, his thin little face white and drawn, and holding more misery than any child's face ought to hold.

It seemed an endless journey home. When he entered, his face smote Bertreim with deepest alarm.

"What is it, my boy? What has gone wrong?" he asked in an axious voice. Sangfreid threw himself down sobbing upon the couch. His father arose abruptly, and went and sat down beside him.

"*Ach! leib kindlein, es ist der Vater —spracken zie nicht?*" he murmured tenderly.

It all came out then, between Sangfreid's weary sobs. Bertreim did not speak again. His hand held tightly the hand of his son. The gathering shadows hid the whiteness of his face.

Thus they sat in the dusk and silence that was broken only by Sangfreid's sobbing, Bertreim's free hand stroking the curly head mechanically.

Some one closed the street door. Bertreim started. The consciousness of love is keen. Instinctively he knew

who it was. Bending over, he touched his lips to the boy's hot forehead, and arose and went out of the room. She was half of the way up the stairs when he spoke her name.

Something in his voice caused her to turn quickly and come down to him. Again she wore a great American Beauty rose.

"What is it? Is Sangfreid worse?" she asked, anxiously.

His reply was irrelevant.

"May I ask who gave you that rose?" he asked.

She looked surprised.

"The rose? It grew in my mother's conservatory. I find that I must tell you something, Mr. Bertreim. At least I would like to do so. I took apartments here because my family and friends were opposed to my professional life. I, too, am an artist! It is a secret I have kept well. 'Marcella Montague' is the name signed to all my work in the Academy."

He told her, then, simply and directly what Sangfreid had seen.

"I must know the truth, Miss Elwood, now—to-night. Are you engaged to my friend, Mr. Jackson?" he asked.

A swift light of intelligence had dawned in her face.

"What a mistake, and yet such a natural one!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Jackson is engaged to my sister. We are so alike that even our best friends cannot tell us apart, unless they see our faces. Allie's eyes are brown and mine are blue. I would not permit my family to tell even Mr. Jackson where I was. You can imagine his surprise when he discovered me. I am painting what I hope is a great picture, for the fall exhibition, and cannot be disturbed by my friends. I—I am not engaged to any one, Mr. Bertreim."

During the weeks of Sangfreid's convalescence, Bertreim had held himself well in hand, knowing that silence was the best wisdom. There is perhaps no greater test of character than to preserve absolute silence when every desire of Nature prompts one to speak. It is the cloud with the *golden* lining, about which one hears so little, but which means so much. Suddenly, Bertreim realized that he had passed through its shadow.

It all came about naturally—there was no melodrama in it. As I have recorded once before, Bertreim's heart had for a long time been in the keeping of the upstairs lady, and happily she now knew it.

He spoke but a few words. I doubt if either of them could have told afterward what they were. He simply took her in his arms and kissed her with a sort of solemnity. Presently, when he found his voice again, it was to murmur some caressing words in the mother tongue, which she could not have translated, but the meaning of which she understood perfectly well, since it is the same in all languages under the sun.

A few minutes later he said, with a hint of mischief in his voice:

"Take back those words, if you please, which you spoke a moment ago —when you said you were not engaged to any one."

"Consider them unspoken," she murmured, blushing adorably.

Through the open door came the sound of muffled sobs.

"Sangfreid! He has seen us!" cried his father, with swift remorse.

They went to him at once. The upstairs lady knelt down beside him, and laid her face against his tear-wet cheek.

"What are you crying for, Sangfreid? It is all right now, dear," she said, gently.

"But who was it with Mr. Jackson?" he asked, chokingly.

"That," she said, tenderly, her voice breaking into soft laughter, "was another lady. What are you crying for, little Sangfreid?"

"I am crying," said Sangfreid, "because I am so happy!"

THE SPITE VEST

By Mildred Ludlum

UNDER the high silence of the spangly, ballet-skirted night, a long figure was looping and unlooping itself with iterant regularity. In the fitful light one could just make out the spare body, spade in hand, digging and planting. Something in the muffled fall of the dirt, withholding the honest thud of it, was suggestively secretive. Through the patient non-resisting hours he worked, lashed on by a wire sprung hate that was tireless as machinery. He resented stopping to wipe the sweat from his brow, but as he did so, his eyes whipped keenly through the smutted night caverns about him.

"Not many more."

A soft nose pressed into his body on one of the down-bendings.

"Git along back," the man propelled the slight sound into the furry ear. " 'Twon't take much longer. Gittin' lonesome?"

An ecstatic wriggle and the padded faithfulness went back to its post as watcher.

The man gathered the armful of young trees, taking them where in the gloom, horses were hitched to a light wagon.

"The last one."

He turned to whistle to the dog, but by some subtle unerring instinct the wet smudgy nose brushed his leg.

"All right, old man, come along."

And under his breath he kept muttering, "I'll get 'em evened up yet. Go and wear your fancy vest. Reckon the laugh'll be on my side yet," in never wearying repetition.

Gray caravans of cloud began to march in confused and huddled ranks across the night glory.

"It's goin' to rain." The old man thumped his thigh and writhed in silent laughter, the dog jumping and bounding high about his master, his unquestioning receptivity of mood making him a veritable four-footed Alice Ben Bolt.

"The rain'll wipe out every blame trace. That sure does top it all."

The deluge did not wait for them to get home. It crashed upon them as they plodded up the mountain. The riding on of sodden hosts of gloom-black mirk, cut through with ragged rip of light, the dourness and the strain of it seemed only to intensify the glee of the chuckling man and dog as the storm blew and lashed and whipped them before its blasts.

Day was breaking as they reached the rickety cabin, clutching on to the edge of the Forest Reserve on one of the spurs of the Chiricahuas. The light of the match he struck touched fitfully on newspapered walls and into the cavern of the fireplace, on gun-rack and rawhide chair.

Bundles of young trees he piled into the great fireplace. They were green and sputtered, but he poured on coal oil until the blaze was roaring lustily.

Here his mirth found outlet. He laughed and capered. Bose joining in the shrill bark of joyous excitement. Here in their stronghold they could utterly give way.

"I'll get evened up till they squeal. Go on and wear your fancy vest. I'm a-keepin' down my end."

The storm that had started in the night had kept up, and for two weeks it had been raining. All the afternoon the heavens had been experimenting. Sometimes splashing through a great

big collander, then through the fine seive that makes the heart of the cattleman glad.

Mrs. Bennet's great toasty, fryey, all warm, smelly kitchen, was a glowing heart of cheer. The lamps were lighted, making more gold the golden splotched room. Glory's bright head was bobbing round soberly as she helped her mother get dinner.

"Mother, it's so lovely and floody, can I play Ark?" The inimitably sweet child voice was lifted in the confidence of understanding.

"The ark is so cluttery, dear. Last time you brought in everything."

"I won't this time. I'll only bring in the baby ones. See, mother, their noses are all poking against the screen."

The four-legged outside family were pleading as hard as Glory.

"They love it so, mother."

"Let mother think of something else."

Many were the devices the busy woman found time for, to keep the child from knowing lonesomeness. A mountain cow-farm whose only neighbor is old Hack Johnson, nicknamed Timberline, castle rustler and bad egg generally, does not provide generously in the form of amusement for a little girl. John Bennet had married the schoolteacher many years before and she had brought him five sturdy sons, then waited ten years; then this one miracle of a baby girl.

"There's no time to play anything, now, mumsy, the boys are coming."

An inrush of all outdoors, coolness, wetness, and the jangle of spurs and the big kitchen suddenly boomed full of men, a stranger cow-boy from Los Animos way being the only outsider.

"Dinner ready?"

"All ready, John."

It made a busy moment, the shuffling into place of those boys in various stages of adolesence, the youngest in chaps so large that his whole personality was completely swamped and overcast.

It took only one glance into her husband's face for Mrs. Bennet to know that something was wrong. She knew so well. His laugh was too loud and hearty and his deep blue eye had gleams and flashes not brought out by the simple order of pleasant hospitality.

"Rainin' over your way?" Mr. Bennet asked the all important question in the cow-country.

"No, stopped. Water holes all dryin' up."

"That's Arizona way."

"Father, you're not drinking your tea."

"You didn't sweeten it, puss."

"Yes, I did. Don't you remember?"

A great bond existed between the strong man and the fairyest girl. It was as though all paternity were wrapped up in that one bundle of blue and gold.

Bennet cleared his throat with a rasp.

"Ive been down to the orchard place." Something ran through his voice that made every eye turn upon him, something instinct with hidden meaning. His glance fell on Glory watching him in sweet eyed seriousness.

The unshaded glare of the big lamp in the center of the table brought out into strong relief each face, lit up old seam and young seam, for in the dry brilliance of the sun country seams come early.

The warning torches flared in Mrs. Bennet's eyes. Mr. Bennet obeyed the flash.

"Time for puss to go to bed."

"So soon, father?"

"Yes, little girl."

The storm was raging by the time Mrs. Bennet came back into the room and slipped into Glory's place near her husband.

"The trees was put out a couple of months gone, and they was doing prime. The rains come as you know and I have't been down. But I went to-day. Not a tree left." He paused for his words to drip in. "I was mouchin' round, and what stuck tacks into me was the little sign that the dealer decorates 'em with, a 'dam-

son plum' the sign read, and it's arms was huggin' an early pippin. I hopped on to the next, thinking the dealer that shipped 'em was locoed, but that was written as plain as polka dots, 'sickle pear,' and that was round a seedling apple. I stampeded up and down them sproutin' emblems doing some fancy side-stepping. I laid hold of one vigorous, and it came up so easy in my hand that I sat down sudden. The blame tree wasn't a tree at all. It was only a branch cut off from our old apple orchard and stuck down into the ground. Not one tree left, for I never left off my giddy tip-toeing till I'd Bunker Hilled 'em all."

"What do you mean, paw?"

"I mean that that old varment had been up to his devilment again."

"John, how can you say that?" Mrs. Bennet's voice fell in between the passionate tones as soft as the drip of cool mountain water.

"I' mean I'll grub him out, root and branch, tromp him out, till there won't be nothing left for his dog to worry over."

Under the stifling stress of an emotion too strong for any veneer, Bennet sluffed off any refinements of speech that he may have acquired by living with and loving his wife. No velvets for him, plain cotton English when it came to real issues.

"Look out, father, you'll get under peace bonds again."

The bolt drew blood.

"What else can you do with varmint, except wipe 'em out?"

"Why don't you git the law on him?" the stranger put in suggestively.

"Law? I have no respect for the man who ain't his own law. Mixin' and dodgin' with them slippery lawyer people is like walkin' a greased log over a river, you'll drop off somewhere's. I'll law him."

"How come you to git in such a pucker with the old man?" The stranger from Los Animos was interested in beginnings.

"It was nothing but a drift fence. He fenced off our cattle from water and we got the forest supervisor to take it down. We're on the Reserve here in the Chiricahuas. We all had a right to the water, but he's been sore and them two, for the dog's as bad as he is, sets up there in the mountain hatching devilment. His quarter section hooks onto ours."

"I'll jerk up every blame tree on his place," came from the youngest boy his frown as portentous and overgrown as his chaps.

"Ben, dear." Mrs. Bennet's voice had all the mother inflections. The big boys were hers as well as the littlest girl.

"What's the use? I jumped her out for his place but there wasn't a sign. He had put out four or five young trees, but I had two hundred," that gravelly rasp still scraped through his voice. "This isn't the first thing he done. 'T wasn't two months since he rustled a four month's calf."

"But you called the turn on him that time, father."

"That was easy money, son." The man's real geniality warmed through the outer layers of him.

"Gee! I always wanted to see his face when pa burst in upon him."

Mr. Bennet was side-tracked. He squared his elbows so vigorously that the crockery trembled.

"It was just before spring round-up. Timberline had lost a four months' calf, so he selected my Two-spot's calf as being the most likely, just the same age, so in that friendly way of his he just helped himself. When Two-spot was off for water, or some other auspicious moment, he roped the calf and dragged her home. But when he got there his blamed cow would have none of the pretty foundling. She was obstinate and wouldn't unloosen. Nothing doing. Soda fountains gone dry. So Timberline got busy. Blamed if he didn't snake the hide off his dead calf and fix the new fur overcoat over my calf. Blessed be the fertile mind—it worked. The smell of her own, or just because she was good and ready, did it. But just here what he ain't reckoned on happened; just here I come moseying along leading old Two-

spot. Bose and Timberline were dancing round hugging themselves and each other. That calf of mine didn't need no convincing, and Two-spot knowed her own in spite of the fancy boa and overcoat. I never said a word —but marched off as stately as I come, and never returned him the extra trimmings. I had a vest made out of the hide, all spotted pretty red and white, and wore it round-up."

"Timberline went as swamper with the wagon, so's he had every chance to take notice."

"I s'pose you never got so hot that you took off that vest?"

"Not at meal times, anyway." His chuckle died out suddenly. "I got square good and plenty that time, but this don't look so easy."

"We'll get square all right, father, don't you lose no sleep."

"Ben, dear," Mrs. Bennet's eye swept her falcon brood. Not one eye that softened. "He's such an old man."

"Old enough to know better. I reckon he'll know more after we get through with him this trip."

"Let's kill his dog."

"Boys, dear, that's all the old man has to love, or that loves him."

"Mother'd have us loving everybody."

"You never can win anything by hating."

"We'll learn him it ain't safe to go on monkeying with us. Leave it to me, father." Ben's fierceness was as dramatic as his accoutrements.

"John, don't you let him do anything without consulting you." She measured bravely with her husband, eye to eye.

Peace seemed to worry the mind those days. Timberline's fences were cut somehow, and his milk cows got out. Timberline's hogs, he had three, but three is a busy number, got into the Bennets' vegetable patch. The skunks kept getting Timberline's chickens.

Things were in this delicately poised neighborly state when Mrs. Bennet gave a party to all the womenfolks she could muster. She and Glory had been talking of nothing else for weeks. Everything was there, jellies and glistening pyramids of cake, pies with flakiest fluff in the way of crust. Glory and her mother fixed the table all ready in the morning. It was fully one o'clock when Mrs. Bennet ushered her guests in to the feast. She rubbed her eyes. The back door, left open, hospitable Arizona fashion, some one had come in and literally cleaned up everything, leaving absolutely nothing but trickles of redness where the jellies had been, little hummocks of crumbs that once were pies. The women ran everywhere like spilled shot, but the rimming horizons were empty of even a clue.

"We're glad to have somebody have is, aren't we, mother's rose, that needed the party more than we did?"

"But, mother," a trifle dubiously, "it was our party; it wasn't theirs."

"Dear, a party's just something to give away: it makes no difference who has it—it's still a party."

It had been looking pretty black all day in the high world where things counted, such piled masses of thunder cloud sogging and weighting the loftiest Chiricahuas, usually mean that it is raining at the summit.

Timberline, ambling along on his old range pony kept a watchful eye on the signs for his little holding was well up toward the spot where things began.

It was about two in the afternoon that the canyon came down, a wall of water four feet high, bringing boulders and crashing debris of all sorts on its way.

Half a mile below Bennet's place, Timberline saw a flutter of palest blue on a crazy island made of a few logs that had jammed somehow in the freshet. It was Glory Bennet, but she was holding on bravely, the good fighting instinct of her race working automatically.

Timberline, from where he stood, saw that the frail island was fast disintegrating.

"That'll sure hit 'em where they live! And I didn't do it; it done itself.

That'll draw the salt out of them to lose that girl."

Suddenly from across the raging toss of waters, Glory smiled at the old man, a smile so radiant of faith in him that he swung himself out of his saddle, and began fumbling at his rope without being conscious of what he was doing.

"Coming!" His voice rang across the waters with a confidence he could not have analyzed.

Glory nodded her head, her brave smile stiffening a bit on her lips.

His old hands were stiff with rheumatism, but surely, though fumblingly, he spliced the ropes, luckily he had two, made one end fast to a fallen oak and tied the other round his waist. He slipped off his cartridge belt, after firing twice in the air to see if he could attract attention from the farm-house.

He measured the distance with practiced eye. His ropes could make it. The main log of the make-believe island was oscillating slowly, getting ready to rotate down the turbulent froth and fume.

"Go to the house and git somebody. Git somebody."

Bose whined and tugged at his master, worrying his towers in his eagerness.

"Off to the house with you. Git somebody."

Bose in his excitement was tripping his master.

The man kicked at him savagely.

"Can't you-all understand? Git somebody."

Bose's long body, with his shaggy ears drooping, was shivering in his eagerness to understand.

The old man pointed his long arm, "Git somebody."

At last the dog knew what was wanted of him, and every muscle quivering, his nose close to the ground, he ran along the trail.

The old man, his long beard braided and tucked in his shirt front, had never taken his eyes from the child.

"Crawl up on the other log." His voice beat against the roar of the waters reed-thin.

Glory managed it somehow, and not a moment too soon. The one she clambered to was caught in a twisted root thrown high in air.

In he plunged. Fallen limbs clutched at him; rocks turned under his feet. Once he lost his footing completely, and was washed down stream to his rope's end, and had it all to do over again.

But somehow, somewise, God willing, he got there.

Glory flung her arms about his neck with a strength undreamed of in their dimpled roundness.

He reached for the log, but added weight loosened it, and he had only time to clutch the child.

"Hold on tight, Glory. I'll git you out."

"Oh, I knew I was all right soon's I saw you coming along."

His old habits were nearly the undoing of Bose; any futile flag of truce would be repudiated, he knew, but his exigency suggested strategy to him. Instead of making his regular entrance by the back way and having the whole yelping pack of Bennet dogs to contend with, he made his way to the high rabbit wire fence that led into the front garden. There he howled and scratched and whined. His old enemies strained from afar to get at him, certain that they could demolish him by this time. That hope had flickered so often in their breasts only to be again frustrated.

Mrs. Bennet looking about in her garden to see what damage the heavy shower had done, finally had her atten attracted.

"What is the matter with the dog?"

Bose, when he saw that she noticed him, tied himself up in the most ingratiating bow-knots he could, and whined more pitifully than ever.

"What's that rascal dog begging for now? He's surely as much of a nuisance as the old man." And she went on with her gardening.

Bose, if dog tears could be shed, was shedding them now. He continued his whining and moaning. The straining pack of his enemies could

not get at him, but they could chorus their animosity in shrilling yelps and barks. Mrs. Bennet picked up a rock and banged it at the dog's nose pressed so excitedly into the wire gate. The dog never whimpered for himself, but went on with his pleading. That touched Mrs. Bennet.

"He's trying to tell me something. Maybe something has happened to the old man. I won't be mean. The dog loves him, even if my boys don't. They only have each other."

Bose, as soon as he saw he had won his point, ran ahead at a pace that Mrs. Bennet was sore put to it to keep him even in sight. He took short cuts with an instinct of the hunt.

Bose headed for the new formed river, and began charging madly up and down the bank and whining more pitifully than ever. Suddenly he scrambled toward something on the river's edge, his bark ringing clear.

Mrs. Bennet hurried toward the spot, but that smudge of blue lying with the other bundle in the wash at the brink sent a clutch at her throat that was vice-like in its intensity. She couldn't pick her way, now. Twice she tripped over some obstacle, but she didn't even know it.

The rope had held; if it hadn't been for that, the old man and his precious burden would have been washed down. Timberline had knotted the ends of his long silk neckerchief, and had slipped the sling over the child's slim body, putting his own arm through.

Both were seemingly unconscious when she reached them. Bose began frantically licking the face of his master, his world of love.

Mrs. Bennet, her hands trembling so that she could barely undo the knot that bound the child to her rescuer, slipped her hand over the precious heart. It was beating. Then she broke, mumbling the sweet hands. It was only a moment until the heaven blue eyes opened. The child was only stunned.

"Mother, don't cry, don't cry, mother." She shook her mother with baby fury.

Mrs. Bennet controlled herself with difficulty.

"Where were you, darling?"

"Over yonder, mother; it's all gone."

"What's all gone?"

"Where I was."

"I was fighting larkspur. You hook their heads together, and then pull. The goodies were winning, mother."

"Yes, darling. Yes, darling." Mrs. Bennet tried volubly to down that lump in her throat.

The old man with his garments all water soaked was a heavy load for even a strong woman, but she got him out someway. She straightened her back after the heroic effort, but the magnitude of her task appalled her. And no man about the place to be called on.

With all her many men out riding the range, it was certainly a problem to get him to the house unaided. She ran to the corral, luckily the bunch of horses were up to drink, so she hitched two work horses to the big wagon with unsteady fingers, seeing always that drenched old figure lying at the water's edge.

"Run and get mother some blankets, dear; two big ones if you can carry them. Then, big girl, go in and change your clothes."

She put two long planks into the bottom of the wagon, an inclined plane on which she managed somehow to lift and drag the limp body. She was a strong woman, but that old body was heavy.

Timberline was resting quietly when the men came home for dinner.

"Take off that vest, John."

"I thought I might run into the old cuss."

"You won't have to run far. He's here. If it hadn't been for that same old cuss, there wouldn't have been any Glory Bennet here to-night."

The man's face whitened under the tan. The one word came hard.

"How?"

"The river."

Glory came running in, all pink with the excitement of being head nurse.

"Mother, he's eaten up all his bowl of soup, and so has Bose."

The man gripped the child close without a word.

It is wonderful how soon a trail can be made, a good trail, but those were busy feet, Glory's going up and an old man's coming down.

"Don't you think Bose gets prettier every day?" Glory's arms were round the shaggy neck and his love-distraught eyes were turned beatifically upon her.

"Yes, dear, love is as becoming to Bose as it is to everybody else."

That very evening, as Mrs. Bennet came in, her nose was annoyed by that pungent, disagreeable odor of burnt hide.

"What's that nasty, burning smell, like round-up?"

Mr. Bennet was looking more than shame-faced, but he managed to dig up a smile.

"We seem to be always on the jump in this canyon. Now it's a race for halos. Timberline's wearin' his real jaunty, so's I thought I'd best get into line."

"Your vest, John?"

"And all that goes with it. I can't let Timberline beat me at this game any more than he could at the other," said John with a smile.

DAWN

The dawn broke red, then forced with eager hands
    Its way into my dark and silent room,
    And on her ever-restless, busy loom
Fate wove another day in shining strands.

The white mist fled afar before the sun,
    The fountain waking shimmered opalescent,
    (Last night it held the moon, a silver crescent),
The dew-splashed flowers opened one by one.

I drew the lattice close—my soul groped dark
    'Midst paths of woe and bitter memory,
    A spirit struggling vainly to be free,
It shunned the day, and then—I heard the lark!

A flood of golden notes that seemed to bear
    To bonded souls release and joyous cheer.
    I threw my window wide, then knelt to hear
This muezzin of the morn, who calls to prayer.

ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF HANA

By Mary Gibbons Cooper

AS MRS. BRAYTON watched Hana flitting about, demure and graceful in her pretty kimono —for Mrs. Brayton had insisted on her retaining the Japanese fashion in her dress—she gave a little satisfied sigh. Hana was so good to Dickie, too, which was the best of all. Mrs. Brayton was wondering whether the girl could be induced to go with her to Boston later on—she enjoyed dwelling on the thought of the sensation she would create walking abroad with Miss Almond Eyes in Oriental garb beside her.

Mrs. Brayton, a year after the death of her husband, had come to San Francisco for a change of climate, leaving behind her eldest son Paul, who was in his senior year at Harvard, and bringing with her the other boy, five-year-old Dickie. She had buried the three children between these two.

Dickie was a caution. Mrs. Brayton felt quite unequal to the task of catering to his whims and keeping him out of mischief. For this reason she caught eagerly at the suggestion of a friend that she secure a Japanese nurse girl for him, and she congratulated herself afresh every day on the acquisition of Hana—"blossom," the girl had said, was the meaning of her name. Mrs. Brayton thought it wonderfully appropriate.

"Hana is a perfect treasure," she wrote to Paul. "I don't know how I would get along without her. Dickie simply adores her; she tells him cunning Japanese ghost stories and shows him how to play Japanese games. To see them together, you would think she was as much of a child as Dickie.

"You should have seen her the other afternoon when I had some company, and she served the tea. She made the most charming picture in her silk kimono, white with pink cherry blossoms scattered over it, and she wore a pale green obi or sash with it. Her hair was really too wonderful to describe, thrust through here and there with jeweled pins. I don't see how she can have such lovely things, and yet be working like this, but it may be they are mostly heirlooms. She says her father was of Samurai ancestry—a gentleman that means in Japan—and that she is here to be educated, going into families partly to learn the language. I wish you could hear her talk—her accent is perfectly fasci--nating. Then, too, she is always smiling—that is a part of their religion, you know. Nothing seems to worry or disturb her, not even the caprices of Dickie. She is as placid as a Buddha through it all."

While Mrs. Brayton was inditing this epistle to her son, she had his picture propped up before her, unaware of the fact that Hana was sitting tailor-fashion on the floor a little back of her, quietly feasting her eyes on the attractive, boyish face in the photograph. She was quite startled, therefore, when the girl's mellow voice broke the silence.

"Mos' dear lady, is thad honorable son you look ad?"

Mrs. Brayton turned in astonishment.

"Why, where is Dickie?" she said, forgetting to answer the question.

"Oh, that li'l chile, I think he tired —all same he sleep. I think honorable son look like li'l brudder—very fine looks, thad man."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brayton, smiling proudly, "Paul is a handsome boy, and that picture doesn't half do him justice, either." Then she turned back to her letter, and the incident passed from her mind. She had heretofore kept the photograph in her desk, but now elected to leave it out, and when she was through writing, placed it on the mantel with some others.

From this time on, Hana made frequent surreptitious pilgrimages to the room where the picture of her hero was enshrined, and she would stand before it, taking in little sibilant breaths of admiration, though never when Mrs. Brayton happened to be there. She instinctively kept silence on the subject after the one outburst, but she knew that Paul was expected home soon, and, while she said nothing, she thought much, and looked for his coming almost as eagerly as did his doting mother.

The young man was having dreams of his own about this time, for as the day drew near for him to take his departure for the West, his heart sank a little at the thought of leaving a certain fair divinity at whose shrine he worshipped, though his devotion was as yet unspoken, and he had determined that it should remain so for the present. There were reasons: one was that he wanted to be very sure of himself, and he felt that separation would be a good test.

He found it hard, nevertheless, to keep his prudent resolutions when the moment of leave-taking came, and the suspicion of a tremor in the soft voice that bade him goodbye made him feel like a brute. But he steeled himself against the counter influence, and managed to get away without having committed himself.

It was a week later, on the day that Mrs. Brayton, with joyous anticipation was expecting Paul's arrival, that a telegram from him came instead, telling of an accident to the Overland near Sacramento, giving the idea that he was only slightly injured, and bidding her come to him there. But carefully though the message was worded, her mother-instinct mistrusted its optimistic tone, and imagined the worst.

Hana, with Dickie, accompanied Mrs. Brayton to the ferry. The girl's sweet placidity was calming to the other, and her timidly offered sympathy touched as well as consoled.

"Dear lady, I hope you find honorable son so much bedder as you think —he all ride soon. I take good care li'l Dickie. Goodbye."

Mrs. Brayton felt vaguely comforted. "What a dear she is! I don't know how I ever got along without her," she was saying to herself as she went on board the boat.

Hana's words proved prophetic, for Mrs. Brayton found Paul only temporarily disabled, with some painful cuts and bruises and a badly twisted ankle, but he was able to be brought home the next day.

The first sight that Paul had of Hana was on the second day after his arrival, as she came into the sick chamber with his mother, bearing a cup of tea on a tray. He was captivated by the artistic picture she made in her pretty Oriental costume, as she half pattered, half glided across the room to his side.

"This is Hana—the little maid of whom I wrote you, Paul," Mrs. Brayton explained, "and when I'm not here, and you need anything, just ring the bell and she will come and wait on you."

At this, Hana's foolish little heart jumped with delicious anticipation, and she made a quaint little curtsey, dropping her long eyes until the thick black lashes swept down across the tinted olive of her face; then they lifted just an instant to dart a shy glance at "honorable son," who was gazing at her with amused and open delight.

"Yes, Hana, my mother has told me about you in her letters—about what

a help you have been to her. I'm sure to be in good hands when I'm left in yours," he replied to his mother's introduction.

Hana blushed and bowed again, and smiled that cryptic Oriental smile that says so little and hides so much.

"By Jove!" Paul muttered to himself when he was alone, "I never dreamed she was like that! No wonder mother is crazy over her. She's sure to make a sensation in mother's set if she takes her back to Boston with her. Don't know but I envy Dickie right now." Then he set his mind to work to invent cogent reasons for summoning Hana frequently to his side, for he believed that she would greatly relieve the monotony of his enforced quietude.

With this idea in view, it was not long before he reached his hand toward the bell on the little stand near him; then half-ashamed, withdrew it; but the next moment, yielding to the temptation, he gave the bell a tap and waited expectantly for the soft patter of Hana's little feet.

In a moment the door opened, and Mrs. Brayton looked in, dressed for the street.

"Do you want anything, Paul? I was going out on an errand, and I thought I heard you ring."

"Why—er—that is, I hit the bell when I threw my arm out," stammered Paul, "but I'm feeling all right—don't want anything just now. You go on, and if I do, I'll call Hana."

"Well, I'll tell her to stay near, where she can hear you if you ring—she's amusing Dickie now," said the unsuspicious lady, as she went out, leaving the door ajar, so that Hana could easily hear the bell.

Paul waited a little while, then rang the bell again. And presently there came the sound of a boy's clattering feet as Dickie, like a whirlwind, burst into the room, followed by Hana, who was chiding him in her soft, infantile voice for noisily disturbing "honorable brother."

But "honorable brother" was in no way disturbed. "Hello, Dickie!" he called. "Will you loan me your nurse for just a minute? You can have her all day, you know."

"She ain't my nurse," cried Dickie, indignantly. "I ain't a baby; she's jus' my 'panion—'at's what she is."

"Oh, pardon me: your companion, of course," Paul hastened to correct himself. "May I ask her for a drink of water?" He was looking into the long, velvety eyes of Hana as she stood meekly waiting behind Dickie.

At Paul's indirect request, the girl hastened—if one may be said to deliberately hasten—to fill a glass, and then, in Japanese fashion, touched it to her forehead as she handed it to him.

"Why did you do that just now?" he asked, repeating her motion after he had thanked her.

"Thad? Oh, thad means polide in Japanese custom," she replied, showing her pearls of teeth in an entrancing smile.

This was the first time that Paul had heard her speak, and her voice and accent went to his head like wine.

She was arranging the things on the little stand. "I think I leave the water ride here so you easy can reach," she said.

But this did not fit in at all with the young man's plans. "Oh, no," he demurred, "I—er—I am afraid I might knock it over, or something—better put it over there on the table."

"All ride," she acquiesced, demurely.

When she had done as he suggested, she came and stood a moment irresolutely by the bed as though she would say something.

"What is it?" he asked encouragingly, as he sensed her wish.

"I—don' you think I bedder fix thad pillow li'l bid?" she suggested timidly.

"Why, yes—yes, by all means," he responded eagerly. "It's awfully wrinkled and mussy," and he watched the deft movements of her tiny hands creeping like mice from the voluminnous sleeves, which sometimes fell back and showed the pretty, naked arms, plump, and hued like old ivory. He noted with delight the serious way

in which she pursed her little red bud of a mouth, and how the color came and went in the olive of her face, as she shook and patted the pillows until she was satisfied with the result.

"There!" she said at last. "Now I think feel much bedder," and she waited until he had settled himself comfortably in their fluffy depths and pronounced it "bully," but when he began to thank her, she would have none of it.

"Oh, no," she deprecated, "my mos' pleasure to serve so honorable man," and then her eyes flashed a smile into his and veiled themselves in their thick jet lashes.

"The darling little heathen!" he thought to himself, as she turned to coax Dickie out of the room; "I wonder how much she really does know, and what kind of thinking goes on under that gorgeous head-dress of hers. I wonder whether any inkling of my idea in having the water put out of my reach penetrated her understanding. I think I'll dig up some other reason, besides thirst, for calling her next time." But Hana had arranged the pillows so invitingly that the invalid was beginning to feel comfortable and drowsy, and he soon fell into slumber that lasted until he was roused by the entrance of his mother into the room an hour later.

"Well, dear," she cooed, motherlike, "did you miss me? Did Hana wait on you attentively?"

"Oh, yes—well enough," he answered with a yawn, instinctively hiding his real feelings on the subject. "She seems to be a faithful little soul."

"Indeed she is. She's a perfect treasure. And don't you think she's really pretty in a way—that is, for a Japanese girl?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know but what you might call her pretty, *considering*," he answered judicially, as though the idea had just occurred to him.

At that moment, the subject of their remarks was standing in a worshipful attitude, with clasped hands and rapt eyes before Paul Brayton's picture, while strange as it may seem, and I do not pretend to explain the coincidence at all—another girl, three thousand miles away, the antithesis of this one, fair and delicate of feature, like some dainty human flower, was likewise standing before a picture of the same face. Another inexplicable thing is that in the bosom of each there was a vague, uneasy prescience of the existence of the other, strong enough to dim the light in the eyes of both.

The convalescence of Paul Brayton was so slow as to be the cause of anxiety on the part of his fond mother and of surreptitious delight to the invalid himself—for he alone knew how unnecessary was this lagging, and if it had not been for the fact of Mrs. Brayton's uneasiness, her graceless son would have felt no compunctions of conscience whatever. But it was so pleasant to lie there and be waited on by Hana—it almost frightened him to think how he would miss her gentle, sweet ministrations and her soft, sweet voice.

One day he found out quite by accident that Hana was somewhat of an English scholar, and he begged her to read to him. At first she objected, pleading the care of Dickie, for Mrs. Brayton was out; but Paul persisted, promising to bribe Dickie handsomely to stay quietly in the room for that long, and he had her bring Tennyson, from which he selected a few of his favorite passages.

Barring her accent, she read surprisingly well, and the tones of her voice thrilled him to intoxication as he listened and watched her mobile face. Again a little pang of fear seized him at the knowledge that her personality should have obtained such a hold on him—for he thought of his mother and of his race; but the spell was too sweet: he could not summon will power enough to throw it off, though he almost cursed himself for not seeing before this whither he was drifting.

The next day after this, as Hana was handing him a letter that the postman had just left, he caught her hand and held it imprisoned in his, where he felt it tremble, while he asked her

the history of a ring that she wore on one of its fingers.

"Bud no—I will only tell if you le' go my han'," she said, and tried to withdraw it from his grasp.

Her resistance and the touch of her soft flesh only increased his ardor, and he held her hand the more firmly until she ceased to struggle and let it lie passively in his, while her eyes fell under the intensity of his gaze, for he seemed to have forgotten the ring.

Just then footsteps were heard approaching, and Paul released Hana only an instant before Mrs. Brayton came in.

The girl hurriedly glided past her out of the room, and something in her manner as well as in Paul's face aroused his mother's suspicions. She said nothing, but now that the idea had found lodgment in her mind, she recalled one or two other things that she had noted subconsciously at the time, but to which no significance had been attached. It was plain that she had been strangely blind to the danger that, to her horror, she felt was threatening.

Some women in a crisis like this would have precipitated a catastrophe, But Mrs. Brayton was very wise in the matter—she knew her son so well, and realized that the less she seemed to notice, the better. Yet something *must* be done at once. Sending Hana away might only be tempting them to meet clandestinely. She resolved to try an experiment.

The next morning, calling Hana to her room, she proposed that they go shopping.

"I have changed my mind about your clothes," she explained. "I think I would much prefer now that you should dress in American costume. You wouldn't mind, would you?" she asked the girl in an anxious manner.

"Oh, no; I think I like it much bedder," Hana answered, delighted. She had an idea that she would be more acceptable in the eyes of her hero if she dressed like the ladies he was accustomed to see. So she set out in high spirits with her mistress, to that lady's infinite relief.

The next morning Mrs. Brayton went early to her son's room, and after a little chat, made occasion to ring for Hana. She placed herself where she could note Paul's face when the girl should appear in her changed garb.

The door opened gently and Mrs. Brayton read, with a little constriction at her heart, Paul's secret in his eyes, as he turned at the sound. Then she saw what made her feel like shouting for joy—the sudden dropping of his jaw, and the puzzled, disappointed, almost disgusted look that came over his face when Hana entered, clad in the inartistic garments, with her hair done after the exaggerated fashion of the shop girl, and her little, pigeon-toed walk that went so illy with this alien costume.

"Why—wh—what—er—who is this young lady?" he stammered, in his surprise, and an afterthought to seem jocular.

Mrs. Brayton hastened to relieve the strained situation by explaining that she had thought it best for Hana to make this change, and she asked—just a little maliciously, she really couldn't resist the temptation—if Paul didn't think American clothes were becoming to Hana.

Paul choked and tried to answer in a manner not to give offense or disappoint the girl, who was looking at him anxiously and expectantly, though his revulsion of feeling was so great at the difference in her appearance that he already marveled how he could ever have thought her pretty or fascinating.

"I—I—why, certainly, she looks very much like an American lady," he at length managed to stammer, while Hana, dimly sensed his disappointment in the tone of his voice, and when she left the room her heart was heavy.

As the door closed behind her, Mrs. Brayton said quietly: "It makes a lot of difference in her, doesn't it—dressing that way?"

Her son grunted an assent. He was feeling rather sulky. It seemed such

a shame to spoil the pretty picture Hana had made in her own costume; besides, he had a faint suspicion that this was not simply a whim of his mother's, that the astute lady had been actuated by a deep motive—one that he could easily guess.

Paul's recovery from this time on was startlingly rapid, and he developed remarkable ability to wait on himself. He had come almost to loathe the sight of Hana in her ugly, ill-fitting dress, and the first letter he was able to sit up and write was a long and ardent one to a certain young woman in Boston, whom he had almost forgotten.

"I surely need a guardian angel, and I don't believe this one will refuse the job, bless her sweet heart!" he said to himself with the unconscious egotism of youth, as he sealed and stamped the fateful missive for the post.

THANKSGIVING

Lord of the Universe!
Thanksgiving be to Thee,
For the harvest crop is full,
And yield of the briny sea.

For peace in our hearts and homes,
The joy of a hearthstone bright;
The golden glow of day's sun,
And the star-bespangled night.

For rain, and the silvery mist;
The pains that beset our way;—
For dawn of the crimson morn,
That follows the shadows gray.

For the past, with failures keen,
And the present hour of grace;—
The future with its glass of hope;
The smile of a dear one's face.

The good deeds that men have wrought;
The blessings of home, and state;—
The love instilled in the soul of man,
To banish discord and hate.

Oh, Lord of the Universe,
Thanksgiving deep to Thee!
Who spills rich gifts with lavish hand,
O'er boundless land and sea.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.

A BAD BARGAIN

By Rufus L. Snell

SOME TIMES one has a chance to grow out of a bad deal, the unexpected turns up reversing the run of circumstances. Then, at other times, there is small chance; or, if there be any, one fails to grasp it. Some things look better or worse at different times, according to the mood and point of view. The deal that I made in the new country looked good at first; then it seemed bad; in fact, I considered it rotten after a time. There is no doubt that I was a "sucker," one among many.

Those men "stuck" me good and plenty, though I wouldn't have acknowledged it at that time—not for the world. You know how it is, a man hates to own that he has been "stung." But now, since it has all turned out like it has, I don't mind telling the whole thing.

A land company—Carr and Crain were the main ones—sure did "load" me. It was all new to me—I had just come to the new country, you see, and at that time there was a whole lot of talk about the government going to irrigate most all the plains within twenty miles of the Cimeron River, and, of course, when a little thing gets started among a bunch of "nesters" it just naturally grows every time it changes hands.

I had been in the country about a week, poking my nose round for a snap, listening to all the "rot" about irrigation, and what a great country it was going to be; and it got me awfully worked up and anxious to get a piece of the land. About this time, I got acquainted with Carr and Crain, and they showed me a good piece of land, ten miles from the river, and offered to sell it to me for four thousand dollars—what they claimed was half price. They said that they wouldn't sell but a hundred and sixty acres, at that price, to one man. They said they were doing it only to get the country started, and then it would be worth double that price. Later, when the water was on it, it would sell for more than a hundred dollars an acre.

It is a fact, it all looked reasonable to me at that time; and, needing but little persuasion, I signed the contract, paying half down. The other two thousand was to be made in two equal payments, one thousand after five years, and the other thousand at the end of ten years. The notes drew ten per cent interest.

About two years after I had made the deal, Carr and Crain tried to sell me another piece of land, a block joining mine.

"We will sell you that block," they proposed, "at half the price you paid for the other. The irrigation is slower about coming than at first thought, and land is not selling so well as it did."

They needn't have told me that, for I knew it. Hadn't I been trying to sell mine, offering it at what I gave for it. There wasn't any use in talking, the boom was dying, and all the "suckers" were caught—at least most of them.

"No, sir," I told them, "I don't want any more land. In fact, I'd like to sell out and go back home. And my folks are not satisfied either."

I tried to sell my place back to them, but they wouldn't talk about it. Finally I offered them five hundred to take it back at the same price that I paid them for it.

"No, we don't want to buy. We

have more land than we want, and want to sell it. Things are not just as promising as they were two years ago. We have land scattered all over this country, and sold as much as we have now, when the boom was on, at the same price we sold to you."

They told the truth, too, but that didn't help me out—the other men getting "stung." Though it makes a fellow feel a little better to know that he isn't the only fool in the country. Were you ever "burnt" this way, and felt "sore" over it? If you were, you know how to sympathize with a man.

Those land-grafters might, after all, have thought, sure enough, that the country would be irrigated, and then, perhaps, they knew better. But, anyway, they made a fortune off us "nesters."

It was a hard go to make my place pay expenses—a living for a family, taxes and all. Didn't rain much, you know, and sometimes one wouldn't make enough stuff to take his stock through the winter.

The interest on the two thousand dollars got to bothering me. I paid the first all right, and had a little money left over the first year, and didn't miss the interest money much, but when the second year's came due, I didn't have it. That worried me. My wife actually looked like some one who had been to a funeral. I went to Carr and Crain, and asked them to let the interest run over till next year.

Crain, the manager, hummed and hawed about it. "We are needing the money; in fact, we are almost compelled to collect this year's interest."

That made me "sore." These men had barrels of money, and didn't care, not the least bit, how hard they squeezed a man. You've seen that sort of people, haven't you—the harder shape they get you into, the harder they will press. I didn't want to beg more time—begging is no good, no way—so I said:

"Mr. Crain, if you men are short of cash, and just got to have it, why, of course, it will be due in a few days, and I'll get the money for you. But I thought you fellows would like to have the compound interest, and——"

I was going to say, "do me a favor," but Mr. Crain cut me off.

"No, no; we prefer the payment. Do you think you will be able to meet that first note? It is a thousand dollars, you know—runs five years—nearly half of the time gone now, you know."

He was full of business. I noticed that right at the start. In fact, he couldn't see anything but business. I told him that probably the notes would be taken care of when they came due. But I couldn't see, to save my life, at that time, how I could pay off a thousand, and then interest and another thousand in five more years, when my place wasn't making above expenses.

When I got back home and told my wife how things were, it added the last straw to the camel's back. Actually, I was more sorry for her than I was about our financial affairs. When she quit blubbering so that I could reason the matter out with her, I told her that we would keep the interest paid up and sell out before the first note came due. I brightened up things a bit—told her that we could sell a cow or two for the interest money. But selling the place, that I knew wasn't an easy job. There were a thousand places, just like mine, to sell, and no buyers. But, after all, I needn't have been so gloomy if I could have seen into the future, though that wouldn't be good for a fellow, would it?

My wife knew as well as I that the country wasn't swarming with buyers for little farms of a hundred and sixty acres, at the price we paid for ours, and she said:

"But, William, to whom in this world will we sell the place? You know there isn't any people in this country that wants any more land at such high prices; and besides, there isn't any buyers coming in now, like there was when the 'boom' was on. And when one does come, there is always some one ready to sell his place at half price. They are all sick of it, just like we are."

That was a fact, too, and I knew it. Some of them were foundered on their bargains; in fact, there were some that were so "sore footed" that they would sell for enough to get back to where they came from.

"I know, Mandy," I replied, soothingly, "but all of the 'cheap Johns' will finally sell out, and then the rich northern fellows who are getting their land will hold it for a big price. And then, too, Mandy, I believe there's something to this country, after all. Something none of us know anything about. I know it isn't farming country, Mandy—I know that as well as anybody. But I don't believe there is any country but what's good for something. Don't believe it would have been put here if it wasn't for some purpose. All that's the matter we've not found out, just yet, what this country is for, but we surely will before very long."

Things "rocked" on that way for awhile, I always holding the country up as best I could; and actually, I was honest when I said that I believed that the country was good for something, but at times it looked like it was never going to be found. Many times did I jam my hands down in my pockets, and whistle to beat the band, just to keep up courage and appearances before my wife.

It's a fact, it looked like things went from bad to worse all the time—seemed like everything went wrong, you know, just at the wrong time. Maybe I would get a few dollars saved up for interest, and then something would turn up, and I would have to spend it. But I'd always manage to sell something at the last minute to satisfy the "land sharks."

In the summer, about eighteen months before the first note came due, one of my little girls took sick with the typhoid fever—looked like she would "peg out" in spite of all we could do. We had the doctor with her nearly every day, and of course that cost like forty. I knew that the only way I could pay him was to sell the last four milk-cows I had left. I'd been counting on them to pay the fourth year's interest.

"Doctor," I said to him about the twentieth day, "I haven't got the money to pay you, but you stick right to it and try to pull the little thing through her fever. Do your very best, and I'll sell my last cow, if it takes it, to pay you."

Wife and I had almost gone our limit. We had been up every night, not getting any sleep to speak of, and the other two little ones were too small to help. The doctor knew that we couldn't keep watch, as we should, any more, so he said to me:

"We ought to have a trained nurse here. Now is the critical stage of the fever, and the child needs the most careful attention, and you and your wife are worn out."

A trained nurse cost five dollars a day, but that wasn't anything, so long as it would do any good. What bothered me was how we could pay her. I lost sight of all the debts—a fellow will when one of the little ones is at stake—in fact, I had nearly given up the notion of ever being able to meet that first note, and didn't much care. Did you ever get that way—down-hearted and didn't care a "rip" whether things came right or not? All I figured on, at that time, was to get that little girl well.

"Doctor," said I, "you bring out the nurse, and we'll pay her—we'll pay her some way. I'll mortgage my team.

Did you ever notice that when a fellow gets down to the very lowest notch of hope—is just almost ready to throw up both hands and quit—that something will come creeping round, and gradually change things? That's the way wife and I were. We got the little one up, and wasn't uneasy about her any more; and then we got to thinking about those other troubles—mortgages on most everything, and no chance to pay them off. I can see the whole thing now—how down-hearted my wife was—didn't have life enough in her to laugh at the funniest thing.

But that day when I carried those pieces of rock and showed them to her

she "chirked" up. She knew that I understood what I was talking about when I said it looked like there might be some chance for us, after all. I'd worked in mines, and she knew the stuff, you know.

I put a second mortgage on the place for two hundred dollars, and paid the "money-grabbers" the fourth year's interest. They had gotten the news about my find, and began to "dicker" with me for a trade.

"Say," Crain said to me, in a good-natured way, "we've got a man for that block of land joining yours, and he wants another place, too. Now, we have decided to take your place at the figures you have been offering it at—the same you gave for it—and let this fellow have both places."

I am a little thick-headed, but I saw his game. I didn't say anything right straight off, only: "Must be another sucker."

"Come in," Crain said, thinking I was ripe for a trade, "and we'll fix the papers now."

Cunningness might be all right, but when a man can't hide it, it's disgusting. Don't you see what was floating in Crain's mind?

"No," I answered him, "I must have a little profit. I've had a deuce of a hard time on the place, and have improved it a whole lot—houses, fencing, and putting in the farm, and——"

"Oh, yes, I understand," replied Crain. "About what are the improvements worth? We don't want you to lose that, you know."

"Well," I said, looking him right straight in the eye, "I don't just exactly know, but I figure that the improvements are worth a bit more than I paid for the land."

That somewhat "stumped" him. He looked like he thought I didn't have much sense—got mad, you know.

"Now, you know, those improvements aren't worth, at the outside, more than six hundred."

"Well, they are worth more than that to me *now*." I bore down heavily on the "now."

You know how fast news of a good thing spreads, once it gets started. It seemed no time till everybody in the country knew that I had found gold on my place. And not only those who lived there, but some from far away—big fellows, with money. Three of them came and looked over the prospects. They were expert miners, and knew a good thing when they saw it. But, of course, the best sometimes make mistakes.

It wasn't any time till they made me an offer, and it resulted just as I thought it would—just as I wanted it to. It brought old Crain out in a hurry, just as quick as he heard about it, and that I had not sold. He came to raise that offer. He had sent two experts to examine the find before the others had gotten to it.

"We'll raise the Skidmore Company's bid ten thousand," Crain bantered," "making it eighty-five."

I knew that Crain would get busy, for his men had reported a big thing; they had given him the right figures, and they were scarey, too.

"No, Mr. Crain," I told him, "that's way under the value. I know what I've got. I've had it tested, and know just what it will run. I've done a lot of mining, but this is the best I ever saw. It will pay the biggest, and be the easiest worked.

"Now, a hundred thousand will jar me loose—no less." I knew what would come—I'd learned him.

"I won't do it, I won't do it," the old fellow stormed. "You are unreasonable. No one else would give you as much as I am offering."

"All right, Mr. Crain," I said, "the Skidmore men want another chance. I gave them thirty days."

I said it just as unconcerned as I would about a chicken trade. All I had to do, and I knew it, was to sit back and let the two companies "buck" one another. Crane went off swearing.

I wasn't in any hurry. It isn't worth while, in some cases, particularly, to rush things. Haven't you found it that way? I was waiting on the Skidmore company, and wasn't surprised when I got an answer to the message I had

sent them, raising old Crain's bid. Well, of course, I didn't lose much time in seeing Crain again.

"Now, Mr. Crain," I began, "I want to give you one more chance. I'd rather you'd have this proposition than some outsider. The Skidmore company has come to ninety-five. Now, the first man with the hundred gets it." I showed him the telegram.

It did me good to see him "sweat" —it's a fact. He hated to come to my proposition, but he knew he had to if he was to get the coveted gold mine.

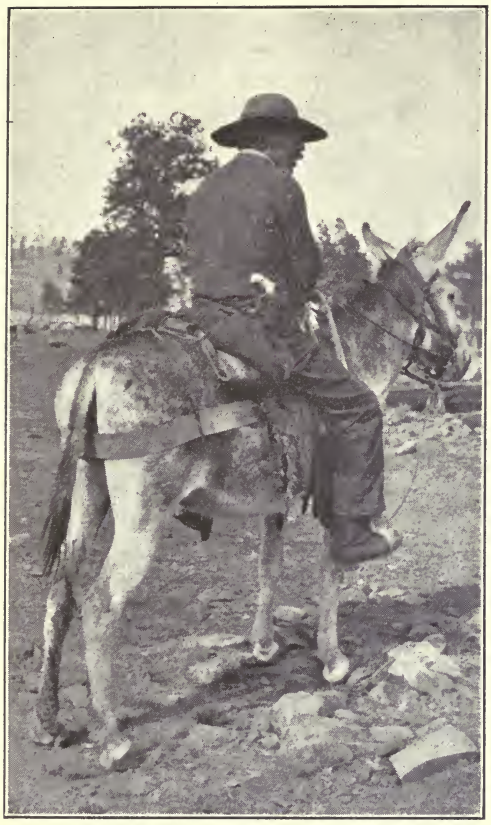
I didn't hesitate this time when he asked me to come in and sign the papers. I was getting what I wanted, and I'm not a man to squeeze a fellow to the last notch, for I had been "bit," and knew how it was.

Actually, I felt sorry for old Crain after it was all over. They went to a great expense, putting machinery there to work that stuff; and they hadn't more than got everything to going good till the mine played out—went completely dry. Came to the end, you know, just like jumping off a bluff.

AUTUMN'S ORCHESTRA

The wind, a wandering minstrel,
  Whistles shrill amidst the trees,
And from the stubble grasses float,
  The cricket's lusty glees.
A late bee tunes a viol deep,
  And hums a droning song,
While from a belfry, sapphire-roofed,
  The bluebell tolls a gong.
The rain plays on a tambourine,
  Made from a leaf of gold,
And lyric-like a dewdrop sings
  Unto a sunflower bold.
A violin, the spider strings
  With threads of silvery sheen—
Then come a chorus from the frogs,
  Behind a tall rush screen.
The goldenrod a baton swings,
  The ocean's organ peals,—
And from the pine tree's emerald depths
  A wondrous hymn tune steals.
It mingles with the minstrel wind,
  Then ends in one long sigh—
As autumn clad in royal robes,
  Bids nodding blooms "Good-bye."

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.



An Arizona "Nightingale."

ACROSS COUNTRY IN ARIZONA

By

Frederick Hewitt

THE FIRST sight that strikes the Easterner on coming to Arizona is the constant use that is made of the faithful burro, commonly called the Arizona "nightingale." Notwithstanding the awful, nerve-racking noise that he makes when he brays, the burro has some of the finest qualities of any animal in the world. His surefootedness; willingness to get along on scant diet, and docile look is unsurpassed. And above all, he is the poor man's friend and helpmeet. You can sometimes go out on the desert, and catch a burro and take him home, without paying any price for him. Commonly you can buy one in town for fifty cents, although a first class burro will cost you from five to ten dollars.

Those who have the most regard for burros are the children, prospectors and sheepmen. Every day in the street you will see children galloping about on them. Often the poor burro will have from two to four children on his back at once.

The prospector, when he goes out on his lone journey amidst the canyons and mountains, generally takes three burros with him. On them he packs his mining tools, "grub stake," and blankets. Though they do not travel fast, seldom making over twenty miles a day when packed, he values them because of their surefootedness on al-

most unsurmountable trails, and because, as the saying is, "they can keep fat on tin cans." A burro will eke out a meal upon which a jack-rabbit even would nearly starve.

The sheep-herders, like the prospectors, also use the burros when they are taking their sheep down from the northern mountains of Arizona to the valleys over two hundred miles south. With every flock of two thousand sheep there are two Mexican herders, one who follows the sheep, while the other, with a pack outfit of burros, goes ahead, and finds a suitable camping place for the night.

a pack train; if you use just one or two horses, you generally merely speak of your journey as going by a pack outfit.

Three of us, in going a journey of two hundred and twenty-five miles across Arizona, put all our bedding and grub on a pony and a horse. You put your canned goods into leather bags called kyacks. Each bag is laden to balance carefully with the other. These are hung on a special saddle across the horse's back. Over all is put a strip of canvas tied down by a rope. Generally, you so tie your hitch that it makes a perfect rope diamond

Crossing the White River, Arizona.

After you have become acquainted with the burro you turn to the horse. Nearly everybody rides in the West. Boys have their saddle horses, which they ride to school; cow-punchers keep sometimes six apiece when they are rounding up cattle, and trappers, hunters and many other travelers use nothing but horses or ponies when they make long journeys across the desert or amidst the mountains. If you use a great many horses for your outfit in carrying your food and necessary impediamenta, it is spoken of as

on top of the pack; then you are said to be throwing the diamond hitch. A simpler hitch, and one which works better when you tie your sleeping bags on the back of your pack pony without the use of a saddle, is one that is known as the lone squaw hitch.

Besides the use of the burros and horses for packing across country, of course there is the regular freighter's outfit. He generally uses, on account of the bad roads, four to six teams of horses or mules, particularly if he is traveling a long distance. But since

Delighted Navajo Indians watching a chicken pull in Arizona.

Arizona has recently become a State, there is a great agitation underfoot to hurry up building good roads. Already the country has been surveyed for two roads, each of five hundred miles in length. One will run east and west, the other north and south. The work on the roads is progressing rapidly.

At the present time, on account of the bad roads in many regions, anybody who travels for a long distance by automobile is liable to get into serious difficulty. Not long ago an automobile broke down in the vicinity of the Painted Desert that was being used to go from Falstaff to Lee's Ferry

A freighting outfit at Roosevelt reservoir, Arizona.

Petrified trees.

on the Little Colorado. The automomile broke down away out on the desert, and had to be hauled to town by several yoke of oxen.

Another chauffeur went out to the Snake Dance at Hopiland in northern Arizona last summer, but had many mishaps going and coming. Several times Indians had to be employed to get the automobile out of Desert Washes and from the quicksand of the Little Colorado near Winslow.

The white canvass-topped "prairie schooner" is quickly becoming a thing of the past since the advent of railroads, but occasionally one meets one traveling across Arizona. But notwithstanding the new roads that are being built, the country is so vast and much of it is so rough that the day of the burro and the pack outfit with horses and ponies will never be over. For aeons to come, the Arizona "nightingale" will be able to set up his infernal braying when the huge, misshapen Arizona moon rises in the sky. He and the coyotes will still blend in chorus.

Eastern boys of the Evans' school at Mesa, Arizona, touring through the desert.

Pearl (abalone) divers at work, San Miguel Island, California.

Steaks and Pearls from the Abalone

By C. L. Edholm

A DELICACY from the sea, which Americans on the Pacific Coast are just beginning to appreciate is the abalone, a mollusk which grows to the size of ten inches or more in diameter, within a beautiful iridescent shell. It is by this shell that the abalone, or Haliotis, is known to tourists in California, as thousands of the pretty souvenirs are bought either in their natural state or highly polished, while tons of them are made into jewelry and nick-nacks every year and shipped all over the world. But the Chinese and Japanese have always regarded the mollusk itself as a great delicacy, and in those countries the price of 90 cents a pound is paid for the dried meat.

As this is a very tempting price, there has been considerable activity among the Oriental fishermen along the California coast, who secure many tons of them annually, and prepare them for market by a long and complicated process. They are removed from the shells, salted for several days, thoroughly cooked in boiling water and dried in the sun. After they have been well dried they are again cooked, smoked for twenty-four hours, given a third boiling and once more set out on trays to dry, this time for a period of six weeks. They are then given a final bath to remove any dirt that may have accumulated, and are ready to ship to the Orient or to retail in the queer little stores of the Chinese quar-

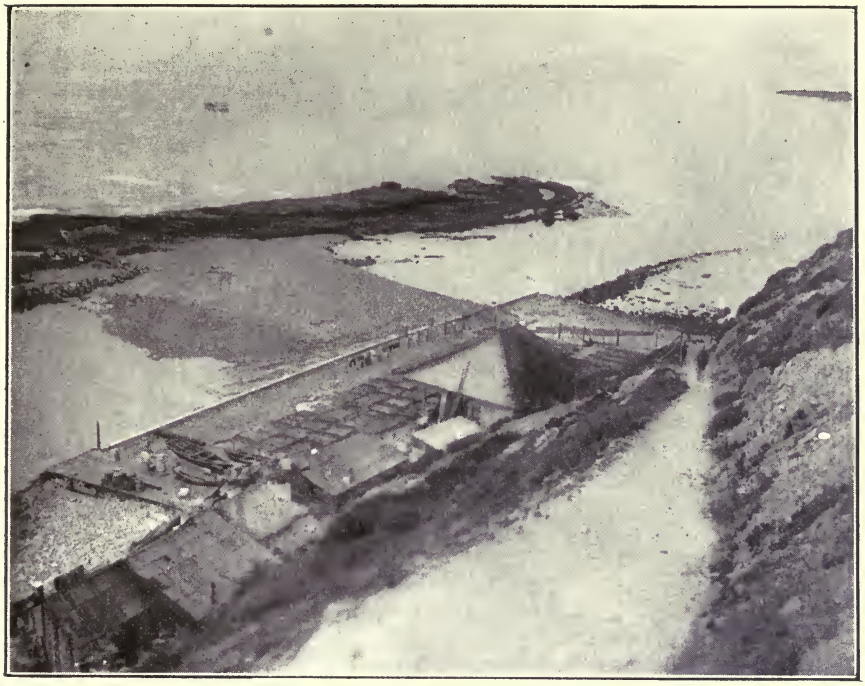
Tons of abalones are sun-dried and cured for market here.

ters of our own cities. They can be seen there, exhibited in little glass jars, brown and uncanny looking articles, which are apparently as tough as sole leather, but they are very highly prized as a toothsome morsel.

A few restaurants on the Pacific Coast have undertaken to serve this shell fish to American patrons, but the method of preparing it is far less complicated, and the results are so much more appetizing that the public may become educated up to placing the abalone on the menu within a few years. An excellent way of serving it is to make it into a chowder, just as clams are prepared, while another method is to slice it very thin, pound until tender, and fry like a steak. It is understood that the fresh abalone is used for this purpose, and not the dried product. Served in either style, it is a most delicious addition to our bill of fare, besides being as wholesome as any other shell fish.

When the American public demands this new food, it will greatly increase the industry on the coast, and take it to a great extent out of the hands of the Japanese and Chinese.

The latter have been in the habit of gathering the mollusks from the rocks to which they cling, venturing out as far as possible at low tide, and prying the shells from the rock with a chisel. It sometimes happens that a Chinese fisherman is not as cautious as usual, and a number of cases have been reported of the careless abalone gatherer inserting his fingers between the edge of the shell and the rock. Immediately the mollusk would close down hard upon his hand and hold him with such a tremendous grip that no escape was possible, and he was caught and drowned by the incoming tide. There is nothing impossible in this story, as a ten-inch abalone has a tremendous muscle which attaches to the rock by suction, and a man who is caught thus could not release himself without tools.



Japanese abalone fishing camp at White's Point, California.

The Japanese are more enterprising and go out in launches, carrying divers equipped with diving suits. In these they descend to the rocky bottom of the sea, where it has a depth of from forty to sixty feet. Here the abalones may be found in such quantities that they cover the rocks in layers five or six deep, the upper one clinging to the shell of the one below. It is only a few moments' work for a diver to secure a net full of about fifty abalones —and the launches return well laden to the camp, where the mollusks are prepared for market.

Outfits which do not include the diving suit work in about twenty feet of water, and skillful swimmers are employed. Their eyes are protected with glasses and their ears are stuffed with cotton, and, provided with nothing but a chisel to loosen the shell, they will stay under water for a couple of minutes and bring up as many abalones as they can carry.

This work is not unattended by danger, for although they are perfectly at home in the water, the divers are likely to be attacked by monsters of the sea. In fact, in January this year, a giant octopus wrapped its tentacles about an abalone diver near Monterey. Fortunately, this Japanese was working in a diving suit, otherwise he would not have had a chance for his life, and, even as it was, it required half an hour of desperate fighting to get him back into the boat and cut away the arms with their myriad suckers. The "devil fish" was one of the largest ever caught on the coast, having a weight of more than two hundred pounds.

Besides the value of its shell and meat, the abalone is sought for its pearls and protuberances on the inner surfaces of the shell, known as blister pearls. These are as beautiful as the pearls themselves, and command a good price in the market. It is stated by scientists that the blister is pro-

duced by the mollusk as a protection against the Pholas, an enemy of the abalone which fastens upon the outer surface of the shell and proceeds to bore into it. In order to keep the Pholas from penetrating its shell, the abalone secretes layer after layer of pearly matter which forms quite a large button.

Attempts are now being made to produce these blister pearls artificially at the biological station, which forms a department of the University of Southern California. The large aquarium and breakwater at Venice, California, are used by the university for this purpose, and a thirty-five foot launch, with a 16 h. p. engine, has been built and equipped for marine biological study, being utilized to transport the abalones from San Clemente Island to the breakwater. Here they are planted on the rocks and carefully studied so as to learn their habits and mode of breeding. A large box made of concrete and covered with wire netting has been set in the sea along the breakwater, and this can be raised with block and tackle whenever it is desirable to inspect some of the specimens which have been placed in it. The commercial possibilities will be carefully investigated so that the study may result in placing the abalone industry on a scientific basis.

Dr. C. L. Edwards, of the University of Southern California is in charge of this station, and his theory of producing the artificial blister pearls is that if the work of the Pholas is done by man, the abalone will respond in the same way by thickening its shell with the layers that produce the blister.

It has been observed that the Pholas secretes sulphuric acid, converting the carbonate of lime in the shell into a sulphate and softening it. The Pholas then proceeds to bore its way into the affected part of the shell. Professor Edwards intends to perform the same operation by means of instruments of his own invention, but when work is done artificially, the results will be more uniform and accurate, and the production of "Pholas pearls" can be more regularly estimated.

A private company has been engaged in producing abalone pearls by inserting foreign matter under the shells, about which the mollusk builds the jewel in iridescent layers. This company alone has exported sixty tons of shells per annum to be made into jewelry and souvenirs.

One of the most valuable features of the studies which Dr. Edwards is making of the mollusk is that the rate and time of reproduction will be determined, thus making it possible to pass adequate laws for their protection. Within the last few months rather stringent regulations have been made limiting the catch, as it was feared that the Japanese fishermen would exterminate the abalone. Those who are engaged in the business claim that there is no such danger, and it is believed that scientific observation will determine the necessity for such laws.

A Self-Supporting Children's Home

By Monroe Woolley

THE LITTLE town of Des Moines, Washington, situated on an ideal spot near Tacoma, on Puget Sound, is distinguished for a peculiar thing. Perhaps no other community, large or small, in the country can boast of a similar form of notoriety. Des Moines has no shouting suffragettes, no political insurgents, no dynamiters. But Des Moines has something really commendable in a self-supporting children's home.

Whoever heard of an institution just like this, or at most a domicile self supporting in the particular manner this one is? Moreover, who ever heard of tots from four to fifteen toiling to support themselves? No, not toiling, for that gives an erroneous impression, but *playing* to live—for these youngsters find fun, scads of it, while fighting for an existence.

"Self-raised children" is the motto at the Des Moines abode. And the person that hints that the place is an "orphanage" is much liable to meet with a controversy developed by a horde of hostile juveniles that would scare an ardent conservationist into an opposite strain of thought, or into penitent silence.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Draper, the originators and supporters of the institution, as well as the "kiddies" under their kindly care, hotly resent the application of the word "orphan" in connection with their undertaking. They are justified in this attitude. There isn't a full-fledged orphan child in the entire flock of twenty-seven boys and girls. The fact is, that much the contrary condition obtains in several instances.

One little fellow has the unusual distinction of having four parents, two mothers and two fathers. This may seem strange on the face of the assertion, but your knowledge of our lax divorce and re-marriage laws will quickly aid you in solving the problem. No doubt the answer will present itself simultaneously with the reading.

Still another child, a girl having remarkable vocal ability, underwent the shocking tragedy of seeing her mother murdered by a burly negro in their hovel of a home, while she herself, then scarcely more than ten, fought heroically to save herself and a younger sister. Both are now in the Home, learning daily how best to battle with a stern world.

Of course, both these are extreme cases, perhaps the most revolting of all the life stories of the little inmates. They stand in sharp contrast to the three or four children who have been placed in the institution by parents who are willing to pay to keep their offspring there to receive training. That within itself is a pretty compliment to the integrity of Father and Mother Draper, as well as proof of the merits of their system of child-rearing.

Those of us who read our dailies faithfully are constantly reminded of the terrible cruelty practiced by grown-ups upon little children. Yesterday, a mother yielding to base desires, abandoned her brood, leaving behind her whimpering babes and a sobbing husband. To-day, a drunken father, loosing the demons brewed from stimulants, permits them to slay the mother of his offspring. To-morrow a divorce suit—or a young girl flushing

in the torture of an indiscreet attachment, heartlessly abandons her unwelcome flesh and blood on the street. Thus there is no end to the circumstances ending in the casting of tiny, helpless derelicts upon life's stormy seas. No doubt but what many of us have grown callous in reading of these instances, as they appear singly or in groups from day to day. Then, again, many a sad story of a kindred nature fails to get into print, an omission which cannot be charged to the inactivity of a scandal-crazed press. At best a pang of regret at our own helplessness in aiding to correct the evils of uncongenial unions between men and women may be the extent of our sympathy. But when one goes to Des Moines and is confronted face to face, so to speak, with the stirring life-history of a score or more innocent little waifs, all told in "one pitiable volume," the frightful cruelty of the human race, in an allegedly civilized era, is brought mighty forcefully home to us. It may make one flush to realize that this is a disgraceful condition not met with among the most savage tribes of the earth.

It is one thing to establish a children's home, and quite another thing to maintain it. This is an easy conclusion, but one not so easily surmounted. In the usual orphan's home, support is generally had from the State or the county, and not infrequently from private donations. In this way, much of the surplus wealth of one-half the world is turned back onto the barren soil of the other half. Perhaps the time when the State and organized charity will be able to care for all unfortunate children is a long way off. In any event, it will be a much longer time before such public institutions attain the good results the little Home at Des Moines is credited with.

Too many parents, in fact the majority, wholly unfit their children, in their system of rearing them, for the demands an exacting world is bound to make in after life. Herein in many ways our elaborate educational system is at fault. But this is the very thing that is avoided at Des Moines, the reason that the word "charity" is regarded as an unclean term. Father and Mother Draper would not for a world of wealth have their little charges believe they are dependent upon charity, or any one else for that matter, for food and clothing, and the other good things of life.

This estimable couple has discovered a way to make children work, and to make them think it is purely play in the doing of it. Foundlings, victims of awful circumstance, little pilgrims in a stern world that made little, if any, provision for their coming, these little hopefuls are proud, even jealous, of the knowledge that they are working their own passage on life's rocky highway.

In the little field surrounding the commodious Home, the infantile band toils in the gardens to raise food when it is not getting an education in travel in touring the State, much after the fashion of the old-time road show, giving jolly entertainments for a share of the currency of the realm. The time for study, for work, and for play is about equally divided, and the little tots are adepts in all these things, more particularly at play. Play is a thing most older heads give up with advancing years. If grown-ups could find time to alternate between work and play, as these little folks do, they might have less desire to resort to revels in vice and crime.

Mr. Draper, being a printer by trade, has found the little printing plant in the Home to be of inestimable value as a dollar-maker and as a means of teaching his proteges. Both man and wife, happily united in their noble work, are finished musicians in brass and string instruments. They have, in addition, a good knowledge of voice culture, elocution and dancing, so that each child plays in the band, a veritable Brownie band at that, and can do a creditable turn on the stage.

Mr. Draper has four boys, ranging from eight to ten years, playing slide trombones, a remarkable achievement when the difficult nature of playing

these instruments is considered. In the street parades, this juvenile battery of slides reminds one of a noisy minstrel band swaggering to the step of a quick march up the thoroughfare. And noise isn't all the boys make. On the concert stage they do work on a par with many older players. Someday one or more of them may follow in the footsteps of the famous Arthur Pryor.

One of the little girls—it's not fair to mention names—whose mother forsook her at a tender age, is receiving praise everywhere she appears as a solo cornetist. Her preceptor is of the opinion that she will some day become an accomplished virtuoso. In this little waif's older sister the Home has a "general utility artist," one that plays in the band, dances, sings and recites. When occasion demands, she is always ready, willing and able to take the part of any of her colleagues. Besides her school studies and her regular work in the Home and on the road, this little girl, blessed with a doll's face, is taking up the piano and the mandolin. Perhaps the professional stage nowhere holds a more promising recruit.

"Every one of our little ones is useful," proudly asserts Mother Draper, herself the mother of a talented daughter in the Home. "Every blessed one is a producer. All the children take what is necessary for their welfare with the self-assurance of those who have earned their share of life's best rewards."

The story of the establishment of this little Home is interesting. But it is not nearly so gratifying, especially to the founders, as the success which is crowning the efforts of the venerable promoters. The experiment should serve as a fine example for other localities and to persons inclined to this line of work. It is best told in Mr. Draper's own words:

"I was the superintendent of the Michigan Home Finding Association for several years, and during my incumbency," he enthusiastically says, "I arrived at certain conclusions which I could not put into effect under the rules of the institution. I made up my mind to come west to start a little co-operative commonwealth on the Sound, where small Washington wayfarers might find not only a home, but also a way to make themselves valuable to themselves and to society. I brought six youngsters along with me, including my own children. We gave entertainments along the way. Thus, all of us have the satisfaction of knowing that each worked his or her own way to the promised land. Des Moines, located away from the lures and traps of the city, and still within reach of several metropoli, seemed at once an ideal location. Band instruments were bought, rehearsals begun, and lessons in singing, dancing and public readings were started. These were to be the channels for diverting some of the wealth of the outside world into the community. Within our Home everybody helps every one else. Housework, simple gardening, and the cultivation of a social instinct which sees the needs of others and offers cheery aid, are the domestic studies ceaselessly pursued. Wholesome food, warm clothing, comfortable beds and clean quarters, plenty of sleep and air and play, with a good season of work, combine to make every member a self-respecting, responsible, level-headed, and—best of all—level-eyed, as shown by the independent look of equality with which our children approach the world when they give to it the very best of what they have in return for what they actually need."

That these youngsters like fun as well as other juveniles is indicative of their actions while on tour in the summer season and during the holidays. They are ever anxious to romp and play with the children they meet in the towns and cities, and the dollies and trinkets must go with them on their "little journeys." At most, every performance Mr. Draper takes a part with two or three of the older boys in a rollicking, rough-and-tumble farce-comedy. It is then that the tiniest tots, tickled at the sight of their older

confreres behind coats of ludicrously applied grease paint to help them in their laughable clowning, are glad to hustle out in front of the stage to clap their chubby hands and snicker with glee at the comical antics of the actors, along with the audience. But when the troupe hears Mother Draper's whistle, they come hurtling to cover in hasty obedience to the call of the mother, much as young chicks dash for protection from the weather beneath the wing of the clucking hen. That warning whistle, which has a wonderfully effective way of rounding up the scattered children, has kept them from missing many a train and steamer while traveling.

Out of Australia comes each year the greatest juvenile artists the world has ever known. Pollard's Lilliputians number at times nearly one hundred children, boys and girls. They go to Manila, to Hongkong, to Calcutta and to the military garrisons in the interior of India and along the Suez, thence to London, New York, Chicago, San Francisco and home again. They are annual globe trotters. This talented company, appearing in week stands at times with a change of program nightly in such difficult pieces as The Belle of New York, The Runaway Girl, The Mikado, and similar plays, with tots from eight to ten only in the leading roles, appears in the finest theatres at top-notch prices.

But the Lilliputians are selected from all over Australia, many of them from the best of families, for this particular business, and nearly all their training is, of course, along histrionic or operatic lines.

Mr. and Mrs. Draper dislike to have their small band referred to in connection with the Pollard company.

"In the first place we have scarcely a fourth the number of children, nor are our children picked. We go to the gutter almost for much of our material. We take them as providence sends them, and make of them what we can. Furthermore, we have no capital back of us in our work It is not our desire or aim to make great artists of the children, nor to urge them to follow the stage in after life. The entertainments are a means to an end. That end is to make *real men and real women* of our charges. Some of the children may fall short of the mark. But there is no indication of failure in a single individual now. Anyway, if failure should come in later life it will not be because of a start in the wrong direction."

"INDIAN-GIVER"

'Twas thus I taunted Summer, and 'twas thus
She answered: "I but take mine own.
Riot of color, music that mocks the tone
Of man's endeavor. All-harmonious
Fruition and fulfillment. Day's divine
Largesse, and the palpitant night,
Steeped in eternal mystery, and bright
With nomad meteors. Look you, these were mine!
And mine that dearer presence, summer-souled,
And summer-hearted. I would not have her stay
For autumn's vagaries, and the niggard day
Of that hard usurer, winter. She doth hold
June's roses in her hands. Your heart is lone?
Hers has forgotten, and I keep mine own.

ELEANOR DUNCAN WOOD.

AFTER FOUR YEARS

By Mabel Vilas

IT WAS with a sense of anxious anticipation that I left the train, and climbed into the lumbering old stage. I had been away four long years, and many things had happened.

First of all, Jim had begged me to be his wife, and I had refused him, telling him, in my self sufficiency that I was going to become a great artist, and that my work must come before everything.

Then I had gone to faraway Paris, where for nearly a year I had worked at my drawing, undisturbed and absorbed. Then, like a paralytic stroke, came the horrible news of the earthquake and fire in my beloved home city. As I sat in my little room, helplessly clutching the newspapers with its pitifully few details, how I longed to be back in San Francisco, in the fire and tumult and ruins, to help my people—and Jim. I felt suddenly very lonely, my work seemed paltry and small, and I wanted Jim—oh, how I wanted him. In that one flashing moment I knew that I loved him.

When, after nearly a week of agonized waiting, I knew that he was safe, my foolish pride made me resolve he should never know my feeling toward him had changed. So I went on doggedly working, living, then, not for art, but for his rare studiously friendly letters.

Thus the years had dragged by, and I had come back, a fairly successful artist, to the fire-washed city, now rising surely, steadily, and beautifully from its ruins.

After having been home several weeks, I had an overpowing longing to soothe my tired nerves with the lull of the sea, so I decided to go for a fortnight to this old retreat of mine near Bolinas, which appealed to me particularly now, for I knew Jim too had loved it.

It was the last of April, the very prime of the year, and the stage ride led through a maze of beauty. The air was sweet with the scent of buckeye and laurel blossoms, and as we climbed higher, over the crest of the oak-covered hills, the dark blue peak of the mountain appeared, like a sentinel of all the county.

Up and up we climbed, through the dense shade of spicy firs and sequoias, and past banks of exquisite ferns and wild flowers. We reached the summit, and there burst into view in the clear sunlight the glorious panorama of the sloping green ridge, filmed with the lavender and white of lilac and morning glory, and the sweep of the intense blue sea, in which the Farralones hung like magic dream rocks, seeming to belong neither to water nor sky.

In another hour we had reached the quaint little town. The stage came to a stop in front of the post-office, and a pink-faced youth came out leisurely to receive the mail bag. On seeing me, his face broadened in a slow smile. "Well! Howdy do, Miss Gray. Haven't seen you over here for a long time," he drawled in a pleasant voice.

"How do you do, Francis," I replied. "Indeed it is a long time, and I'm so glad to be back."

"You'll find things 'bout the same, I guess," he said, as the stage started. I nodded.

"Where you goin'?" the driver asked me.

"To Mrs. Jennings."

We turned into the avenue leading to the beach, and I gazed with delight on the neat cottages, with their sweet, old-fashioned gardens.

We drew up at the boarding house I knew so well. It was immaculate in a fresh coat of white paint and green trimmings. My first greeting was the intoxicating breath of the rose hedge, my second was from Mrs. Jennings herself, who came to the gate to meet me. Her motherly face beamed, and we shook hands cordially.

"Well, Miss Gray!! 'Tis good to see you again. Come right in," she said, and led me up the flower-bordered path into the house, and directly upstairs.

The room she showed me into would have been rather depressing save for the air of clean freshness about it all, and the sunshine pouring in through the cheap lace curtains. The furniture was heavy, old-fashioned black walnut; there were ornately embroidered tidies on all the chairs, and the stiffly starched pillow shame with "Good-night" worked on them in vivid blue did not exactly invite repose. The walls were adorned with pictures of colored flower-wreaths and family crayon portraits, all gazing outward disconcertingly, with starry eyes and fixed smiles. But what did it matter —I would only use it to sleep in, after all.

I pulled my bathing suit out of my bag, and hurried down to the beach to wash away dust and weariness by a swim in the salty exhilaration of the foaming breakers.

The tide was low, and the song of the sea was soft and distant. Consequently I lingered long on the sand, after my swim, and the sun was sinking when I started back to the boarding house. I found Mrs. Jennings in the garden pulling radishes. She stood up as I came in. "Oh, Miss Gray," she said, "I forgot to tell you. I've got another boarder—a gentleman. And as you said you hoped I wouldn't have nobody, 'cause you wanted to be kind of quiet, I thought I'd give you your supper first—at sharp six. He always comes in late, anyway. And then I thought it mightn't be quite proper for you two to sit alone, either. He has an early breakfast, and I put him up a lunch, and off he goes, I don't know where—out on the bay or up on the mesa, and never comes in till seven o'clock. So I don't think he'll bother you a bit, Miss Gray."

"Oh, no; I'm sure it will be all right," I replied absently. I was looking at the bunch of radishes she held in her hand; they were so long and thin that I could not help exclaiming: "What funny radishes! I've never seen any but short, fat ones before."

"Yes?" she replied. "Well, you see, these don't take up so much room in the ground, so I can have more of 'em."

"Oh," I said, feeling much enlightened.

"Did you know we had city plumbing now?" she asked me.

"Why, yes; I heard this had been made a sanitary district. I suppose I can have a hot bath once in a while then. What a luxury."

"Well, I tell you, Miss Gray, I keep my bathroom locked most of the time, when I have folks here, but seein' you've been comin' here for so long, I'll let you use it sometimes."

I gazed at her in blank astonishment. "But, Mrs. Jennings, why not? Think what a comfort to people, after the dusty stage——"

"Miss Gray, you don't know. They would use up all my hot water, and I wouldn't have a bit to wash the dishes in. Besides, most likely people takes a good hot bath before they come, and they've got the ocean when they get here."

It was not worth while arguing with her, so I replied that I would be most grateful when she allowed me the privilege of her bath tub, and that I would endeavor not to use a drop more hot water than was necessary.

Then I went in to supper. The dining room was scrupulously neat, the food delicious. I felt I could have eaten more than the mathematically served portions she gave me, but I re-

flected that as people always ate more than they needed, it was, perhaps, just as well.

When I had finished, I went upstairs to prepare for bed, for I was deliciously, sleepily tired.

As I was about to put out my light, I heard footsteps, then a knock, and Mrs. Jennings' voice.

"Come in!" I called.

"I just thought I'd come and see if you'd got everything you wanted," she said, as she entered.

"Oh, yes, thank you, everything. I was so tired I decided to go straight to bed."

"Yes, that's good for you. You've been traveling, ain't you, the last few years?"

"I've been studying in Paris." I didn't feel like talking about myself, so I abruptly changed the subject. "Are you expecting many boarders this summer?"

"Well, I don't know yet. It's kind of early, you see. I got a letter last week from some people that wanted to come the middle of next month, for a week. But I ain't decided about it. I don't know as I'm ready. I haven't cleaned house yet, and there's some children in the party. You know, I've been thinkin' that children eats just as much as grown folks, and takes up just as much room in bed. So why should I take 'em for half? Do you s'pose they'd pay whole if I asked 'em?"

"Well, you can only try," I replied.

"They're real nice people," she mused, "but my! the little boy does eat a lot!"

"I should think," I mildly suggested, "it would be just as well to take people when you could get them, and very likely you could make satisfactory arrangements with them."

"I don't know," she said, slowly. "Children do track in a lot of dirt, too."

I was beginning to wonder how in the world I could get rid of her, when I heard a heavy tramp on the porch below, which brought Mrs. Jennings to her feet. "There's my other boarder. I must get him some supper. Gracious! but he's late to-night. I do wonder what he's been doin'. Would you believe it, one night when he come in late, I asked him what he'd been doin', and what d'you think? Nothin' but settin' out on that cold, bare reef, watchin' the sun go down in a bank of fog. Well, good-night, Miss Gray. Pleasant dreams."

I smiled sadly as I slipped into bed. I was thinking how Jim would have sat, away past supper time, watching the sunset lights on a fog bank, too.

But after the first day—after the first enthusiasm for all the dear, familiar places, time dragged, and a silent dreariness fell over everything. The intangible charm of it all seemed to be slipping away from me. Almost desperately I tried to hold it, but there was no use. When I walked over the wide, turf-covered mesa, I felt a shuddering loneliness in spite of the violets and buttercups and lilies at my feet, the glory of the spring sunshine overhead, and the rich blue of the sea off to the left. When I tried to lose myself in the former fascination of a rock pool at low tide, I saw, not the great, pale green sea anemones, but a vision of my own lonely life stretching through the future years.

I shuddered and jumped to my feet. "This is foolishness," I thought. "I will *not* be lonely—I will *not*. I will go back to the city to my work—that is what I need." I grit my teeth, and stared defiantly out toward the horizon where the sun was rapidly sinking behind a bank of gray fog. In spite of myself I shuddered again. Then I turned and walked rapidly toward the boarding house. By the time I had reached it, I had decided that to-morrow, my week being up, I would go home. I entered the front door just in time to see the back of the other boarder disappear into the dining room at the farther end of the dim hall. Vaguely I thought how early he was going in to supper; then Mrs. Jennings appeared hurriedly, looking worried.

"Oh, Miss Gray," she said, "*would* you mind waiting a while for your

supper? He wants his now, so he can go see the moon set or the sun rise, or somethin'—and he's so nice I ain't got the heart to tell him no. Would you mind?"

I was annoyed. Why should my supper have to be changed to suit this man's convenience? Mrs. Jennings saw by my expression that I was displeased. "I tell you what, Miss Gray," she said, appeasingly, "I'll bring your supper up to your room."

Then I smiled. Of course it wasn't the other boarder's fault; he was in perfect ignorance of having put anyone out; it was this woman with her ridiculous sense of propriety. It seemed suddenly amusing. "No, you need not do that, Mrs. Jennings," I said. "I'll go out again for a while. It's really too lovely to come in, anyway."

I went up on the mesa in the hope of seeing a glorious sunset, and found, to my disappointment, that the sun had disappeared behind a great black fog bank, with no promise of color. But, hoping for an after glow, I went on to a point where the coast turns sharply northward. Here I sat down, on the edge of the cliff, and gazed into the gray, oily water at my feet.

Suddenly a queer sensation passed over me. I felt Jim's presence near me so strongly that I turned sharply round. But there was no one in sight. I covered my face with my hands. "Oh, Jim, Jim," I moaned, "why did I let you go!"

I raised my face again. The fogbank was beginning to crimson, and with the color, my hopes rose. I began to consider humbling myself, and going to him—telling him I had made a mistake in those early, foolish years; that I had discovered art was *not* the greatest thing in life. Then came the horrible thought that very probably he did not love me now. Why should he? I dug my fingers into the turf, and a hard lump rose in my throat. The crimson clouds had turned to a dull, threatening red, and the sea beneath was black. I struggled to my feet and turned blindly toward home. Yes, I would go back to the city to-morrow, and I would go to him. Anything—even the knowledge that he no longer cared, would be better than suffering this way.

As I reached the top of a bit of rising ground, I saw a man's figure approaching. I bent my head, and walked quickly, swerving to the right to avoid him.

Suddenly, I was conscious that he was coming straight up to me, and instinctively I raised my head to look directly into the steady, sad gray eyes, and white face, of Jim.

For an instant the world reeled and swayed about me; then turned black. The next thing I knew, a pair of warm, strong arms were about me, and a low, vibrant voice was repeating: "My darling! My darling!"

I lifted my head heavily, and looked into his eyes. "You *do* still love me?" I whispered.

"Of course. And you——"

"Oh, I love you, Jim," I said, simply, dropping my head again, with a weary sigh of content.

Suddenly he said: "Look!" and I turned to see that the dull, threatening red of the fogbank, and the oily black of the ocean had turned to burnished gold, and the whole mesa was bathed in the reflected radiance. In this golden light, slowly we walked back toward the town.

"But where did you come from?" I suddenly asked.

"Why, I am staying at Mrs. Jennings'," he replied.

"You are! Then you are the other boarder!"

"And you are the invalid lady who must have everything very quiet!"

"Yes, I suppose I am." And we both laughed. Just then the big, full moon pushed her round face over the ridge, and laughed, too, as she flooded the world with her silver light.

The Revolt of Abner Howland

By Irene Elliott Benson

ALTHOUGH barely fifty years of age, Abner Howland appeared sixty this April afternoon, so worn and white did he look as he paused to unlock the door of his flat.

For thirty years he had been with the firm of Martine & Sons, wholesale importers of foreign fruits and wines. The Martines of his boyhood days had passed away: younger ones had taken their places, but it still remained Martine & Sons.

He had been there as a lad of fifteen, receiving five dollars a week. Now a man over fifty, with a salary of twenty-six hundred a year, he looked for no further advance, for he knew that younger blood was waiting to take his place at any moment. Abner was beloved by each member of the firm, for they recognized not only his sweet nature and integrity, but his unfailing devotion to their interests.

Abner's wife, Christine Howland, was handsome and capable. From the first of their married life she had received his entire stipend, he retaining enough for personal needs only.

There was one daughter, Katherine: a lovable, bright girl, who had recently graduated from college. Inheriting her mother's taste in dress, she always appeared stylish and up-to-date. Mrs. Howland took delight in selecting for her the smartest gowns and hats that, with their limited income, she could purchase, remarking that it paid to get them for Katherine, as she always showed the Van Buren blood.

Mrs. Howland had been Crissy Van Buren of Albany, of fine stock, and handsome. She made a good showing with Abner's money. For nearly thirty years they had lived in the same apartment house, paying to-day forty dollars a month—the identical rent paid when they first become its tenants.

The property was restricted, being owned by a large estate, and stood in a most desirable neighborhood. Its janitor had grown old with the house. Realizing its limitations, but determining that, so far as lay within his power, the house should not compare unfavorably with its modern neighbors, he took great pride in keeping its stoops and sidewalks spotless, its marble vestibules as white as snow, while its highly polished brasses vied with the sun in brilliancy. Although not up-to-date, the effect of the whole apartment suggested solidity and utmost respectability.

Across the hall there lived Dr. Howard Woodbridge, a physician, and his mother. The young doctor often had met Katherine in the vestibule, and had unlocked the door for her when they had chanced to come in together. Although Mrs. Howland disapproved of these civilities, Katherine and her father invariably spoke with him in passing.

The Howland flat was tastefully furnished with the old Van Buren mahogany and family portraits; handsome rugs and hangings served to make it so very artistic and attractive that many people believed Abner to be a member of the firm of Martine & Sons.

Mrs. Van Buren Howland was a "faddist," having tried in succession every well known cult, including mesmerism, spiritualism and occult influences. Abner's habits being sedentary, he became in due time a prey to indigestion, and at his wife's insistence,

tried each of her fads in turn. First it was Christian Science, then Mental Science, New Thought, Osteopathy, and lastly dieting.

The first diet was buttermilk. As a child, he had loved the rich, delicious, old-fashioned kind, with particles of cream floating through it. But upon taking the modern article, manufactured by an artificial process and sold under the name of buttermilk, he grew worse, and gave it up. Then came the vegetable diet. His wife had heard of wonderful cures resulting therefrom, so she not only adopted it for Abner, but for the family as well. Neither she nor Katherine cared much for meat, and for Abner's sake they were willing to cut it out; as for Abner, he was too tired and discouraged to care. He would have eaten boiled sawdust and made no complaint.

Christine Van Buren Howland was an autocrat, and ruled her husband and daughter with an iron will; so, without demurring, they trotted along the lines of the least resistance. But not so the servants—none would stay, so she and Katherine were obliged to do the housework, though as the wife told her husband, it was healthy exercise for Katherine, and comparatively easy, and they didn't object in the least.

Then behold, there crept into the Howland family a serpent in the shape of an attractive widow, named Mrs. Louis Waring. She was a social grafter, a hanger-on to the fringe of the Smart Set. Her cousin had married one of the inner circle, and occasionally the widow was invited to their "at homes" and "teas," etc., paying in full by being useful in various ways.

Among certain wealthy women who read in the society news that she had been her cousin's guest, Mrs. Waring's social position became assured, and they toadied to her continuously. During the winter these would-be "swells" with the bacillus of "society position" gnawing them, organized several bridge clubs, and as a friend of Mrs. Waring, Crissy Howland was invited to join. She was a scientific player and was much sought. The membership fee was fifteen dollars. She joined four, making the sum total sixty dollars. For a member not having the necessary accommodations for entertaining, a wise provision had been made whereby upon paying five dollars extra she could join with another member having the required facilities.

As the size of Crissy's flat prevented the entertaining of more than six guests at a time, she was perforced obliged to pay the extra entertainment fee of five dollars apiece for each of the four clubs to which she belonged. During inclement weather, and when the meetings took place nearby or on Riverside Drive, Mrs. Waring suggested that they should join in having a carriage or taxi. This they did, and as the lady had a convenient way of forgetting her promised share, Mrs. Howland invariably paid the entire bill.

Having exquisite taste, Mrs. Waring accompanied her dear Crissy on ruinous shopping expeditions (having a private business understanding with her dressmaker.) She succeeded in inveigling her unsuspecting friend into buying several expensive costumes and hats at her establishment, thereby causing Crissy to plunge into debt, a condition never hertofore permitted in the Howland family.

Mrs. Waring relished the dainty little teas and dinners eaten in her dear friend's lovely apartment, whereat by making herself most agreeable to Abner, she forced him to admit that she was remarkably clever.

When shopping, she enjoyed the luncheons taken at expensive restaurants on Crissy's invitation, and paid for out of Abner's salary. But for the knowledge that she was misappropriating the rent and house money for useless extravagances, Mrs. Howland would have been actually happy, for she, too, had the "social bacillus," which manifested a peculiar virulence in her aspirations for Katherine, and they focussed on Mrs. Waring's cousin, an undersized, large-foreheaded youth belonging to the Smart Set, and so she

killed her conscience while she took a chance. Soon the bills began pouring in, and then she awoke to the fact that not only was she heavily in debt, but she had overdrawn her husband's allowance, having appropriated the quarterly rent and not made good. Night and day she worried lest they would present Abner with a statement. Abner, with his fixed ideas on "bills being paid upon presentation," would never forgive her, although like wax in her hands when all else was concerned, and he so ill; but for the present she could see no way out. At this critical period she heard of the vegetable diet, and at once decided to adopt it.

When the "bridge" was over and Louise Waring had gone South with her fashionable and wealthy cousin, Crissy decided to visit her only sister in Albany, not that the ties of consanguinity were over-strong between Miss Anna Van Buren, spinster, and her sister, Christine, but for another reason. She had become desperate, and was going for the sole purpose of borrowing money.

She had paid on account forty dollars for one month's rent, but still owed for three, and her dressmaker's bills were staring her in the face.

"I need a change," she said to Abner. "I feel badly."

Her husband smiled grimly, and viewed his own emaciated countenance in the glass. They had been on the vegetable diet for over a month at that time.

Katherine had met the wonderful cousin for whom her mother had staked so much, and being an intelligent young woman, she at once diagnosed him as "mentally deficient" and "bone headed."

When he actually invited Miss Katherine to the theatre with a supper following, and when a few days later he asked her to motor with him, Christine Howland's cup of happiness overflowed. She forgot her debts, forgot her fear of Abner, and became quite reckless. She even beheld herself handsomely gowned helping Katherine receive as the mother of a member of the Smart Set.

When leaving, she gave Katherine enough money to run the house for three weeks, and the following advice as they waited for the train:

"Now, my dear, be sure and see that father has strictly fresh vegetables. I am more than worried over his condition. Every one praises the vegetable diet, and declares it a sure cure for indigestion. Of course, I can trust you not to buy an ounce of meat, but you may give him one fresh egg every Sunday. They say that both eggs and meat conduce to hardening of the arteries, and should be avoided by people of your father's age. Even anti-vegetarians admit this.

"And now, if Clarence Waring calls and you open the door, say simply that our servants left unexpectedly—plural. Understand, dear?"

Katherine laughed and nodded as her mother boarded the train.

This afternoon, as Abner entered his flat, he walked feebly. Hanging up his hat and coat, he took a seat near the window, and by the waning light began reading his evening paper. Katherine, with a little white apron on, was preparing dinner.

"Father, dear," she asked, kissing him tenderly, "how do you feel?"

"I feel rather shaky, Kitty," he replied with a wan smile. "I don't seem to gain on mother's vegetable diet as I should."

"Oh, but father, you will feel stronger when the settled warm weather comes, and then I am sure the diet will help you. It agrees perfectly with mother and me. But come, now, lay down your paper, the soup is on." And Kitty led him into the dining room, and proceeded to help him to a puree of peas, followed by scalloped cauliflower au gratin. After which came a lettuce and nut salad, and all ending with a bread pudding.

Abner sat listlessly, and he ate scarcely anything. Then, with sudden determination, he arose, saying:

"Kitty, I want you to go downtown early to-morrow morning and bring

back a servant. Understand? Have her here at dinner-time."

The girl smiled, and thought, "what servant will stay on a vegetable diet," but she replied "all right, father," never dreaming of arguing with him.

"I am tired," continued Abner, "of seeing you in the kitchen doing a maid's work. And what's more, I am now going in to call on young Dr. Woodbridge. I feel so weak it seems as though I should faint."

"I certainly should, dear," she replied, marveling at his independence, yet secretly rejoicing, for she had longed to meet the doctor.

Young Woodbridge was handsome. He had a clean-cut face, a square, determined jaw, with soft brown eyes and fine teeth. He listened attentively to the history of the various cures and diets to which Mr. Howland had been subjected.

As an odor of broiled steak invaded the office, the doctor arose, closed the door and lowered the window, saying:

"My mother is out, and our maid is not so particular in broiling her meats as when mother is with her."

"It smells mighty good to me, doctor," said Abner. "I can't tell you how good."

"Mr. Howland," laughed the doctor, "we've been neighbors for so long, come in and sit with me while I dine —I'm alone. I have some old port, and I would like your opinion on it. I wouldn't dare say how old it is, and then I can ask you more about yourself."

Abner glanced furtively at the door leading into the outer hall and replied: "Doctor, I will with pleasure."

Then together they took their seats facing a delicious looking porterhouse steak.

"That looks like a steak cooked on an old-fashioned coal range," remarked Abner, seized with a ravenous appetite.

"That's just where it has been cooked," replied the doctor. "I have had a coal range put in my kitchen for meats alone. You see, Mr. Howland, I think they never taste the same cooked over gas. Just sample this." And he passed Abner a small piece of the meat, rare, juicy and hot.

Abner ate it slowly, as though wishing to make it last. "It seems to me that I've never tasted such a piece of steak in my life, doctor, but I should not do this. I'm transgressing."

"You're my patient now, you know," laughed Dr. Woodbridge. "Your first piece was the prescription. Now, eat this," passing him a larger piece, "and consider that the prescription has been filled." Then he poured out a glass of old port which Abner drank. After this they returned to the cozy office and smoked until the bell began to ring, for this was the doctor's office hour, from seven until eight.

"Come in to-morrow at the same time," said the young man, "and I'll change your medicine," shaking Abner cordially by the hand. "I'll guarantee that I'll cure you, and I'll charge you for every prescription, so don't have any delicacy about it."

The next night, before he could use his key, a pleasant looking Irish maid let Abner into his flat. Kitty had left a note—she was dining out with friends, and a theatre afterwards. Abner ate very little, and before going into the opposite flat, he had a short conversation with Nora.

"My wife is a vegetarian, Nora," he began. "She believes that meat is bad for a person, but I'll get some for you every day, for I want you to stay with us, understand?"

"Shure, and you nad'nt worry, sorr, for it's mesel' that does not be caring for mate at all. Give me plenty of tay and bread and butter, and I does be satisfied."

"Why, you look better already," said the doctor that next evening, as he took Abner by the hand. "Come into the dining room and meet mother. Your medicine is waiting."

Abner laughed sheepishly, but was set at ease by Mrs. Woodbridge's cordiality.

"I'm prescribing for Mr. Howland, mother," said her son. "His family are vegetarians, but he needs a tonic

and I'm giving it to him once a day."

At this instant there appeared a platter of juicy Canada mutton chops with kidneys. Abner ate two ravenously, and drank his glass of port.

Then Dr. Woodbridge advised his starting at 59th street and walking home through the park, every day, if possible, he added, "and leave a little earlier in the morning and walk down. It will do you more good than any tonic."

The following morning, Kittie exclaimed, "Father, I really believe the diet is doing you good; why, your cheeks are actually rosy."

Abner smiled shame-facedly, and felt like a culprit. Every night for the following ten days he went in after his own dinner and took his medicine, as the doctor called it.

Then the doctor and his mother came and dined with the Howlands. Kittie looked charming in her gown of striped chiffon over rose colored satin.

Nora had made her famous soup of beef, barley, marrow bones and vegetables, which was followed by a prime roast of beef and ended with an old-fashioned pumpkin pie.

Dinner over, they played dummy whist.

Mrs. Woodbridge was captivated by the girl, and after Kittie had sung for them, the old lady insisted upon kissing her. Before leaving, Abner brewed them an old-fashioned hot apple toddy.

Then the young man invited both Kitty and her father to the theatre, and for the next two weeks he was a constant guest. Every evening after Mr. Howland's professional call, he'd return with him, and life was beginning to teem with pleasure and comfort for Abner as well as for his pretty daughter.

One morning upon reaching his office Abner received a shock in the shape of a bill for back rent.

"What!" he ejaculated. "A bill from the estate agent for three months' unpaid rent! It's a mistake. Kittie," he called up on the 'phone, "what does it mean? Explain it!"

"Father, don't ask," she replied. "I fear that it is correct. I'll tell you tonight."

That evening she began: "I only know that mother has been greatly troubled of late. All winter has she been trying to make both ends meet."

"But why?" asker her father.

"Don't be hard on her, father," said the girl. "That wretched Mrs. Waring is the cause."

"Your mother alone is responsible, Kittie. I've never had a bill for rent sent me before. I'm disgraced. I've trusted her with almost my entire salary. It's damnable. She's a wicked, unscrupulous woman. What in God's name has she done with it?"

Then Kittie told of the four bridge clubs, the carriage hire, extra for entertaining, and the luncheons given to Mrs. Waring; of her mother's new costumes; at the same time showing him all of the expensive prizes won by Christine at the meetings.

"The dressmakers' bills have taken the rent money," she continued. "Mrs. Waring's dressmakers."

"Yes, and that woman gets a rake-off for taking your mother to them. Why, Kittie, she's nothing more nor less than a grafter, a sponge. How much money did your mother leave with you?"

"She allowed me five dollars a week for the table," Kittie faltered.

"Generous," sneered Abner. "No wonder she's taken up the Nebuchadnezzer diet and has forced it on us. Now, my girl, I begin to see what I should have seen before. She's made you do a servant's work to save money for herself. She's half-starved me to pocket the price of eggs and meat, and she's run me in debt so that at my time of life I'm forced to ask for a loan on my next quarterly salary. Think of the humiliation I'll have to undergo."

"Father," said Kitty, "won't you take the two diamond rings you've given me and borrow on them. I don't need to wear them. Or you might sell them?"

"No, my dear," replied Abner, tenderly, "I thank you just the same.

Keep what you have. I'll manage some way. But for her to feed us on grass stuff pretending it's to help me! Such deception,' he murmured.

"Oh, father," faltered the girl, her eyes filling with tears, "it's not alone mother who has been deceiving you. I, too, have done so, and it's worried me day and night. Father, I'll confess all: I've eaten meat, and I've eaten it every time I've been invited out. I've been so faint and hungry for it that I've actualy sought invitations to get away from dining at home."

At the end of two weeks the doctor's attentions to Katherine had become very marked, and after bringing her home from the theatre one evening, he asked Abner's consent to make her his wife.

It was easily obtained, and by the time Christine Van Buren Howland had returned from her rather unsatisfactory visit there sparkled on Kittie's finger a brilliant diamond ring.

The first words uttered by that lady upon entering the house were ill-natured. "How dared you go contrary to my wishes and engage a servant?" she asked.

"I only carried out father's orders in the matter," replied Katherine, calmly. "He insisted upon having one."

"Indeed. I must say it has come to a pretty pass if my instructions are to be disregarded in this manner. What's that I see in the kitchen—a coal range? Well, of all things, what does that mean?"

"Father ordered it with the coal."

Mrs. Howland gasped. "Your father seems to have taken leave of his senses, making changes in my house in such a high-handed fashion."

"Mother," spoke up Katherine, "there's been a great change in father. He's not the same man now that he was when you left. He has been cured of his indigestion by Dr. Woodbridge."

"Dr. Woodbridge," mimicked her mother. "And has father been running up doctors' bills?"

Katherine looked keenly at her mother and continued: "I presume father has a right to some of his own salary."

At this juncture, Abner's key was heard opening the hall door, and walking like a young man with an elastic step, he entered, a ruddy color in his cheeks, and a bright, healthy glow in his eyes.

"Ah, Christine," he said, coldly, never offering to kiss her, "did you enjoy your visit?" and taking a seat at the table he proceeded to open his evening paper.

Christine Howland gasped. Was this the half-sick, meek, subservient Abner with whom she had passed thirty years? It was incredible.

The dinner consisted of beef soup, roast lamb, chicken patties, potatoes and salad. After which there appeared a steamed suet pudding with a foamy sauce. Upon recovering from her astonishment, Mrs. Howland exclaimed:

"Pray tell me the meaning of this? If you have been providing so lavishly for three weeks, Katherine, you have been running in debt."

"No, Christine," replied Abner. "Only one member of this family seems privileged to do that."

Christine Howland looked at Abner. There shone upon his face a masterful expression that she had never seen before. She was too quick-witted not to realize that their positions were reversed, that her sins had found her out and her reign was over.

"Abner," she said falteringly, "do you consider it fair to me to eat the things you have eaten to-night. I've tried so hard to help you?"

Then her husband threw back his head and laughed immoderately.

"Christine," he replied, "drop it, or I shall think that you did your best to kill me with your diets and your cults and the rest of your actions. Don't play the hypocrite any longer."

"But, dear," she persisted, "you know that I really cannot afford to set such a table on the allowance you make me."

"No," replied Abner, slowly, "you will never be called upon to set this

table again on my money. In future, this house will be run by me. I propose to give to you and Kittie a reasonable allowance for your personal needs. That is, I will do so, after I make good the sum that I've had advanced on my salary to pay the last three months' rent, the money which was misappropriated by you, and I shall repay it before I spend another penny that's not absolutely necessary."

"Forgive me, Abner," she sobbed. "I'm glad you've found out my secret. I've done wrong. I've been vain and self-willed. I've undertaken to keep pace with wealthy people, and I know that I've been a short-sighted fool. I realize it too well. I went to Albany for the sole purpose of borrowing money of Anna to pay the rent, and she wouldn't lend me a dollar. Think of it, my only sister! I don't deserve your forgiveness. You needn't say that you love me even, Abner, if you'll only say that you will try and forgive me."

"It has all been a wretched mistake, Christine. You've had bad influences to contend with. Forget it now, my dear, for here comes Kittie with great news. She has become engaged to Howard Woodbridge. I want you to congratulate her, mother."

Mrs. Howland, thoroughly surprised, arose and put her arms around her daughter. Then through her tears, she sobbed: "My dear little girl, I congratulate you with all my heart. If Dr. Woodbridge proves himself half as good a husband to you as your father has been to me, you'll be a happy and lucky girl, and I shall love him as a son," and she kissed her tenderly.

WINTER FOLK'S SONG

Come, put the biggin on the bairn,
And let us sally forth!
Up, wifie; we all need an air'n',
Not huggin' of the hearth.
With icicles is hung the cairn,
The wind is in the North!
Come, put the biggin on the bairn,
And let us sally forth!

Come, wifie. let us sally forth,
Nor, mopin', count the cost!
The game's a goodly candle's worth:
Indoors one's simply lost!
The snow lies crisp and smooth, no wisp
By careless gossips tost:
Up, wifie, let us sally forth
To meet our friend Jack Frost! HARRY COWELL.

THE BATTLE OF ARMAGEDDON

By C. T. Russell, Pastor of London and Brooklyn Tabernacles

And He gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon . . . to the Battle of that Great Day of God Almighty."—Revelation 16:16, 14.

ARMAGEDDON is a Hebrew word signifying the Hill of Megiddo, or the Mount of Destruction. Megiddo occupied a very marked position on the southern edge of the Plain of Esdraelon, and commanded an important pass into the hill country. This locality was the great battle-ground of Palestine, on which were fought many of the famous battles of Old Testament history. There Gideon and his little band alarmed and discomfited the Midianites, who destroyed one another in their flight. (Judges 7:19-23.) There King Saul was defeated by the Philistines (1 Sam. 31:1-6.) There King Josiah was slain by Pharaoh-Necho in one of the most disastrous conflicts in the history of Israel. (2 Chron. 35-22-25.) There also King Ahab and his wife Jezebel lived, in the city of Jezreel, where Jezebel afterwards met a horrible death.—2 Kings 9:30-37.

Those battles were in a sense typical. The defeat of the Midianites released the people of Israel from bondage to Midian. Thus Gideon and his band typified our Lord and the Church, who are to release mankind from their bondage to sin and death. The death of King Saul and the overthrow of his kingdom by the Philistines opened the way for the reign of David, who typified Messiah. King Ahab typified the civil government, symbolically called the "Dragon" in the Revelation. Queen Jezebel symbolically foreshadowed the great harlot, Babylon, and as such she is mentioned by name. "Thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce My servants."—Rev. 2:20.

In the Scriptures, the Lord has evidently seen fit to associate the name of this famous battle-field, Armageddon, with the great controversy between Truth and Error, right and wrong, God and Mammon, with which the Gospel Age will close and the Messianic Age be ushered in. He has purposely used highly symbolic language in the last book of the Bible, evidently with a view to hiding certain important truths until the due time for their revealment. But even in the due time, "None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." (Dan. 12:10.) None who are out of heart harmony with God shall know; but only the wise among His people—the wise virgin class of the Master's parable.—Matt. 25:1:13.

When we consider our text, therefore, we are not to expect any gathering of the people literally to the Hill of Megiddo. Rather we are to look for that which is symbolized by that mountain. Many things are being called "The Battle of Armageddon;" this phrase is being used in many ways and from many standpoints. But Christians realize that this word Armageddon specially belongs to the Bible, where it is used in a spiritual sense. If, therefore, the present is an opportune time in which to consider the Battle of Armageddon from a political standpoint, it surely is the proper time to consider the term from

its true religious point of view.

We all know that the book of Revelation is full of symbols. God seems to have placed this book last in the Bible with the intent of covering up great and important truths. That it contains valuable truths is the opinion of all Bible students. Yet so skillfully has God covered these truths that His people in times past have not been able fully and clearly to discern them. Bible students believe that this has been the Divine intention, not only because these truths were not due to be understood, but because God intends to keep certain features of His truth from the world. Mankind have always misunderstood the Divine Plan; for God in His wisdom wishes to have them misunderstand. The truths recorded in the Revelation are not for the world, nor for nominal Christians, but for the church—the body of Christ, the saintly ones—"the church of the first-borns which are written in Heaven." To these the knowledge will become "meat in due season." "The wise shall understand."

Time for the Establishment of Messiah's Kingdom.

The scriptures abound with allusions to Armageddon. Our Lord Jesus calls it "great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be." (Matt. 24:21.) The Prophet Daniel describes it as "a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time." (Dan. 12:1.) Closely in connection with this statement, Daniel declares that God's representative, "Michael, shall stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of" Israel. The word "Michael" signifies "He who is like God"—the God-like one. He will stand up for the salvation of God's people, for the rectification of error and wrong, for the establishment of right and truth, to bring to the world of mankind the great Kingdom of God, which has been preached from the days of Abraham.

The Revelation of St. John, being a book of symbols, will not be understood by the world. God himself has said that only at a certain time may even the church expect to understand. When the Prophet Daniel inquired concerning the meaning of his vision, the angel replied: "Go thy way, Daniel; for the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end"—not age—the end of this Dispensation. "The earth abideth forever."—Eccl, 1:4.

St. Peter tells us that this age is to end in a great conflagration—symbolical of the time of trouble, in which present institutions will be swallowed up (2 Pet. 3-8:13.) Elsewhere in the Scriptures, this terrible time of trouble is symbolically represented as a storm, as a whirlwind, as a fire, to consume everything. After the present order shall have passed away in the great time of trouble, God Himself will establish His kingdom—the one for which we pray, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, even as it is done in Heaven."

If, then, there is anything to indicate that we are living in the end of the gospel age, anything to indicate that the virgins are trimming their lamps, we may rest assured that the time for the Wise Virgins to enter into glory is close at hand. What a blessed message is this for "all who love His appearing!"

In the same prophecy which tells that the time of the end is the time for the wise toward God to understand, we are told that this time will be especially marked by two particular features: first, "Many shall run to and fro;" second, "Knowledge shall be increased." (Dan. 12:4.) To-day we see this prophecy fulfilled. All over the world people are running to and fro as never before. Railroads, steamboats, automobiles, electric cars—surface, subway and elevated, etc.—carry mankind everywhere. General increase of knowledge characterizes our wonderful day. Every child ten years old is able to read. All over the world are books, newspapers, Bibles

in every home—opportunity for knowledge such as never has been known since man was on earth.

The remarkable fulfillment of this prophecy marks our day as the time of the end, in which the present dispensation is to be concluded and the new dispensation is to be ushered in—the time when God's people will be able to understand the situation and to get ready for their change.

Principles, Not Individuals, Under Discussion.

All Christian people credit the book of Revelation to our Lord, as St. John does (Rev. 1:1.) Therefore we are not responsible for the symbolism used in that book. There are so many ways in which one might be misunderstood, even by good Christian people, that we naturally feel a delicacy about expressing our views. As we proceed to set forth our understanding of the symbols of the Revelation, we wish to state most emphatically that we are saying nothing whatever against godly Christians anywhere, at any time, whether in any church or out of any church. We have nothing to say respecting people. We discuss PRINCIPLES, DOCTRINES, ALWAYS; individuals, NEVER! God has not commissioned us to discuss *people;* it is ours to discuss *His Word.*

As we present our interpretation of the symbols of Revelation, we realize that the word of God conveys a very terrible arraignment of some of the great systems of our day—some that we have long reverenced and esteemed—that we have thought contained many who are godly in word and in deed. Let us, therefore, clearly distinguish between individuals and systems. We say nothing against the godly individual, but in the interpretation of the word of God what we have to say is merely in respect to these system. Indeed, we believe that the saintly people of God are left out of these symbols, probably because the saints of God, as compared with the hundreds of millions of humanity, are merely a small company, as Jesus said: "Fear not, Little Flock."

Coming to the interpretation of the symbols of Rev. 16:13-16, we find that there are three agencies connected with the gathering of the hosts to this Battle of Armageddon. We read that out of the mouth of the Beast, out of the mouth of the False Prophet and out of the mouth of the Dragon proceeded three unclean spirits like frogs; and that these three unclean spirits, frog-like, went forth throughout the whole world to gather the whole world into this Battle of Armageddon.

It is proper, then, for us to inquire what systems are meant by these symbolic words—the dragon, the beast, and the false prophet. After we shall discover what is meant by these terms we shall ask what is symbolized by the frogs that came out from their mouths.

Throughout the Bible, a beast is the symbol used to represent a government. In Daniel's prophecy the great universal empires of the earth are thus symbolized. Babylon was the lion, Medo-Persia the bear, Greece the leopard, and Rome the dragon. (Dan. 7:1-8.) The Roman Empire still persists. Christendom is a part of that great Roman Empire which began in the days of Caesar and which, according to the Scriptures, still is in the world.

Practically all Bible exegetes agree that the dragon of the Revelation represents the purely civil power, wherever it may be found. We do not understand this to mean that all the powers of the world are evil or of the devil, but that the dragon is the symbol which the Lord is pleased to use to represent civil power.

The beast of Rev. 16:13 is the same that is mentioned in Rev. 13:2, where it is described as resembling a leopard—spotted. Protestant interpreters of the Revelation agree that this symbol refers to the Papal system—not to the Pope, not to Catholic congregations, not to individual Catholics, but to the system as a whole, which has existed for centuries.

In His word, God has been pleased

to recognize the Papacy as a system, as a government. Papacy claims that the Kingdom of God, Messiah's Kingdom, was established in 799 A. D.; that it lasted a thousand years, just as the Bible declares Christ's Kingdom will last; and that it expired in 1799 A. D. They claim also that since 1799 this Kingdom of Christ (that is, the Papal system, represented in the Revelation as the beast) has been suffering violence; and that during this time the Devil has been loosed, in fulfillment of Rev. 20:7.

History records that the era closed with 1799, marked by Napoleon's Egyptian campaign, sealed and defined the limit of Papal dominion over the nations. Napoleon even took the Pope prisoner to France, where he died. This humiliating experience, Roman Catholics claim, marks the time of the loosing of Satan in fulfillment of Rev. 20-7.

We cannot agree with our Catholic brethren's interpretation of prophecy. The Bible is surely right when it declares that "the prince of this world is Satan," and that this is "the present evil world" or age. The reason why there is so much graft, false doctrine, delusion, ignorance, superstition everywhere is that Satan is the great being who is deceiving the world. According to the Scriptures, Satan is to be bound for a thousand years, that he may deceive the nations no more. (Rev. 20:3.) After the thousand years shall have been finished Satan shall be loosed for a little season to test mankind. Then he will be destroyed in the Second Death, together with all who are in harmony with him.

Bible students are only now getting their eyes open to see the lengths, breadths, heights and depths of the love of God—His wonderful provision made; first, for the church, who are to share in the Kingdom's glory; and second, for the world of mankind, who will receive the blessing of an uplift to human perfection during that thousand years. This glorious epoch is just approaching, instead of being in the past. So glorious will be the condition of humanity at the close of Messiah's Kingdom that nothing ever dreamed will compare with it. But the great work of God will not be perfected until every human being will have reached perfection, or will have been destroyed in the Second Death, because of refusal to come into harmony with the laws of righteousness. Then every creature in Heaven and on earth will be heard saying, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the lamb, for ever and ever."—Rev. 5:13.

The dragon, then, symbolizes the Roman power, represented by the civil power in the world. The beast is the Papal system of government. The third symbol, the false prophet, remains to be interpreted. This, we believe, is another name for the system, elsewhere called "the image of the beast." (Rev. 13:14.) According to the Scriptures, this image is a very exact representation of the beast. The false prophet, or image of the beast, we understand to mean the Protestant Federation of Churches.

The Image of the Beast.

In order to see why the Protestant Federation of Churches should be symbolized as the image of the beast and as the false prophet, we must examine other symbolical Scriptures. In Rev. 17:5, our attention is called to a great "mystery." The word "harlot" in Scriptural symbolism does not mean an immoral person. It refers to the church, which was to be the Kingdom of God, but which lost her virginity and became united to an earthly husband, instead of her Heavenly husband. To what earthly husband did the church unite? To the Roman Empire. In the minds of Luther and other reformers there was no doubt that there was a close union between the church and the world. The church for a time claimed to be waiting for Christ to set up His Kingdom. Finally she said: "I will not wait until the second coming of Christ: I will unite with the Roman Empire."

All know the result. The Roman Catholic church was exalted, and reigned as a queen for centuries. This union of church and State is represented in a famous picture found in Italy. On a throne the Pope and the Emperor sit side by side. On one side are cardinals, bishops, the lower clergy and the laity, in order of rank. On the other side are generals, lieutenants, soldiers, etc., down to the common people. Thus the union of church and State was recognized.

On the basis of this union all earthly governments are called Christian; for they claim unity as part and parcel with the church. History tells us that for centuries the church appointed the earthly kings. Whomsoever the Pope desired was crowned. In proof of the supremacy of the church a story is told in regard to Emperor Henry IV of Germany, who had incurred the Papal displeasure and who as a punishment was compelled to stand for three days without the castle gates of Canossa, barefooted, and clad only in the haircloth shirt of a penitent, exposed to the inclemency of mid-winter. Then he was forced to crawl on hands and knees into the presence of the Pontiff, whose silk stocking was removed in order that the emperor might kiss the Pope's great toe, in fulfillment of Psa. 2:10, 12, "Kiss the Son, O, ye kings of the earth."

To our understanding this is a mistaken application of Scripture. "The Son" is not the Pope. The "holy hill" is the Kingdom of God. His agency is symbolized as the holy Mount Zion. The great Messiah will completely overthrow all the things the kingdom of righteousness and truth, which will uplift mankind out of sin and degradation.

Roman Catholics believe that the Pope is the vicegerent of Christ, reigning in His stead. They believe that the present is the time when Satan is loosed to deceive the nations; that very shortly the church will again get full power in the world; and that as a result every one who does not obey them will be destroyed. This interpretation points us to Revelation, 13th and 20th chapters. Protestants do not appreciate the situation. Doubtless all thinking people have noticed that overtures for union come from Protestantism, but never from Catholicism.

The question now arises, Why should the Scriptures picture Protestantism as an image of the beast? When and how did this come about? From the time of the Reformation, Protestants had been striving individually to get out of the darkness of the past and thus had formulated many creeds and had organized many denominations. But about the middle of the last century the leaders began to see that if every one continued to study the Bible individually the time would come when each one would have an individual creed. To prevent what seemed to them a loss of power, they planned a union of Protestants in a system called the Evangelical Alliance.

The Evangelical Alliance, an organization of the different Protestant denominations, was formed in 1846 for the very purpose of doing in their own way the same thing that Catholicism would do in its own way. Seeing the great power that Roman Catholics would exercise because of a united system, Protestants said, "We are divided. We have no power. We will organize." Then and there according to the Scriptures, they made an image of the beast.

The Bible says, however, that before the image can do any particular harm it must receive life from the two-horned beast. (Rev. 13:15.) This two-horned beast with horns like a lamb, but a voice like a dragon, we believe represents the Church of England, which is not a party of the Evangelical Alliance. The Church of England makes the claim which the Church of Rome makes—that she is the true Church; that all others are wrong; that she has the original apostolic succession; and that no one is commissioned to preach unless he has had divine, apostolic hands laid upon him. This has been the contention of

the Church of England for centuries, and constitutes the difference between that Church and all other Protestant denominations.

Although the Evangelical Alliance was organized in 1846, it has not been able to accomplish its purpose, because it did not know how to operate. The denominations in the Alliance were united only in name, and hence have worked against each other. Denominations outside of the Alliance were declared to be unauthorized; and they, in turn, challenged the Evangelical Churches to show where they got authority to preach. As a result, the image had no power to act; it was trodden upon; and to get vitality—life—it would need apostolic succession; it must have something as a basis for operation.

The Scriptures indicate that the Church of England will become intimate with the Evangelical Alliance, and will give it apostolic authority to preach. Because of this union, the Alliance will be able to say, "We have apostolic authority to preach. Let no one speak unless he has our sanction." This action on their part is described in Rev. 13:17. None will be allowed to buy or sell spiritual things in the spiritual market unless he has either the mark of the beast or the mark of the image.

In Rev. 16:13 we find mention of the false prophets, another representation of the image—the vitalized product of the Evangelical Alliance, which has taken the form of Church Federation, and has to-day a great deal of vitality. Whether we can expect it to have more remains to be seen. The Scriptures clearly indicate that the image of the beast is to get so great power that it will do the same thing that the Roman Catholic Church did in the past; and that the two systems, Catholic and Protestant, will rule the civilized world with a high hand through the civil power—the dragon.

The Scriptures tell us that this result is to be brought about by the utterances of the combined power of Church and State. "Three unclean spirits like frogs came out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the dragon and the mouth of the false prophet." In this passage, the spirit is a doctrine—an unclean doctrine—a false doctrine. Each of these systems will utter the same things, and these utterances will have the effect of gathering the kingdoms of earth together to the great battle of Armageddon.

"Three Unclean Spirits Like Frogs."

The symbolism of Scripture, rightly understood, is very forceful, and there is always a close resemblance between the symbol itself and the thing symbolized. When the Holy Spirit uses a frog to represent certain doctrines or teachings, we may be sure that the application will fit well. While a frog is a small creature, yet it puffs itself up until it almost bursts with the effort to be somebody. A frog has a very wise look, even though it does not know very much. A frog croaks whenever it utters a sound.

The three most prominent characteristics of a frog, then, are pomposity, an air of superior wisdom and knowledge, and a continual croaking. Applying these characteristics to the picture given in the divine word, we learn that from the civil power, from the Catholic Church and from the Federation of Protestant Churches will go forth the same teachings. The spirit of all will be boastful; an air of superior knowledge and wisdom will be assumed; all will foretell dire results to follow any failure to obey their counsels. However conflicting the creeds, the differences will be ignored in the general proposition that nothing ancient must be disturbed, or investigated or repudiated.

The divine authority of the church, and the divine right of kings, aside from the church, will not be allowed to conflict; for both will be endorsed. Any persons or teachings in conflict with these boastful, unscriptural claims will be branded as everything vile, at the mouths of the frogs, croak-

ing from pulpits and platforms, and through the religious and secular press. The nobler sentiments of some will be strangled by the philosophy of the same evil spirit which spoke through Caiaphas, the high priest, respecting our Lord Jesus. As Caiaphas declared it expedient to commit a crime in violation of justice, both human and divine, to be rid of Jesus and His teachings, so this frog-like spirit will approve of any and every violation of principle necessary to self-protection.

Every true Christian is ashamed to look back upon the pages of history and see what terrible deeds were done in the name of God and justice, and in the name of our Lord Jesus. We are not to think for a moment that these frog spirits, or doctrines, are all bad, but rather that they are doctrines of bombast and pomposity, representing themselves to be very wise and great, and having the backing of centuries. Out of the mouth of the dragon comes the doctrine of the divine right of kings: "Do not look back in the curtain of history to see where the king got that right. Accept the doctrine; for if you do not, and if men look into the matter, there will be a terrible revolution, and everything will go down."

The beast and the false prophet have similar croakings. The Catholic Church says, "Do not look behind! Do not question anything about the church!" Protestantism says, also, "We are great, we are wise, we know a great deal. Keep quiet! No one will then know that you know nothing." All say (croaking): "We tell you that if you say anything against present arrangements, terrible things will come to pass!"

Political parties are figuring in this. All declare, "If any change should come, it will mean terrible disaster!" Some have the backbone and some have the civil power behind them, but unitedly they croak to the people that if any change is made, it will mean ruin to the present order. In the language of our day, "Stand pat!" is the order of the church and in State; but the people are being moved by fear. It is this croaking of the beast, the dragon and the false prophet that will arouse the kings of earth and gather them together to the Armageddon battle and destruction.

The ecclesiastical kings and princes, with their retinue of clergy and faithful adherents, will be gathered in solid phalanx—Protestant and Catholic. The political kings and princes, senators, and all in high places, with their henchmen and retainers, will follow in line on the same side. The financial kings and merchant princes, and all whom they can influence by the most gigantic power ever yet excercised in the world, will join the same side, according to this prophecy. They do not realize, however that they are coming to Armageddon; yet strange to say, this is part of their cry, "Come together to Armageddon."

Speaking of our day, our Lord declared, "Men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken." (Luke 21:26.) The kings of Europe know not what to do. All sectarianism is being shaken. Many people of God are in perplexity.

The croaking of the frog spirits, or doctrines, will gather the kings and princes, financial, political, religious and industrial into one great army. The spirit of fear, inspired by the croaking, will scourge the passions of otherwise good and reasonable men to fury—desperation. In their blind following of, these evil spirits, evil doctrines they will be ready to sacrifice life and everything on what they mistakenly suppose is the altar of Justice and Righteousness under Divine arrangement.

Many noble people in this great army will assume an attitude quite contrary to their preference. For a time the wheels of liberty and progress will be turned backward, and mediaeval restraints will be considered necessary for self-preservation—for the maintenance of the present order of things and for the prevention of the

new order which God has decreed, the due time for which is at hand. Even those who may be God's people do not stop to consider whether it is His will that things should continue as they have been for the past six thousand years. The Bible says that such is not God's will, but that there is to be a great overturning—a new leaf.

For a brief time, as we understand the Scriptures, these combined forces of Armageddon will triumph. Free speech, free mails, and other liberties which have come to be the very breath of the masses in our day, will be ruthlessly shut off on the plea of necessity, the glory of God, the commands of the Church, etc. The safety-valve will be sat upon, and thus will cease to annoy earth's kings with the sound of escaping steam; and all will seem to be serene—until the great social explosion described in the Revelation as an earthquake will take place. In symbolic language an earthquake signifies social revolution, and the Scriptural declaration is that none like it ever before occurred. (Rev. 16:18, 19.) See our Lord's reference to it in Matt. 24-21.

The Lord's Great Army.

At this juncture, the Scriptures show divine power will step forward and God will gather the marshalled hosts to Armageddon—to the Mount of Destruction. (Rev. 16:16.) The very thing which they sought to avert by their union, federation, etc., will be the very thing that they will hasten. Other Scriptures tell us that God will be represented by Messiah, and that He will be on the side of the masses. "All that time shall Michael (the God-like one—Messiah) stand up." (Dan. 12:1.) He will assume authority. He will take possession of His kingdom in a manner little looked for by many of those who erroneously have been claiming to be His kingdom, and authorized by Him to reign in His name and in His stead.

Our Lord Jesus declared, "His servants ye are unto whom ye render service." Some may be rendering service to Satan and to error, who claim to be rendering service to God and to righteousness; and some may serve ignorantly, as did Saul of Tarsus, who "verily thought that he did God service" in persecuting the Church. The same principle holds true reversely. As an earthly king does not hold himself responsible for the moral character of each soldier who fights his battles, so the Lord does not vouch for the moral character of all who enlist and fight on His side of any question. His servants they are to whom they render service, whatever the motive prompting.

The same principle will apply in the coming Battle of Armageddon. God's side of that battle will be the people's side; and that very nondescript host, the people, will be pitted at the beginning of the battle. Anarchists, socialists and hot-headed radicals of every school of reason and unreason, will be in the forefront of that battle. He who has any knowledge of army life knows that a great army is composed of all classes.

The masses will be restless under their restrains, but will be conscious of their weakness as compared with the kings and princes, financial, social, religious and political, who will then hold sway. The majority of the poor and the middle class prefer peace at almost any price. The masses have no sympathy with anarchy. They realize truly that the worst form of government is better than none. The masses will seek relief through the ballot and the peaceful readjustment of earth's affairs for the elimination of evil, for the placing of monopolies and utilities and the supplies of nature in the hands of the people for the public good. The crisis will be reached when the hitherto upholders of the law shall become violators of the law and resisters of the will of the majority as expressed by the ballot. Fear for the future will goad the well-meaning masses to desperation, and anarchy will result when socialism fails.

The Lord's saints are not to be in

this battle at all. God's consecrated people, longing at heart for Messiah's kingdom, will patiently abide the Lord's time, and wait unmurmuringly for it. Their lamps trimmed and burning, they will not be in darkness respecting the momentous events of the impending battle; but they will be of good courage, knowing the outcome portrayed in the "more sure word of prophecy," to which they have done well to "take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn."—2 Pet. 1:19.

The question now arises, Why did not God send His kingdom sooner? Why is Armageddon necessary? We answer that God has His own times and seasons, and that He has appointed the Great Seventh Thousand-Year Day for the reign of Christ. Divine wisdom has withheld until our day the great knowledge and skill which is breeding at the same time millionaires and discontents. Had God lifted the veil of ignorance a thousand years sooner, the world would have lined up for Armageddon a thousand years sooner. God did not bring these things before the present time because His plan has various parts, all of which are converging at the same time. In kindness, God veiled the eyes of mankind until the gathering to Armageddon would immediately precede Messiah's taking to Himself His great power and beginning His reign.—Rev. 11:17, 18.

The attitude of the people of God should be that of great thankfulness to the giver of every good. They should make provision for the great storm that is coming and keep very quiet, not unduly interested in the side of either rich or poor. We know in advance that the Lord is on the side of the people. He it is that will fight the Armageddon battle, and His agency will be that peculiar army—all classes. When this great "earthquake" of social revolution comes, it will not be a mere handful of anarchists, but an uprising of the people to throw off the great power that is strangling them. Selfishness is at the bottom of the whole matter.

For forty years the Armageddon forces have been mustering for both sides of the conflict. Strikes, lockouts and riots, great and small, have been merely incidental skirmishes as the belligerents cross each other's paths. Court and army scandals in Europe, insurance, trust and court scandals in America, have shaken public confidence. Dynamite plots, charged by turns on employees and employers, have tended to make each distrustful of the other. Bitter and angry feelings on both sides are more and more manifested. The lines of battle are daily becoming more distinctly marked. Nevertheless Armageddon cannot yet be fought.

Gentile times have still two years to run. The image of the beast must yet receive life—power. It must be transformed from a mere mechanism to a living force. Protestant Federation realizes that its organization will continue to be futile unless it receives vitalization—unless its clergy directly or indirectly shall be recognized as possessed of apostolic ordination and authority to teach. This, the prophecy indicates, will come from the two-horned beast, which we believe symbolically represents the Church of England. High-handed activities of Protestantism and Catholicism, operating in conjunction for the suppression of human liberties, await this vivifying of the image. This may come soon, but the Armageddon cannot precede it, but must follow—perhaps a year after, according to our view of prophecy.

Still another thing intervenes. Although the Jews are gradually flowing into Palestine, gradually obtaining control of the land of Canaan, and although reports say that already nineteen millions are there, nevertheless, prophecy requires an evidently larger number of wealthy Hebrews to be there before the Armageddon crisis be reached. Indeed, we understand that "Jacob's trouble" in the Holy Land will come at the very close of Armageddon. Then Messiah's Kingdom will begin to be manifested. Thence-

forth Israel in the Land of Promise will gradually rise from the ashes of the past to the grandeur of prophecy. Through its divinely appointed princes, Messiah's kingdom, all-powerful, but invisible, will begin to roll away the curse and to lift up mankind, and to give beauty for ashes.

"The Iron Trail," by Rex Beach, author of "The Spoilers," "The Silver Horde," "The Ne'er-Do-Well," etc.

The power of Rex Beach to make his readers feel the bigness of natural forces and of visualizing the awesome aspects of Alaskan landscapes, continues as natural and virile as ever; for his new novel he has found a unique setting as well as a unique theme.

O'Neil, the railroad-builder, is different from any of Beach's earlier heroes. He is a bit older; he represents a larger conception of manhood, and he is distinctly more fascinating. Big, generous, shrewd, and resourceful, the "Irish Prince," as he is called, is the kind of unassuming good fellow and capable fighter that wins unbounded loyalty. He has that mark of greatness, the ability to attend good-naturedly to little worries in the midst of great ones, and his heart pumps red blood. O'Neil is Kipling's "If" realized.

O'Neil, who has gone North to look after his claims in the coal-fields, turns his imagination to the railroad problem. Convinced of the feasibility of a route up the Salmon River from Omar, undaunted by flooding river, quaking tundra, and giant glaciers, he assembles his lieutenants from the four corners of the earth and begins building. Three forces oppose O'Neil: the glaciers, the Trust, which is constructing a line from Kyak, and Curtis Gordon, an unscrupulous, imaginative, inexhaustibly plausible promoter, who is pretending to build a line from Hope. Personal motives intensify the natural hatred of the dishonest adventurer for his honest and successful rival. For years Gordon has been living in questionable intimacy with a young widow, Gloria Gerard, whose daughter, Natalie, calls him "Uncle." As Natalie grows older, she becomes aware of the true state of affairs, and she so works upon her mother that Gloria promises to leave Gordon. The two women are received at Omar by O'Neil, whose friendship for Natalie dates from the time when the two were left behind on a sinking ship on the occasion of the girl's first coming to Alaska. A further complication and an element of breezy romance is added when Dan Appleton's sister, Eliza, arrives in Omar in her capacity of special correspondent, expecting to find in O'Neil a public malefactor, and discovers in him the man she loves. Eliza, all bluntness and mannishness on the outside and all artless femininity within, brings a warm and wholesome sentiment into the story, and childlike, undisguisedly clinging Natalie is almost, if not, quite as winning.

The story is like a nightmare for endless, and, be it said, plausible complications—like an epic in its thrill of

magnificent struggle. The boat-ride down the Salmon River, with blocks of ice of the size of a New York office building splitting from the faces of the glaciers; the rise of the ice which pulled the piles of the false-work from the river bottom, the storm's destruction of the Trust's breakwater at Kyak —these are happenings that furnish genuine excitement. In the midst of it all, we never lose the human touch. Rex Beach's inventiveness is unflagging, and his vigorous, forthright style, with its recurrent moments of surprising picturesqueness and its sudden spurts of humor, is as charming as ever.

Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

"The Romance of Ali," by Eleanor Stuart.

"Ali" is a young English boy brought up from birth in the Kingdom of Angolar, in the "barbarous marches" of Africa. He regards himself as the Sultan's son, and for mother he has the Sultan's chief wife, Fatuma, a woman fortunately wise in her day and generation, whose loveableness and worth the author makes us feel, despite fully recognized racial differences. In this part of the tale we catch wonderful glimpses of cool courts, green turbans, wild dancing, and barbaric feasting. Then Graf von Rodenburg, old friend and rival of Ali's father, arrives, and we are carried with the youth, now sixteen years of age, to Germany. His Oriental astuteness and a gift of mind reading inherited from his mother involve him in the intrigues of world-politics, and, removed from the care of von Rodenburg, he is brought to England by his cousin, Lord Stapleside—an eccentric and able politician of Disraeli-like characteristics, who saves every situation by a wonderful belated resourcefulness. "Germany is saved by human wisdom," thinks Ali; "but England, by Allah." Using his remarkable gift with rare loyalty and justice, Ali is the hidden factor in many important and amusing situations, and his love affair with Patricia, the affectionate, ambitious daughter of the English ambassador, is as genuine as if it were not so strangely piquant. Of two things the author has an extraordinarily strong sense—character and affection—and these give vitality to the story, which, despite its curious features, almost convinces us of its biographical reality.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The Romance of the American Theatre," by Mary Caroline Crawford, author of "Old Boston Days and Ways," "Romantic Days in the Early Republic," etc.

In her research among the documents of early days, Miss Crawford has come upon a great deal that is of interest concerning our first playhouses, our old-time stars, the Bohemian resorts of the past, and so on; and the result is a book that will start trains of reminiscence in the minds of all who love the theatre and remember its "good old days" when Forrest, Fechter, Rachel, Jefferson and Booth or Charlotte Cushman were the idols of the hour. Merely to read over the chapter headings is to get a hint of the book's charm: Players and Playhouses of the Eighteenth Century; The Early Stars and their Curious Adventures; Some Famous Stage Families; The Rise of New York as a Theatrical Mecca; The French Opera House and Other Playhouses of New Orleans; Ups and Downs of the Theatre in the South; The Golden Age of Boston's Play-goers; The Story of the Stage in Philadelphia and Washington; The Part Played by the West in Theatrical History; Famous Players of the Nineteenth Century; The Rise and Fall of the Dramatic Critic; The Passing of Bohemia. Miss Crawford's new book should prove to be one of the most interesting and popular of the season's holiday publications.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. With 64 half-tone illustra-

tions. Crown 8vo. Decorated cloth, gilt top, in box. $2.50 net. Half morocco, $5.00 net.

"Fatima," by Rowland Thomas, author of "The Little Gods," etc.

In a little dura-thatched village which bakes on a canal embankment amid the cotton fields of Egypt, a village called Ashmunein, once upon a time there lived a Fool. And there lived also a maid named Fatima, who was hardly turned sixteen, and was dark of eye and satiny of skin and plumply slender, and oh! so beautiful. Fatima was indeed the most beautiful creature, and quite, quite the cleverest creature ever was, and she knew it, and this story concerns the marriage of Ali, the Fool, and the beautiful, wise Fatima; how she grew tired of her foolish husband and journeyed to Mecca, and became one of the wives of my lord the Kadi, and fell in love with a young man named Abdullah; how she had strange adventures, and terrible events occurred. The like of this tale for fanciful charm and imaginative power has indeed not been published in many a long day, and jaded readers of the every-day type of fiction will delight in this story of how the beautiful Fatima married a Fool, made fools of many wise men, and in the end learned the wisdom of being satisfied with her own lot in life.

With six illustrations in color and decorative end-leaves from drawings by Joseph M. Gleeson. Crown 8vo. Decorated cloth, $1.35 net. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 34 Beacon street.

"The Eye of Dread," by Payne Erskine, author of "The Mountain Girl," "Joyful Heatherby," etc.

The scene is chiefly the Middle West, the period that immediately following the Civil War. Not a problem story such as "Joyful Heatherby," nor a simple love story like "The Mountain Girl," it possesses the power of the one and the charm of the other, and strikes a deeper note than either in its setting forth of the tragic situation resulting from a mystery that is ever-present and is slowly unraveled until at last the hero is arrested for his own murder. How two young men, bosom friends, come to blows over their love for a charming girl; how each supposes he has killed the other and flees in terror and remorse; what these two men make of their apparently ruined lives—this is told in a remarkable novel that will profoundly move its readers while delighting by its unusual plot and brilliant characterizations.

With frontispiece by George Gibbs. 12mo. Decorated cloth. $1.35 net. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"Old Countries Discovered Anew, A Motor Book for Everybody," by Ernest Talbert, with colored frontispiece and seventy illustrations. Index, special index, appendix, and map of route.

In the preface, the author sets forth the object of his very interesting book by stating that after reviewing his experiences of motoring abroad he concluded "that he was called upon to write a motor book for everybody." The superiorty of motoring as compared with the old-fashioned railway and horseback travel, together with the small increase (and occasional saving) in cost for actual ground covered, led to the inevitable deduction that the "only" way for the general public to see Europe is in hired motor cars. Indeed the obvious advantage—often a necessity—of touring from centers, the cost and annoyance entailed by taking a car abroad, and the recently increased difficulties thrown in his way by foreign governments, may well incline even the owner of an automobile to the practice of hiring cars." The author gives an unusually chatty and interesting account of a trip by motor car through Holland, Germany and France, three of the most interesting and picturesque countries of all Europe. By hiring motors in the countries visited, the author explains how

he saw many remote and extremely interesting sections, sections seldom, if ever, visited by the tourist; sections in which the customs, habits and lives of the people are exact counterparts of those existing there centuries ago. Mr. Talbert has not only given in this book an exceedingly fascinating account of a quaint and interesting trip, but he has furnished a most complete guidebook to motoring in Europe. He gives us in detail most necessary information regarding motors, the roads to be followed, baggage to be carried, methods of securing gasoline and other supplies, the hotels and inns, etc., in fact, all the information that the person desirous of making a like trip could possibly need. To any one contemplating a motor trip abroad, this book will prove a mine of advice in solving the many every-day problems which confront the American motorists on the Continent, and at the same time it furnishes common sense methods in obtaining a lively, thorough and lasting appreciation of the life and localities visited.

Published by Dana Estes & Company, Boston. Small 8vo, cloth, fully illustrated with more than 60 photographs taken by the author. Boxed, $1.50 net; special limp leather, Tourists' Edition, $1.75 net.

"John Barleycorn," by Jack London, Author of "The Call of the Wild," "The Abysmal Brute," "Smoke Bellew," etc. Illustrated by H. T. Dunn.

As an autobigraphical contribution to the literature now being published against King Alcohol, Jack London's recent publication will rank easily among the most entertaining. The story is told in his usual crisp, intimate and dramatic way, giving a vivid impression of his long and stubbern contest with the liquor "habit of mind." His philosophy of this habit threads its way through a series of graphic life incidents, shedding the while an illuminating light on John Barleycorn's methods in luring and holding its victims. It is easily the most appealing from a personal view that Jack London has contributed. Here is his own story of his life and of his experiences with alcohol, as newsboy on the San Francisco streets, sailor, miner, wanderer in foreign lands, finally prince of writers with home and family and fame and fortune his—under a system of life which he declares, for twenty years, against his wish and will, has forced liquor upon him, till now he is "possessed with the drinker's desire."

"The Social Rubaiyat of a Bud," by Mrs. Ambrose Madison Willis.

In "The Social Rubaiyat of a Bud," the writer presents the study of a type. The "Bud" is the product of a specialized civilization, the outcome of a rearing and environment that produce a distinctly differentiated species. Luxury is "the breath of her nostrils," and an unhampered materiality the goal of her aspirations. She cannot thrive, or even preserve her individuality when removed from the environment in which she is accustomed to express herself. A removal from that environment would mean a degeneration of her species, therefore when she sells herself in marriage in order to maintain that standard, she follows the first law of nature—that of self preservation. The author is not concerned in the story—with the desirability of the permanence of the type, but with the fact that its evolution is as scientific as that of any other species and that the maintenance of its identity depends upon law as exact. The author disclaims any intention of preaching or reforming. With parody, slang and satire, she amuses the reader with thrusts at social foibles that all will recognize, leading the while to the climax, wherein the awakened soul grapples with a fate stronger than its own resisting power.

"Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson.

This great American classic is now so well known that visitors to Southern

California inevitably wish to visit the scenes of the novel made historic by Mrs. Jackson. As is generally understood, every incident of the story has fact for its foundation, but so many different places are pointed out as "Ramona's Home," for example, that it has remained for A. C. Vroman to supply the genesis of the novel in the form of an introduction to the new Tourists' Edition of "Ramona." As a result of most careful research it is possible to set forth authoritatively the points of interest mentioned in the book, and explain some of the apparent inconsistencies as to location.

Tourists' Edition, with introduction explaining the genesis of the story, by A. C. Vroman, and 24 half-tone illustrations from original photographs depicting actual scenes. Crown 8vo. Cloth. $2.00. Half-morocco, $4.00.

A dictionary does not merely contain the dry bones of knowledge, as any one who cares to turn over its pages can easily prove. It is a work full of the gems of literature, art and science, ranged side by side in infinite variety. Especially is this true of the New Standard Dictionary, which is the work of more than 380 experts, embellished by reproductions of world famous paintings and statuary. Apt quotations illustrative of the use of words, and drawn from classic literature and modern authors, to the number of 32,000, form one of the many distinguishing features of this new work.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers.

"The New Man," by Jane Stone.

The story deals with New York life, and touches on the social evil, offering a woman's solution of the difficult and much-discussed White Slave problem. The author's previous training in playwriting reveals itself in the dramatic style and striking situations which are the strongest characteristics of this exceptionally clever novelette.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Miss Elsie de Wolfe, probably the most successful woman decorator in the country, has put into a book the chronicle of her experiences. The book will be called "The House in Good Taste," and will show reproductions of forty-eight interiors decorated by Miss de Wolfe.

There will be a new book by Ellis Parker Butler, author of "Pigs is Pigs," this fall—"The Jack-Knife Man," the story of a shiftless, lovable ne'er-do-well, who is adopted by a little lame waif. It will be published by The Century Company, Union Square, New York.

Theodore Dreiser's "A Traveler at Forty," will be among The Century Company's fall books. Mr. Dreiser made his first trip abroad at forty, and this is his record of his impressions and experiences—a decidedly unconventional and unusual travel book.

The Century Company, New York, reports new printings of Bertha Runkle's tale of romance and adventure, "The Scarlet Rider;" of Edmund C. Bentley's mystery tale, "The Woman in Black," which is proving very popular also in England; and the thirty-second large edition of Kipling's unfailingly popular "Jungle Book." A new edition of the "Jungle Book" is to be issued this fall, in a rich binding of green and gold, with sixteen illustrations in full color by the English artists, Maurice and Edward Detmold.

Walter J. Thavis, who has himself tasted the delights of championship, begins his book, "Practical Golf," with the epigram: "The main object in the game of golf is to get the ball into the hole with the fewest possible number of strokes." The defeat a few days ago of Herreshoff by a seventeen year old boy shows that even the expert cannot escape sometimes. The author of "Practical Golf" did not suffer at the hands of a boy, but he could not elude his own epigram.

Published by Harper & Bros.

An up-to-date and authoritative presentation of the Beaumont-Fletcher controversy has been prepared by Charles Mills Gayley, professor of the English Language and Literature, University of California. The Century Company will publish Prof. Gayley's book in October, under the title of "Beaumont the Dramatist."

"Social Evolution," by Dr. T. S. Chapin, of Smith College, has just been issued by The Century Co. It will present an elementary and readable, but scientific, survey of the important facts and principles involved in the evolution of human nature from lower forms of life, and will have over eighty illustrations from diagrams, maps, and photographs.

A biography of notable interest this fall will be Dr. C. V. Legros' "Fabre, Poet of Science," published by The Century Company. Henri Fabre is popularly known in this country as the author of "Social Life in the Insect World," while scientists recognize him as one of the foremost naturalists of the age.

"The New Man," by Jane Stone deals with New York life and touches on the social evil, offering a woman's solution of the difficult and much-discussed White Slave problem. The author's previous training in play-writing reveals itself in the dramatic style and striking situations whch are the strongest characteristics of this clever novelette.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell.

Harper & Brothers announce that they are putting to press for reprinting: "The Iron Trail," by Rex Beach, just published; "When the Sleeper Awakes," by H. G. Wells; "Vesty of the Basins," by Sarah P. McL. Greene; and "The Standard of Pronunciation in English," by Thomas R. Lounsbury.

Miss Bertha Runkle's "The Helmet of Navarre" is remembered as a first novel which made a very youthful author famous almost over-night. For her new book, "The Scarlet Rider," which The Century Co. has published, Miss Runkle has chosen another historical setting. This time the place is the Isle of Wight, the time toward the end of the American Revolution.

"The Judgment House" on the Stage.

Sir Gilbert Parker has just completed arrangements for the dramatization of his new novel, "The Judgment House," by Charlotte Thompson, who dramatized Margaret Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie." According to the official figures of The Bookman, "The Judgment House" still leads the list of best-sellers.

The Century Company's May issues include new books by Jack London ("The Abysmal Brute") and Bertha Runkle ("The Scarlet Rider"), May 24th, and on May 19th, George J. Kneeland's "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," published under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

POST OMNIA

Because the skies are grey, and bitter winds
Have crooned a dirge of sorrow all the day,
My courage ebbs, and little solace finds
My heart to drive these brooding ghosts away.

In vain I struggle with the pain that binds
The present with the past; full well I know
This life is but a vague and passing thing
As trancient as the reign of April snow.

Ah me! Dumb music throbs within my soul
And long-loved voices from the dead years spring
Till harmonies of choral wonder roll
Transcendent on my yearning, inner ear,
And all my loss lies painted on a scroll
In pigments dull and washed by many a tear.

---BY R. R. GREENWOOD

Putting a big 'gator through a few friendly stunts. (*See Page 481.*)

Baby alligators playing in their cradle. (*See Page 481.*)

Blanche Bates.

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Gertrude Atherton.

CALIFORNIANS IN NEW YORK

Members of Dramatic Profession

By Elizabeth Semple

CALIFORNIA may feel, and justly, that she deserves to "hold the center of the stage" when it comes to taking stock of those men and women whose aim, individually and collectively, has ever been to further the best interests of the dramatic art. What son or daughter of the Golden State does not recall a Californian whose name was once a household word—our Mary Anderson? Or thrill with an actual personal satisfaction when they reflect that it was in this fair land, out of all the world, Madame Helena Modjeska chose to have her home, and where it was that the bust which the great artist considered almost the best of all the countless presentments, in whatever medium, made during her entire career, was modeled by Robert Aitken.

The most casual connection of the drama and California must, inevitably, bring to mind the name of David Belasco—as a perfectly natural sequence. It is well known that Mr. Belasco graduated from Lincoln College in San Francisco, but it may be news to some that his very first play was written while he was a student there; it was

called "Jim Black, or The Regulator's Revenge," and was acted by some of his friends under the personal supervision of the 14-year-old author. Next we hear of his officiating as "call boy" at the Baldwin Theatre, of which he was soon to become the stage manager—when he had barely reached the age of twenty.

In 1880, the Mallory Brothers engaged him to take charge of their productions at the old Madison Square Theatre, New York (gone, alas, these many years), and "May Blossom" was his first metropolitan hit; quickly to be followed by "La Belle Russe," "Valarie," "Heart of Oak," all of which had long and prosperous runs. But it was when he became associated with Daniel Frohman, at the Lyceum, that he began, as it were, to really "get into his stride." Here he and the late Henry De Mille collaborated in "Lord Chumley" (the first starring vehicle used by E. H. Sothern); "The Wife," "The Charity Ball," all of

Sarah Comstock Photo by Eddowes, N. Y.

Miss McComas *Photo by Purdy, Boston.*

David Warfield. *David Belasco.* *Oliver Morosco*

which had their premiere at the old Lyceum; while "Men and Women," written entirely by Mr. Belasco for Charles Frohman, achieved a notable success at Proctor's Theatre—now the well known vaudeville house.

In scarce one of all his productions was Mr. Belasco's insistence on what might be called "gripping realism" more marked than in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which opened the Empire Theatre in New York in 1893. Even at this distance of time, the writer vividly recalls that thrilling scene, inside the frontier post, when one of the scanty garrison had volunteered to fetch aid. The shouts and war-whoops of the unseen, besieging Indians were almost painfully "natural," and fierce; and, quite as clearly, does she remember her speechless indignation as, thrilled with the poignant horror of the situation—if the help shouldn't come, she clutched the arm of her companion with an inarticulate murmur of dismay when, like a veritable blow in the face came the would-be reassurance: "Remember, they're only supers at fifty cents a night!"

She wondered (and she's wondering still) how David Belasco ever found courage to go on endeavoring to bring the drama's highest art to the minds of a public many of whom, at moments so soul-stirring, could consider "supers" as mere salaried minions. Yet his achievements along this very line shine like beacon-lights and form permanent items in American theatrical history. For example, in the production of "The Heart of Maryland," whoever witnessed Mrs. Leslie Carter clinging to the huge bell-tongue will never forget it; and it was in this play that the celebrated collaboration of dramatist-manager and star was inaugurated, that gave to all true lovers of the drama so many happy hours and whose termination caused, likewise, such keen regret.

Mr. Belasco has also managed many other successful artists, among them Miss Blanche Bates, Miss Henrietta Crosman, who made one of her most striking and lasting successes in his dramatic version of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which opened the Belasco Theatre on 42d street, New York, and David Warfield, who, in "A Grand Army Man" (another Belasco play) was the first attraction at the Stuyvesant Theatre.

Volumes could be written about the kindness this greatest of American managers has shown to less fortunate members of the profession for which

Maxine Elliott

he has done so much; not that he will tell about them—for, in all matters relating to his own personality, Mr. Belasco is, to put it conservatively, *non*-expansive; though he is always ready to talk about "the American drama," he is very apt to be conveniently deaf to inquiries as to his own tireless personal efforts to build it up. Yet very likely there is not on the stage one individual who has been so valuable to each and every phase of our dramatic art as David Belasco.

Maude Adams—"America's best loved actress," as she is called—made a first appearance that might, very justly, be called an inadvertence. Her mother, Mrs. Annie Adams, was living in Salt Lake City, and she was at this time, a member of a stock company at the leading theatre there. The exigencies of the play (it was called "The Lost Child") required an infant to be brought in at the critical moment, but the youthful person who had, heretofore, officiated in this role, was seized with a severe attack of stage-fright—or was it just plain colic? At all events, she filled the regions "back stage" with wails of distress, refusing to be pacificd; whereupon the distraught stage manager, grabbed Miss Maude, who, despite her tender, not years but months, was paying a visit to her mother's dressing room, and literally cast her into the breach, bodily, crowing with delight at the applause with which this part of the play was invariably greeted.

Miss Adams was very young when the family moved to San Francisco, where her girlhood was spent. She attended school till she was fifteen, then joined the stock company of the old Alcazar Theatre, where her mother was leading lady. Speaking of this experience, she once said:

"I couldn't have had a better school. The bills were changed every week; all the standard things were played, and I had an opportunity to hear all of them, even when I did not appear. I have realized the value of this early work throughout all my later experience."

During Mr. Sothern's first tour as a star (in "Lord Chumley") Miss Adams joined his company, thus coming under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. Later she appeared in a repertory of plays till she sprang into fame as the leading lady of John Drew's company, in the part of Susanne in "The Masked Ball." Never was a more dainty bit of acting seen on the American stage than what was called "the tipsy scene," and which her art rendered amusing—instead of vulgar. Then followed a long chain of successes as a star on her own account—first as Lady Babbie in "The Little Minister," and among her notable experiences has been one that few can boast of—namely, risking what seemed to many inevitable failure—and finding, instead, unqualified success. This was when she appeared as Juliet—making it her own individual impersonation—rather than one hidebound by tradition. Yet because it *was real*—like everything she does—it succeeded, and this fact made it the more notable; even those who, at first, were inclined to regret the *orthodox*—what one critic called "the Shakespearean Juliet"—were compelled to admit that this woman's magnetic personality enabled her to brush aside obstacles of physique and temperament that had seemed almost unsurmountable.

Recently San Francisco has had the pleasure of witnessing her wonderful impersonation of "The Hen Pheasant" in "Chanticleer," and thus there is no need for comment on this, one of the most remarkable of her extraordinary creations.

Since Blanche Bates came to San Francisco when she was but three years old, she may, with all propriety, call herself a true daughter. Her school days were spent here, at the old Hamilton School, as she happily recalled, on May 1st of this present year when, chancing to be back in what she says "seems my own home city," she took part in the festivities of that occasion and eagerly urged the children of this generation to do their part for

Mrs. Tully

a San Francisco Beautiful.

Miss Bates made her first appearance at the old Columbia Theatre, in a playlet of Brander Mathews, "This Picture and That," and shortly afterwards she joined a stock company playing throughout the large cities in the West. New Yorkers first recall her as a member of the famous Daly Company, and it is still an unsolved problem *why* she resigned after two performances of "The Great Red Ruby," in which, as Comtesse Mirtza, she had been the most conspicuous feature.

It was, however, under the management of David Belasco that she was destined to climb to dramatic heights, and when she filled the title role in "Madame Butterfly" she literally took Manhattan by storm. This hit was soon duplicated if not surpassed by her Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," "The Darling of the Gods" (which performed the unprecedented feat of running two metropolitan seasons) and "The Girl of the Golden West." It was but a short time ago that San Francisco theatre-goers turned out in force to witness her charming creation of Roxie in "Nobody's Widow." Not only is Miss Bates one of the most capable of American actresses, but she is, personally, one of the most charming of personalities on the stage as well as off it.

Holbrook Blinn is a California man who first found his *metier* in his native city, San Francisco. Mr. Blinn was the very first American actor to have the privilege of being personally presented to the late King Edward VII, at Sandringham, where His Majesty (no mean judge of dramatic ability) was so pleased by his rendering of Jacques in "As You Like It," then being presented in London by an American company, that he "commanded" the actor's presence at his favorite, and, as it were, his informal home.

William A. Brady once told a friend that he "stepped right off a train into the dramatic profession," which was quite true, for he was officiating as "train-boy" when he was seized with a violent attack of dra-

matic fever. He was in San Francisco (the end of his "run"), and he lost no time in applying for a job as "super" in Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" company, then making a tour of the coast. Unfortunately the manager, Max Freeman recognized this new applicant for histrionic honors, which caused his discharge "as an actor—but within an hour I had been re-engaged—this time as a call-boy," Mr. Brady says.

However, he didn't keep that job long, either—somehow one feels sure he wouldn't; soon he was back among the actors, and in 1888 entered upon his managerial career with "She," which he confesses to have "not only pirated, but dramatized." This was the very first of his long line of successful productions, extending right down to the present. In addition to his theatrical interests, Mr. Brady has, several times, been associated in the management of pugilists, with whom he was known as "the mascot manager."

Speaking of pugilists, probably peodon't forget that it was in San Francisco, at the old Olympic Athletic Club, that James J. Corbett first came into the limelight as a champion boxer.

Both of Jefferson De Angelis' parents were professionals, so it is not to be wondered at that he lost no time in following their examples. Mr. De Angelis is one of the most popular comic opera comedians in the world, not only on the stage, but off it as well; and his beautiful home on Sunnyside drive, Ludlow, not far from Yonkers, N. Y., is famous for its bounteous and delightful hospitality.

Few people are aware that the first stage appearance of Miss Nance O'Neill was made with Weber & Fields at their old theatre on Broadway near 29th street, New York City. It seems rather a far cry from burlesque to starring in "Hedda Gabler," but this talented young woman has contrived to accomplish it; at present she is one of the stars under Mr. Belasco's management.

Guy Bates Post will admit he was "born in Seattle" if you actually tax him with it, but as he came to California when he was very young, that fact shouldn't count against him. This sterling actor has a long list of successful roles to his credit, but not one has been more marked than that he achieved this very year as Dean the Beachcomber in Richard Watson Tully's drama, "The Bird of Paradise." Mr. Post has such an intense dislike to elevators that he has come to be known all over this country as "the man who never rides in one." He is a trained athlete, and the best amateur pianist in his profession.

Some one described Oliver Morosco as "a silent noise," but New York does not think he is so awfully silent; as a matter of fact, he has been a pretty audible noise there, during the season just past, and he intends to keep up—if not break his own record next year.

Miss Katherine Gray (descended from one of the original '49-ers) is a California girl whose dramatic career began under that managerial martinet, Augustin Daly. In course of time, she stepped into the front ranks of "leading women," acting with stars of such luminosity as the late Richard Mansfield, James K. Hackett, Crane and Goodwin. Recently she toured Australia and New Zealand, at the head of her own company, meeting, everywhere, with the most flattering success.

"Yes, I enjoyed it," she answered, as the writer, in the course of a little talk, during her last engagement in San Francisco, asked for details about this trip. "People were most kind, and made me very welcome everywhere we played. But, do you know, in all the time I was away I never once heard any complaints about 'being poor' or 'times being rotten.' All the people seemed comfortable and contented; I don't mean 'rich' in the sense we Americans use the word, but satisfied and happy; moreover, the political conditions are quite as nearly ideal as it is possible to make them. You cannot imagine what a shock it was to come back to my own country and hear, everywhere, about 'hard

Eleanor Robson

times'—from persons in every walk of life, and rich as well as poor."

"So you believe in suffrage?" the scribe inquired—and then, like a certain gray parrot, not unknown to fame, was "sorry she'd spoke," for Miss Gray promptly countered, in a tone of distinct pity:

"Don't you?"

"I don't come from a suffrage State, you know," pleaded the visitor.

The smile with which Miss Gray met this palpable evasion was even more pitying. "Never mind," there was a ripple of kindly merriment in her rich voice, "the air of California will put some backbone into your flabby Eastern political views; and

when I come back here, I'll find you as good a voter as all the other women who 'don't come from suffrage States,' " she added, with gay enthusiasm.

This, by the way, is one of the most salient characteristics of Miss Gray's singularly magnetic personality—her enthusiasm, whether for beauty, for art, for life, or more especially for her own beloved profession. She has ideals, too; the sort of ideals she simply couldn't lose—because they're so indelibly imprinted that they've become a very part of her own self. And when she talks of the "future of the American drama," you somehow feel assured that *she* will individually bear no small part in its interpretation.

Miss Carroll McComas made her debut as a "child whistler" in her native city, Los Angeles, and from there started on a tour through the large cities throughout the country, culminating at length in New York, where, after a successful engagement, she received a flattering offer to go abroad. It was accepted, and she visited the European capitals, including Paris, where she was voted "the world's greatest whistler" by the huge crowds who nightly flocked to listen to her. From here she went to South Africa, scoring more triumphs; on her return to America, Miss McComas joined a stock company, and, 'ere long, showed that she was as capable an actress as she was a whistler. Mr. Charles Frohman, always watchful for promising material, soon offered her the part of Daisy in "The Dollar Princess," and she made a hit in it that led to her engagement to join the company of Miss Billie Burke, where, in "Mrs. Dot," she played a role only second to that of the star herself.

This season she has added to her laurels by her delightful rendering of Maggie Cottrell in John Drew's vehicle, "A Single Man," written for him by Mr. Hubert Davies. Miss McComas is devoted to her profession, and is such an earnest and untiring worker that it is safe to predict great things for her in the future. Any mention of this charming young woman (considered one of the prettiest girls on the stage) would be incomplete without some allusion to the wonderful congeniality and affection existing between herself and her mother, Mrs. Alice Moore McComas, the writer, who always travels with her daughter.

Miss Florence Roberts' first appearance on the stage was at the old Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco, where she filled a humble role of a "supe." She didn't "supe" long, though, and many people recall the days when, as leading woman of the Alcazar Stock Company, she produced the first play ever written by Charlotte Thompson, which was a success—as her plays have been ever since. Miss Roberts, who, by the way, is considered one of the best amateur "whips" in this country, calls Peekskill, N. Y., "home," and here she has a delightful house, designed after her very own ideas. Theodore Roberts, the well known leading man, is her first cousin.

Like several managers, whose names are as familiar as letters of the alphabet, Mr. Al. Heyman began his professional career in California. And so did David Warfield, who often recalls the far-back days when he officiated as an usher in the Bush Street Theatre; here he finally got a chance to show what he could do, and his mimicry of Salvini in "Othello" and Bernhardt in "Camille" was the biggest hit of a play called "About Town." This traveled as far as New York; then it went to bits with what probably seemed to Mr. Warfield a rather sickening crash, for he was a stranger in a strange city. But it did not down him, far from it. He got a job, not a very high-class one, it is true, but still a job, in a music hall on Eighth avenue, to do his "impersonations," and one night a Broadway manager dropped in to get a glass of beer and saw him doing them, particularly the one of Bernhardt. It wasn't long before Mr. Warfield transferred his services from Eighth avenue to Broadway, and John H. Russell's play, "The

City Directory." After a while, he transferred again, this time to the Casino Company, where he was destined to make his first real strike. Yet, curiously enough, it wasn't made on the stage at all—but at a baseball game (yes, really and truly!) given for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Warfield made himself up as an East Side Jew pedlar and sold small bits of cracked ice as souvenirs. The rival nines were composed of members of the "Merry World" and the "Trilby" companies, all popular people in the profession, but they weren't in it with Warfield, for he was simply "the whole show." This led to his being permitted to introduce this act at his own theatre, which he had many times begged to be allowed to do—but the manager couldn't "see it."

In the "Return of Peter Grimm" Mr. Warfield has, this season, found a play and a character to rival his dearly beloved "Music Master." New York has acclaimed the triumph of his impersonation in which he displays that appealing art, that tenderness of sentiment, that deft touch of human interest which always makes his impersonations conspicuous among favorite stage portraits. Likewise, this Belasco play, with its element of the supernatural, is held to be responsible for much of this interest. Peter Grimm as Mr. Belasco wrote of him and as Mr. Warfield created him, is a fine, big-souled man, who likes to do good in his own way. He "passes over," and after death returns to his former earthly home and household to correct the mistakes really brought about through his own kindness of heart; but he comes not as a sepulchral, husky-voiced being from another world, but as a "personality," still possessed of human emotions, impulses and a true sense of humor. It is a part simply made for Mr. Warfield, and he has rendered it so it has become a notable one.

Byron Beasley was the leading man in "Kindling"—that play which achieved the unique distinction of having every individual among New York's dramatic critics enrolled as unofficial press agents—so unanimous was their admiration and approval of this unusual offering at the drama's shrine; and yet, for all that, it had to go on the road from sheer lack of profitable metropolitan patronage.

Lillian Albertson is a California woman who may, if she will, take much of the credit for the success scored by another play of this New York season, "The Talker," for it was in a large measure due to the leading woman's personality. Off the stage she is Mrs. A. J. Levy, and she laughs as she declares she is still old-fashioned enough to adore her husband, and be very glad that he adores her; while both parents are glad to unite in adoring a certain two-year-old person named Adolph, Jr. Mrs. Levy's home ("though I'm most at home when I am out, really," she declared, merrily) is high up on the very prettiest part of the Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson River and across to the towering Palisades. Here, it is delightful to find, she plays the double role of wife and mother quite as charmingly as she does her difficult stage part.

U. S. Navy officers looking over the insurrecto prisoners in search of deserters from Uncle Sam's forces.

Insurrecto Prisoners Captured by Uncle Sam

By Marion Ethel Hamilton

THERE is always "local color" at Fort Rosecrans—the superb view of the Coast Ranges across the bay, rising in purple peak upon peak back of the city—the silent, sage-brush hills behind the officers' quarters at the Fort—but when Tia Juana fell, more local color came to us, in the astonishing form of one hundred and five rebel prisoners, who blew in from that little Mexican hamlet which nestles in the hills sixteen miles from San Diego.

The Fort Rosecrans troops had been ordered back and forth, to and from Tia Juana for months, to patrol the border. On this day of the battle, the Federals were seen by the insurrecto scouts, advancing upon Tia Juana. Captain Wilcox, who at that

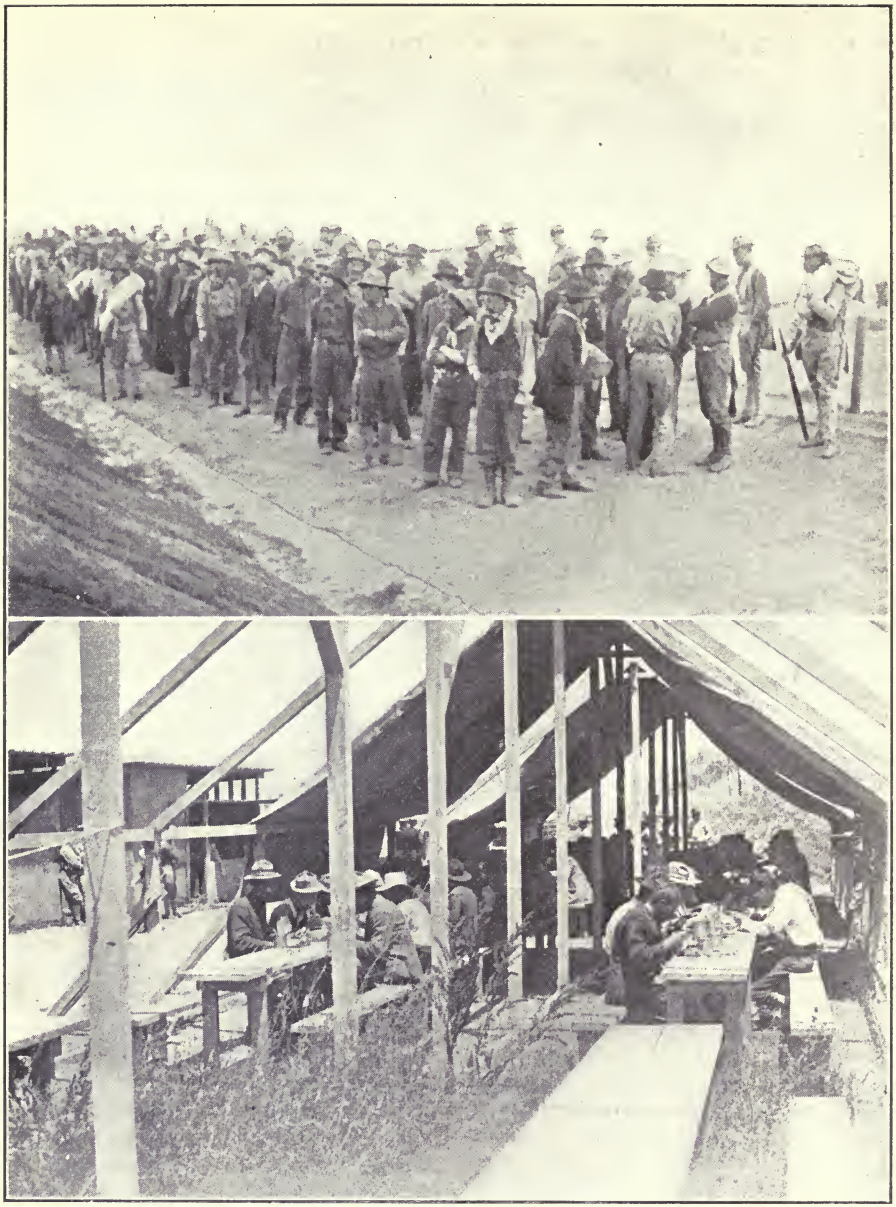
time was patroling down there with a company of the Eighth Infantry, telephoned Major McManus in command of Fort Rosecrans for more troops to help him patrol during the battle. Accordingly eighty men of the 115th Company, under Captain Koch and Lieutenant Drake, were despatched on short notice to help the 8th Infantry patrol. With ammunition, bedding, rations, and more important still, their beloved company dogs, the soldiers left Fort Rosecrans about nine o'clock in the morning, arriving at Tia Juana some two hours later. They had no sooner arrived than we at the Fort received a message reporting their arrival, and saying that the battle had just begun. Then, just at noon, as we stood talking it all over, army fashion, and gazing across the water at the sun-drenched Mexican hills, there came from that direction the sound of firing. It was a field gun belonging to the Federals.

You of the big Eastern cities, where there is nothing more romantic or unusual than a fire or a parade—you do not know how truly thrilling it was to actually hear with your own ears the firing of a little gun in this little battle, instead of merely reading about it in the magazines.

The sunny hours passed at the Fort, while we watched and waited for more news; about two o'clock another message was received that our troops and officers would return to the post in the late afternoon, bringing with them the entire rebel army, as prisoners! Imagine our excitement! We had been honored with "General" Pryce and his "aide," as prisoners on the post some little time before, but they had been released; that was interesting enough, but to have the whole of the rebel army from Tia Juana was quite overwhelming. Preparations to receive these visitors were at once put under way. The company cooks were ordered to prepare supper for 105 extra men. Bed sacks were filled with straw and spread on the floor of the post exchange gymnasium.

Late in the afternoon the government boat Lieut. Harris drew up at the Fort Rosecrans dock, its decks crowded with a motley looking crew. On the upper deck, with some officers and ladies of the post who had been in town, were "General" Mosby and "Field Marshall" Laflin. The general's appearance was unusual, and quite that of the "soldier of fortune," or shall I say of misfortune? He is slim and fairly tall, with a swarthy skin, dark hair and a small, dark mustache. He wore riding boots with huge brass spurs that clicked like lawn-mowers; khaki breeches, a sack coat, and a small, gray fedora, around which was twisted a black and white horse-hair band. First off the boat was a "rebel" dog who was carefully handed to the dock by one of the insurgents; then one by one the rebel army followed. Of course, every man, woman and child of the garrison was down on the dock to see them land. Is not the average person's impression of the insurrecto army, a band of little, black men, wearing tall, Mexican sombreros? There was just one such man in the outfit. Most of them were tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed American boys in blue overalls; their expressions half-scared, half-amused, and altogether sheepish; at first sight they looked utterly devilish and worthless, like "men who won't fit in;" but they were unshaven, very dirty, very tired, very hungry and pitifully gaunt; and we all came to the conclusion that our own officers would look almost as suspicious under like hardships. They were lined up in a row on the dock. Among them were two niggers, a few Mexicans, and several mixed Indian and Mexican. The millinery display was varied, and in it all there was just one real Mexican sombrero. Five or six of them had a gay green and red serape thrown over one shoulder, and all of them had bright silk handkerchiefs in some conspicuous spot—loot—from the little tourist shops of Tia Juana.

As they lined up, the sunset gun for retreat was fired; instantaneously the whole line jumped as a man; then



Upper—Mexican rebels rounded up on the border at Fort Rosecrans.
Lower—Rebels eating at improvised booths erected for them at the Fort.

they all laughed! For a second they had thought they were being shot. I overheard one of them say, "If we had had that gun at Tia Juana, we would have won."

Of the one hundred and five brought as prisoners to us, four were wounded. Two of them had to be carried up the hill to the hospital on stretchers, and the other two were able to limp up. None were dangerously hurt. One had been shot straight through the groin. The bullet had passed out, leaving a neat little hole. He was rolling a little from side to side, but did not seem to be in agony, at all.

Both men on the stretchers were Americans, one with wavy, reddish hair—some mother's son. Somebody whispered: "What did they get out of it?" "Adventure," was the reply. Most of them had had nothing to eat since the day before. The first thing to do was to feed them. A tin cup and plate was given each man, and they ate outdoors at long tables with benches, which are used for the soldiers during maneuvers. For supper that evening they had bread, coffee, corned beef and boiled potatoes. Most of them had a second helping. As soon as supper was over, and they were all safely quartered in the post exchange, and well guarded by sentries, they began calling for writing paper, soap, pencils, stamps, towels, newspapers. Then some of them took advantage of the two shower baths which are in the post exchange, while others got out dirty packs of cards, and lying on their stomachs, on their mats of straw, were soon philosophically passing the time in poker.

Among them were found two deserters from our own army. They were slapped into the guard-house, where they were quite at home, having been there in better days.

Early the next morning they were marched outdoors to the long tables again for breakfast, which consisted of coffee, bread, beef stew and boiled potatoes. Plain and monotonous as the fare necessarily was, they seemed to be satisfied to at least know where their next meal was coming from.

The following day, navy launches from the warships began coming to the post, bringing officers, marines and sailors, who could identify any deserters from the U. S. Navy. They found about half a dozen altogether, and took them away. "General" Mosby was found to be a deserter from the Marine Corps.

Several mothers, sisters and fathers came out to the post, asking news of missing sons who had wandered far from home and stopped writing, in the selfishness of their boyish longing for adventure. Among them was a dear old lady all in black, in quest of her son, a mere boy, whom she had heard was killed in the first battle of Tia Juana. She was greatly relieved to learn that the man who had been killed and buried near the monument at the boundary line was a man of about thirty-five, while her son was only twenty. In such manner are the poor old mothers' hearts torn by wayward sons who drift off and out and grow so hardened that they do not even write. And always the mother prays, and remembers, believes in, and forgives, for such is the law of motherlove.

One of the officers at Fort Rosecrans after looking over the insurrectos, and talking with them, sums up his impression of them about like this: "There are between ten and twenty per cent of them who are deserters from the United States army and navy. About five per cent tramps; a few cowpunchers, quite a number of 'Industrial Workers of the World,' and there is one former Russian army officer among them. The rest are American boys in search of adventure."

Homeward bound with their purchase.

THE DOG MARKET AT BAGUIO

By

Emma Sarepta Yule

THE DOG market is, by all odds, the biggest show place the summer capital of the Philippines has to offer. Other attractions, as the "kiosk" tea house, the fine roads, the motor buses, the imitation Japanese garden, with its little red *torii,* and its little red bridge at the "Teachers' Camp," the terraces and vine-covered rustic bridge at "Government Center," even the wonderful Benguet road over which, in great touring automobiles, the traveler is transported in less than two hours from the palms of the plains to the pines of the hills, are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast' of civilization and cannot compare with the fascinating dog market.

This dog market is no dog show or place where dog lovers may spend money for canines with family trees. It is a market in the sense of being a place where something to eat may be bought; the dogs brought to sell are not fancy bred, they are just dog. For Baguio, the summer capital, where Philippine government officials and employees, and those not in the government service who desire to and have the money, may go for the months of March, April and May to escape the heat of the lowlands, is located in the mountain province of Benguet, and the hills of Benguet have been the home of the Igorots for so long that not even a conjectural date of their first occupation is given.

One of the interesting customs of the Igorots, the most civilized of the uncivilized tribes in the Philippines, is their practice of eating dog flesh. "Dog-eaters" is the scornful taunt flung at them by the civilized tribes of the Philippines. They do not seem to eat dog flesh purely for food, but rather as a ceremonial meat or as a festal dish. The occasions on which it is proper to consume dog differs in different localities. Likewise, different localities hold to different standards as to what constitutes good dog; that is, the correct thing in dogs from the viewpoint of the epicure or the ruler of the feast. In some places a very fat dog is the correct thing, whereas in Baguio regions a dog is in prime condition only when it is so thin that it looks like an X-ray shadowgraph. Old pagan rites and beliefs probably

account for these differences, or they may have an origin of a more practical nature.

Sunday is the big dog market day. Early in the morning, over the hills, following trails made soft with pine needles, or taking the new hard roads, come the sturdy Igorots walking with the erect carriage and muscular gait of hillmen. Seen some distance away, they make an attractive primitive picture as they wind in and out among the pines. The bright hues of the women's clothing and the flash of the red or yellow "gee-string" worn by the men, gives a pleasing note of color. When seen at closer range the primitive qualities of the subjects of the picture lose their artistic values in a measure. The "bronze-statue-like" limbs are marred by a peculiar blackish tinge on the brown skin, and the feet, guiltless, since their race began of covering or protection of any kind, suggest by their appearance the feet of humans. But seen nearby, the subjests have one attraction not noted at a distance, and that is their pleasant, shy, bright faces. In many, there is something so winning and agreeable that one forgets the other disappointments brought by close range.

Though the Igorots live at an altitude where the temperature is almost cold at times, dress has only a zero value among them. Some sort of a cotton jacket or blanket, and a "gee-string" (a kind of loin cloth) is the attire of the men and boys. The girls and women wear a jacket and a skirt made of their peculiar bright cross-striped hand-woven cotton cloth. The skirt is not a shaped skirt, but a straight piece of cloth wrapped tight around the hips and fastened in front, reaching to the knees or a little below.

"Dog eaters" is the scornful taunt flung at them by the civilized tribes of the Philippines. The crosses indicate the chief of the tribe and his wife.

These quasi-picturesque, not overly clean mountain people are the dog-

buyers, or marketers. Though all who come over the hills to Baguio on Sunday mornings are not after dogs. Many just come for a good time as in other lands people go to a fair or a holiday making. While the Igorots are the purchasers of dogs, the sellers are for the most part Filipinos, so the market is an inter-tribal affair.

The Filipino dog sellers bringing in the dogs to market, when seen for the first time, give one the sort of shock always produced by the usual in an unusual situation. The dogs and the drivers are usual, but the known ultimate fate of the dogs is unusual, hence the queer shock. The manner in which the dog sellers bring in their dogs is interesting. One man leads or drives a bunch of about a dozen dogs. They are tied together in a peculiar way. A rope with a bamboo stick about three feet long attached to it is tied around the neck of each dog. The end of the stick is up close to the throat of the animal. At the other end of the stick there is a hole through which a rope is tied. All the ropes at the ends of the sticks are knotted together something after the fashion that a net is made. The final two or three ends of the rope are gathered in the driver's hands. As the whole bunch of dogs spreads out, each dog in a regular place, and all thus strung together, it suggests an old-fashioned mat or tidy, a dog, black, white, yellow or spotted being the ornamental fastening instead of a tuft of yarn. The bamboo sticks are used to prevent the dogs getting away. For they are so starved that they may become marketably thin, that in their terrible hunger they would chew any kind of rope or string, but the hard bamboo resists their teeth like steel.

Over the hills come, from the surrounding country side, the dog buying Igorots, following trails made soft with carpets of pine needles.

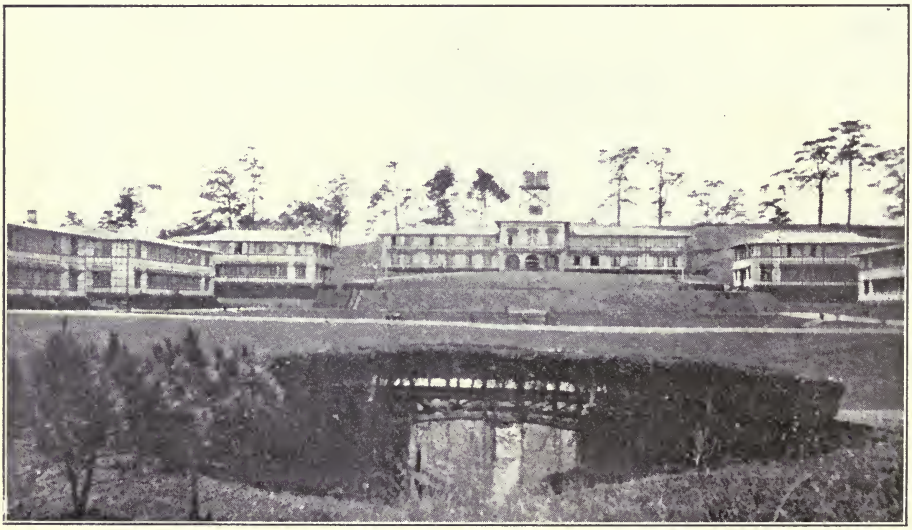
Dozens of these motley colored bunches of dogs may be seen every Sunday morning trotting along the fine roads leading into Baguio, evidently enjoying the morning air and the brightness and loveliness of the

Dozens of these motley colored bunches of dogs may be seen every Sunday morning following the close of the market.

Loading up with fuel on the way home to roast the dogs.

world about them. Their heads are up and their tails have the conventional curl and wag. Nothing in their manner suggests approach to the guillotine or any other form of execution. On the contrary, they seem quite in harmony with the beautiful hills, the fragrant pines, the Sabbath stillness, and sunshine, and make a picture so unique that once seen it is not forgotten.

When the Filipino dealer reaches the market he squats down on the ground and his dogs drop down in front of him something after the manner of an unstrung hammock. The



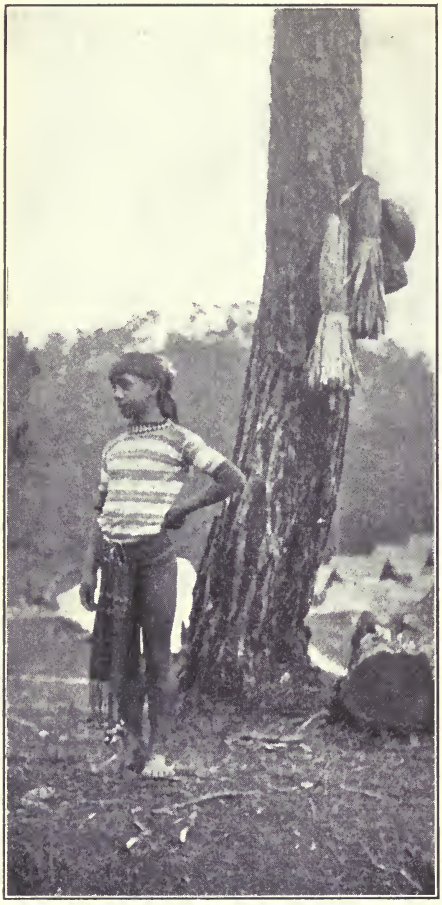
The vine-covered rustic bridge at Government center

Refreshment booths in the village.

Igorot purchasers squat teetering on their toes in front of the groups of sellers and dogs. When three or four hundred dogs and their sellers and buyers thus dispose of themselves on the market ground it makes a scene most fascinating to a newly arrived American.

As neither the Igorot nor the Filipino understands the dialect of the other, the business operations of the market are carried on mostly by pantomime. This adds to the onlooker's interest. However, as English is becoming the medium of intercourse among the younger Igorots as well as

Dog being led away from the market by a purchaser.



"Arthur," a handsome, bright table boy at Teachers' Camp. The long hair indicates he is from Bentec, a province north of Benguet.

among the Filipinos, this special touch of interest will soon be a thing of the past. While the bargaining is going on, little knots of Igorots of all ages and both sexes stand about deeply interested and often apparently amused, not hesitating to chime in with their remarks and comments. Compared with a stock exchange or a bargain sale in a New York department store the scene is slow and tame. But if imbued with a bit of the spirit of the East, one can watch for hours the dickering and find it absorbing and delightfully human. The perfect air of indifference, the unruffled waiting of the Oriental is here seen in its natural state. The squatting buyers, it is marvelous how they can keep the position for hours, poke and jab the canines and feel them all over with quite the superior air of one who knows, and who is judging dogs instead of dog. With an air of unconcernedness they talk over the offered animals among themselves, and with their friends. The discussions may be short, but not likely, for why should they hurry? There is always time "in the land where things can wait." When at last a decision is arrived at, the buyer takes hold of the rope of the dog he has chosen for his ceremonial chow, and from some invisible compartment of his girdle, produces, in coin, the price he offers. The seller, looking about as interested as a Buddha god, but really as alert as a "Solomon Levi," after due time brings his gaze to rest upon the offer. A "what's-the-use" look slowly ripples over his countenance, and he languidly, almost pityingly, shakes his head in refusal. The bargaining continues through the medium of proffered coin and languid shakes and nods, the by-standers taking a voluble part, until the deal is closed, the sale is made, and the dog is released from the canine mat, and is led away by the purchaser, whose face begins to wear a peculiar smile, whether of satisfaction with his bargain or in anticipation of the ceremony or religious rite which the dog will grace, or whether only epicurean, who can say? The smile of the Philippines, whether civilized or uncivilized, is elusive, fathomless.

The buying and selling goes on all over the market, as bargain after bargain is clinched, and dog after dog trots behind its consumer away over the hills, to fulfill its destiny, the yelping, snarling and whining of the hungry victims lessens in volume, until by noon comparative silence reigns. For the remainder of the day the "refreshment booths," the cloth-sellers, and the pottery venders, and other less popular parts of the market, as well as amusements claim the attention of those who did not come to buy dogs.

"Movies" Encroaching on the Stage

By Robert Grau

TWO YEARS ago, about the time when moving pictures and the phonograph first began to enrich players and singers of the speaking and operatic stage, Thomas Alva Edison uttered the prophecy that the day was not far off when the workingman would lay down his dime at the box office of the modern theatre of science and witness a reproduction of grand operas, plays and spectacles for which the world's greatest singers and players would be utilized only for the original films and phonographic records. At that time the Wizard of Menlo Park, who had given to the world the two greatest inventions by which public entertaining was completely revolutionized, did not undertake to assume that the successful synchronization of the phonograph and the moving picture would be achieved by himself. As a matter of fact, it has already been possible to hear the entire operetta, "The Chimes of Normandy," acted and sung through scientific simulation of sound and action, but the achievement was by no means perfect, though he would have been indeed a pessimist who, after witnessing this spectacle, would express any skepticism as to the ultimate success of the effort to preserve for future generations not only the pantomimic portrayals of the famous players, but to faithfully record their vocal expression. In other words, what had been accomplished two years ago indicated that Mr. Edison's prophecy would be fulfilled. And that besides providing entertainment for masses that had heretofore been possible only at a prohibitive cost. The amazing spectacle of seeing deceased players act and hearing them speak their lines will be revealed to the forthcoming generations.

What this really means, the reader will best comprehend by asking himself what he would give to see Booth as "Hamlet," Charlotte Cushman as "Meg Merrillies," Forrest as "Richard III," and Edmund Kean as "Othello," at this time.

Fancy one being able to enter the scientific playhouse of to-day and hear Jenny Lind, Mario, Grisi, Piccolimini, Wachtel, Parepa Rosa and the Adelina Patti of her prime. Yet we know already that the generations to come can see the divine Sarah as Camille, Adrienne Lecouvreur, La Tosca and Queen Elizabeth; Rejane and Jane Hading in the plays that gave them their fame. Mounet-Sully as Oedipus Rex, and lastly the societaires of the exclusive Comedie Francaise who have just consented to appear before the camera, that the artistry of the house of Molliere may be perpetrated on the screen.

And now that the stars of grand opera earn quite as much through their phonograph records as from their efforts on the stages of our opera houses, and when such eminent stellar figures of the speaking stage as Mrs. Fiske, Viola Allen Ethel Barrymore, James K. Hackett and James O'Neill have capitulated to the importunities of the camera man, comes the announcement that not only has the demonstration of the Edison device—called the Kinetophone—realized all of the Wizard's hopes and aims, but a group of amusement magazines controlling about one hundred playhouses where high grade vaudeville is the attraction, after witnessing the trial

demonstrations at the Orange laboratory, then and there entered into an agreement by which these gentlemen will in future provide about one-half of the programmes through the Kinetophone instead of continuing to mete out the players and singers in the flesh the salaries which they claim destined to land the managerial faction in the bankruptcy courts.

The statement is made that from this one contract alone the royalties accruing to the leasing company controlling the exhibition rights to the Kinetophone will amount to $500,000 a year, and as this group of managers is given no exclusive privileges, and as there are a dozen such syndicates, some idea may be formed of the scope and possibilities of this latest development in scientific public entertaining.

Moreover, it will be recalled that at the outset the phonograph was a mere toy compared with what it is to-day, while the moving picture was used as a "chaser" in the vaudeville theatres of but a few years ago.

To-day Caruso could retire from the operatic stage safe in the knowledge that his income from the phonograph will be forthcoming as long as he lives, with every indication that the total will increase rather than decrease; and Madame Luisa Tetrazzini must surely congratulate herself that the phonograph company refused her offer five years ago to sing her entire repertoire at their studio for $1,000 cash. Luisa was as great an artist then as now, but had not yet been hailed by a metropolitan public as La Diva.

That same phonograph company three years later approached the diva, but they had to pay a bonus of $50,000 for her consent, while her annual royalties are said to reach between $50,000 and $60,000, which is interesting here merely to indicate what happens when progress becomes rampant.

It was quite the same with the moving picture. As recently as three years ago, not a single prominent player from the speaking stage was willing to make the excursion into the film studio, yet a few weeks ago the writer recognized on the screen in one photo-play four ladies and gentlemen who were last season prominent in Charles Frohman's Broadway production, and it is an actual fact that in the Vitagraph Company's roster are to-day one hundred and twenty reputable players, by no means are these composed of the rank and file of the profession. Six at least have been stars, and it is extremely doubtful if one of the number would care to make a change. Yet this same Vitagraph Company six years ago had a stock company numbering but six persons, and this included the three proprietors who appeared on the screen regularly. The company now is capitalized at a million, and recently distributed $25,000 to its employees at the Yuletide.

Assuming that progress shall be anything like as great with the Kinetophone as with its inventor's previous scientific devices for entertaining the people, the problem that confronts theatrical managers and producers who cater to the public's entertainment along the older lines, is indeed a serious one. As matters stand now, the number of such managers and producers is the smallest it has been in thirty years. Like the players, the men who were wont to decry the vogue of the camera man have at last recognized the modern trend and are now affiliating themselves with the film industry at every turn.

Daniel Frohman, who is often referred to as the dean of theatrical managers, and whose career has been noted for lofty ideals characterizing his business and artistic procedure, is now almost wholly committed to the production of photo-plays, and it was he who induced Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore and others to embrace the silent drama.

John Cort, who owns or controls more than two hundred playhouses west of Chicago, and who is gradually making his impress in the East, is another convert to the theatre of science. Mr. Cort is the head of a corporation capitalized at two million dollars which controls the exhibition rights for the

Kitsee Talking and Singing Pictures, and this invention, like the Edison Kinetophone, is something more than a mere synchronization of the moving picture camera and the phonograph.

In the Edison productions, the vocal expression appears to emanate from the lips of the performers, and this illusion is accomplished through electro-magnetic means. The horn of the phonograph is invisible, being placed back of the screen, while the projecting device is placed in a booth in the back of the auditorium.

In taking the pictures the sensitive film and the phonographic record are made simultaneously, and the operator is never in doubt as to results, because the length of films always corresponds as to time to the fraction of a second with the phonographic record. An entire evening's entertainment may already be presented by both of these devices.

The all-important problem facing those producers of plays and spectacles who have not up to this time changed their environment is whether Mr. Edison's prophecy means the ultimate passing of the player in the flesh. Of course, actors are absolutely requisite for the original films, and records but with over six hundred players already firmly intrenched in the film studio, and one-third of the regular playhouses transformed into temples of the silent drama, the advent of the successful talking pictures would certainly mean that entertaining the public through science and artifice has reached the positive stage.

There are in New York City to-day one hundred theatres seating from 500 to 3,000 persons, that were not in existence four years ago. These establishments are called "neighborhood" theatres. Of this number, one-fifth are owned or controlled by Marcus Loew, who six years ago was maintaining a penny arcade in Harlem. To-day he is a multi-millionaire. In the last two years he has erected four palatial theatres, with enormous seating capacity, in the congested districts of the greater city. Each of these establishments cost about a million dollars, yet in none of them is there a seat which costs its purchaser more than twenty-five cents.

A few years ago there were five legitimate playhouses on 14th street. To-day there are none, all having reverted to the camera man except the Academy of Music, and even this erstwhile home of grand opera is leased by William Fox, at an annual rental of $100,000 for no other reason than to prevent any competitor from utilizing it as a moving picture theatre in opposition to the several gold laden establishments operated by Mr. Fox on the same street.

Mr. Fox, like Mr. Loew, six years ago was wholly unknown in the amusement world, and he too began his career by opening a small five-cent theatre. To-day Mr. Fox conducts nearly a score of theatres, nearly all formerly devoted to the legitimate drama, and again like Mr. Loew he is erecting each year two or three costly, spacious auditoriums in the thickly populated sections of Greater New York. One of these, recently inaugurated, cost, it is said, nearly two million dollars.

Verily, millions of new theatre-goers have been created through the lure of cheap admission prices. Most of them have never been inside of a regular theatre where the real actors hold sway. Yet this public is being educated all the time, and there are those who believe that the salvation of the speaking stage will be advanced when a large portion of these millions become tired of scientific simulation of real plays and players, and are enticed into the high priced playhouse, where, it is hoped, the superiority of the performance on the real stage will tend to make them patrons from thenceforth.

But evidently such experienced entrepreneurs as Daniel Frohman and John Cort, and many of their colleagues are of the opinion that Mr. Edison's prophecy as to the survival of the theatre of science is based on fact and present achievement.

How Six California Teachers Tried to Solve the High Cost of Living

By Linda Paul

DEAR BETH: And so you are coming to California to teach. That's fine. Now, I am no paid booster; I have no land to sell, nor oil stock on the market, but I do say that California is all right. You and I, Beth, have been too thoroughly influenced by our conservative Southern training to crave woman's suffrage, but it is glorious to live in a land where an unmarried woman is free. You remember, don't you, when we were younger, but fully grown, unless we had a gentleman escort, we were not allowed to go anywhere in the evening without a married woman for chaperon. No matter how young and giddy and frivolous the married woman was, nor how old, nor how many the spinsters were, just so one woman in the crowd had the prefix Mrs. on her name, public opinion was satisfied. Out here, it makes no difference how young the woman, if what they do is right, they need not fear criticism, for appearance's sake. What would our dear old Southland (I love every blade of her blue grass, and every stream that flows) think of an unmarried woman having her own little home and living alone? Can't you see dear Aunt Betty hold up her hands in holy horror at such impropriety? So, my dear, if you are fortunate enough to save money to buy you a little home in "sunny California," you can live in it all by your lonesome if you care to, and no one will say a word.

But how to get that little home is the question. Well, several of us teachers in the same town think we have solved the question of high cost of living, if not to the satisfaction of the great financiers, at least to our own. Suppose I tell you about it. It might give you an idea. One of the teachers had a very nice home, and was alone. She rented her rooms at reasonable rates, with one or two in the rooms as desired. This teacher and five others of us did community housekeeping. For this privilege we paid two dollars a month above our room rent. This gave us the use of the entire house, and we had almost as much freedom as if we had been in our own homes.

There were six of us in our group, and we divided the work as nearly equal as possible. Each week, two of us would take the cooking, do the ordering, and, in fact, attend to everything in the kitchen. During that time the other four were "parlor boarders." Working in groups of twos in this manner, made us cook only one week out of three. In the six of us we represented as many different States: one, a way-back Easterner, two Southerners, and three Middlewest girls. So, you can realize the great variety of menus that we would have and the different styles of cooking. Was it not a good thing, Beth, that I had to cook with a Southern girl? You know, I will never really like string beans served with milk dressing when a piece of bacon can be found, nor cease to have a "very tender feeling" for hot breads.

Every Monday each girl would put in the common purse (familiarly and lovingly called C. P.) $1.25. The two girls then cooking would feed the family on the $7.50, and if any over-

fund was spent, those two took it from their own pockets. We spent 35 cents a week for milk, so the first thing on Monday morning was to put aside that amount in the milk fund, so at the end of the month the money for the dairyman was always ready. All of the girls did their own washing, so our common purse paid for soap, blueing and starch. I know you will wonder how we ever made $7.50 feed six people for seven days. But, when one has a set sum and knows how to plan, it is wonderful what one can do.

Oftentimes, in fact almost always, there was a surplus sometimes much, sometimes little, but whatever was left over we put in the gas fund. At the end of the month we took that amount from the gas bill and divided the remainder among the six, so the cost of gas came very lightly to all. It was quite a source of rivalry to have good, substantial meals, and yet have something left over.

Whoever was cooking would always leave enough in the larder for Monday breakfast and Monday luncheon, as the cooks who came in that day could hardly get things planned the first day. Now, say, Beth, can you imagine any better training for a bachelor maid than household economics on such a practical plane?

But, I know you are wondering how we ever did it and taught school. Well, that was one of the things we learned—how to manage, so as to have three hot meals every day, yet not in any way to interfere with our school work. One great help was the fireless cooker. Not one of those expensive kind—we could not afford that—but a very cheap but entirely satisfactory affair. We had a 15 cents candy bucket filled with excelsior, then a 35 cents galvanized iron bucket to fit in the little nest we scooped out of the middle. We made a little pillow of excelsior that exactly fitted the top, put on the wooden top of the bucket, and held it down with ordinary smoothing irons. Soup, rice, potatoes, hominy, beets, macaroni, bean chowder, and all such, we prepared in this cooker, and had them piping hot at noon. Then we had numbers of baked dishes, prepared beforehand, that simply needed to get thoroughly heated to be good. Beth, these Northern girls certainly can teach us many lessons in economy. Why, they never waste anything. Every little bit of peas, or beans, or potatoes, or tomatoes, that our dear old negro mammy used to take home to the little pickaninnies in that ever-present basket, these girls save, and some day—not too far off—here comes a most delicious concoction or mixture, or conglomeration, or whatever you wish to call it, of leftovers, with milk, butter and bread crumbs added. Really, I grow to like these dishes better than the original ones. We would have lots of fun if anything was left on the dish, guessing in what form it would make its next appearance.

During the summer we had all put up some fruit, and when we met in the fall, we counted expenses and divided the amount among us. We had in all quite a bit of fruit, jelly, canned tomatoes and pickles. These we found of great help to us.

Our little plan had wonderful advantages. There was constant change of diet, as no two of us cooked alike. The two weeks that we did not cook we knew more about what was being prepared than if we were in a hotel. We learned lessons of economy and good management. We learned new ways of cooking, new recipes, for each girl had been taught by her own mother. This is far ahead of living alone, Beth. I have tried both. When alone, in my hurry, I oftentimes would not prepare myself the proper foods. The quickest to get ready was my one idea. But when there are six to prepare for, the meals must be substantial. According to food experts, our menus may not have been hygienic, but they were appetizing, and I believe wholesome. We certainly had jolly times, and thoroughly enjoyed our winter together. We tried to be thoughtful, unselfish, prompt and punctual. We, being teachers, knew

the others' pressing need of time.

I believe I can safely say that our board and gas cost us each $6 a month. Then add that to the room rent, and you will see if we are not succeeding in solving the question of the high cost of living.

Beth, dear, I am so afraid that you will think we starved ourselves. I am going to send you our bill of fare for one week. This is a *verbatim* report, as I was cook that week and I kept an itemized account. This was paid for with our $7.50, and at the end of the week we had a surplus of sixteen cents.

Monday breakfast—Mush, toast, coffee, jelly. Noon—Escalloped tomatoes, bread salmon cakes, peach preserves. Monday dinner: Fried ham with gravy, hominy flakes, hot biscuits, canned peaches.

Tuesday breakfast—Toast, eggs, coffee, jelly. Lunch—Baked hominy with cheese, baked Irish potatoes, bread, blackberry jam. Dinner—Green peas with milk dressing, mashed sweet potatoes, banana and apple salad, blackberry jam, sweet-pickled apricots.

Wednesday breakfast—Fried mush with sausage, toast, syrup, coffee. Lunch—Fried sweet potato patties, stewed rhubarb, spoon corn bread, preserves. Dinner—Smothered round steak, fried Irish potatoes, hot biscuit, piccalilli, bread pudding.

Thursday breakfast—Graham muffins with raisins, peach preserves, coffee. Lunch—Tomato and milk soup with crutons, stewed rice, gravy, bread, canned peaches with hot cinnamon rolls. Dinner—String beans cooked with bacon, carrot and apple salad, new potatoes, hot biscuits, apricot pickles, blackberry preserves.

Friday breakfast—Toast with egg, coffee and jelly. Lunch—Fried fish, warmed over beans, fig preserves, bread, satsuma plums with cake. Dinner—Fried apples, potatoes with milk, hot biscuit, fig preserves.

Saturday breakfast—Mush and cream, toast, coffee, loquat jelly. Lunch—No one happened to be at home. Dinner—Creamed onions, Spanish rice, muffins, fig preserves.

Sunday breakfast—Bacon and eggs, toast, coffee, jelly. Dinner—Canned peas, dressed eggs, escalloped corn, tomato salad, hot biscuits, strawberries and cake.

No supper on Sunday night, as we had late dinners. This, as you see, was an early spring menu, as we had fresh vegetables, but they were quite high.

Now, Beth, don't you think that a fine menu for the price? We lived very close to the school and had one hour and a half at noon, so we did not find our "housekeeping" worried us one bit.

Now, my dear, if you decide to try our plan, let me send you some of our recipes—eggless cake, chicken salad minus the chicken, spoon corn bread, meal biscuits, Spanish rice and numbers of others. There is one thing, though, cheap living does not include many meats; and make up your mind to one big item of expense—butter. We used about five pounds a week, and it ranged from 35 to 50 cents a pound.

Now, hoping I have given you some valuable and helpful suggestions that you can profit by, I am,

Yours lovingly,

LULA J.

A THANKSGIVING CONVERT

By Lannie Haynes Martin

THANKSGIVING Day would soon be over! That was one thing to be thankful for, anyway! What a mockery it all was! For weeks the papers had been full of it from advertisements to editorials. Thanksgiving linen, cut glass and turkey sets; gowns, hats and dining tables, had been flaunted in the face of the unbuying and the unthankful. Pictures of strutting turkeys and horns of plenty, adorned the magazines and dailies; neighbors dropping in for a few minutes friendly chat could not keep their conversation off of the approaching holiday; and with provoking assumption the universal spirit of thanksgiving was everywhere declared.

Even in the rebellious and resentful mind of Jocelyn Everett, herself, there had been visions of Thanksgiving day, but these were retrospective and regretful. The old fashioned dining-room, with its twenty foot table, in the ancestral home in far away Virginia; the annual gathering of the kins-folk at that bounteous board, with its two chestnut stuffed turkeys, its candied yams, its baked Virginia ham, home-made cider and Lady Baltimore cake —all these were memories as vivid as painful.

"How many cakes would they have had, I wonder, with eggs fifty-five cents a dozen and butter forty-five a pound?" inwardly speculated the mourner after fleshpots. "And two twelve pound turkeys at 35 cents a pound—why that would have been $8.40! and for just part of a meal! Well they never could have done it here in California!" And that was the grievance. She could not do as the Virginians did on John Everett's twenty-five dollars a week; and because unto their perfect health, their assured income, their pretty bungalow home and all the marvelous opportunities of a progressive new country, there was not added all the luxuries and limitations of the old, she carried the canker of a thankless heart.

"We've been invited everywhere twice around since we've had anybody here," she told her husband, as they sat in their big, cheery living-room under the reading lamp," and now to think that on Thanksgiving, we can't even have a chicken and just two or three people in to dinner."

"I'm sorry," he said, with discouraging conclusiveness. "You know I've got to make those payments on the lot, and since we've just had the house piped for gas heat and bought the fireless cooker and electric iron and toaster, I'm a bit pinched. And the taxes have to be paid this month, and I may have to have the trees fumigated; and next month I've got to have that storm drain attended to and the roof gutter put on, and then——"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake hush, or I'll go crazy," she screamed; "we didn't have to spend our money for such silly things in Virginia."

"No, perhaps not," he said, "but your roofs leaked sometimes, your fences ran down, the orchards got tired and quit bearing, and the land was sold for taxes. And how would you like to go back to oil lamps and green hickory wood instead of your tungsten burner up there and your press-a-button breakfast plan in the morning?"

"Oh, our breakfasts are just lovely," she exclaimed, as he touched on that one happy subject; "with our oatmeal done by fireless over-night, our toast made on the table, our add-hot-water-and-serve coffee, and grape fruit off our own trees. I don't think they have

any better breakfasts in the Waldorf-Astoria. It's not the breakfasts that I'm complaining about, but oh, I'd just love to have some chicken pillau and hot biscuits for dinner sometime, and some Brunswick stew and Sally Lunn, and sweet potato pie and corn pudding and deviled crab and——"

"All at one time," he asked.

"Well, we have had all that and a lot more some times," she laughed.

"Yes, and do you know," he said, "the biggest bill they have back there is one we never have had at all."

"What's that?" she snapped.

"The tax they pay the doctor and the undertaker. Our high cost of living may mean a lean pocketbook, but their high cost is a fat graveyard. And besides, Jocie," he added, as he eyed her slender figure admiringly, "how would you like to look like your aunt Lizzie and your cousin Cora?"

"Oh, it's awful. I know they eat too much," she admitted, as she remembered the hippopotamus contour of her nearest relatives, "but it does look so skimpy to sit down to the table with only two or three things, and it seems real poor-white-trashified to buy just a dollar's worth of sugar, and maybe half a dozen eggs when we all used to have sugar by the barrel, and never thought of getting less than five dozen eggs at a time; and anyway it's a tragedy not to be able to ask people in to dinner sometimes."

"You could, if you didn't think you had to give them a barbecue when they come, and I'll tell you, Jocie, the real folks don't do it any more. I'm sorry you've got in with that near-swell, lobster salad set——"

"Now, John, I simply won't stand for you talking about my friends. They're just as nice and high-toned and up-to-date as can be, and they have been awfully nice to me, and I never can pay anything back like other people, and I think it's real mean of you to be so cross and hateful when—when—I've never—never said a word—about—oh—oh!——" and a tear splashed on the magazine in her lap, and a cloud-burst was imminent, but he began to murmur sundry soothing words, and make reckless, promisory statements, which he (even as you and I) never expected to fall due.

"Don't cry now, honey-bird. I'll tell you what I'll do, Jocie, if I can sell that corner lot for old Bartlett and get the $50 commission, I'll give you half of it for a real Thanksgiving blowout!"

"Really?" she cried, her voice half-wonder, half-delight.

"Cross my heart and Pharaoh's mummy," he solemnly declared. After that, he read his evening papers without interruption.

Busy figuring on what kind of a feast she could give on twenty-five dollars, she forgot the very precarious possibility on which her dinner depended, and began to think of it as an assured event. And John thought he had made a happy hit to so divert her by this utterly improbable prospect.

But the lot, which had been advertised and placarded by every agent in the town all spring and summer long, the weed covered lot, warty with tin cans, suddenly found a purchaser, and John Everet was the lucky seller. It would have seemed very good to him if he could have put that fifty in the bank, or met some of his numerous bills, but true to his word, he turned over the twenty-five to his wife for her coveted Thanksgiving spread.

She silenced the little, wee twinge of conscience that came by imagining she was deeply, overwhelmingly, soulfully thankful, but prideful would have been the more accurate adjective, and the high spiritual ecstacy which she thought was hers was simply a "see now what I mean to do" vainglorious-ness.

First she began prevising and revising her guest list, sorrowing all the while because it could not include her entire calling register. There were the Russells, the Parkers, the Harpers, and the Hunts, who were matters of course. Then there were the Burtons and the Osgoods, whom she could not leave out either. She ran over on her fingers the number so far decided on. Six couples didn't sound like many,

but when counted as individuals and a host and hostess added, they made fourteen people. "Why, that couldn't be possible!" And she counted over again. She remembered she only had twelve of everything, and that her dining table would only seat ten comfortably. Well, she would bring in the big library table and put two of the guests there, and she could borrow the necessary china and silver for the two extra places from Mrs. Hunt. But it wouldn't do to have just one couple alone at the table, and besides, it would easily seat two people on a side and one at each end, and she was sure Mrs. Hunt would just as soon lend her six of everything as two, and there were the Rogans she had always wanted to have, and to such an elegant affair as this was turning out (in her mind) to be, she could ask the wealthy Mrs. Greene and her three daughters, and that would just complete her dinner party of sixteen. Dinner for sixteen! She hadn't thought of attempting so much when she began, and she did not tell John Everett what she was undertaking. He would have told her at once that she couldn't do it, and she didn't like to be told that she couldn't do things. It took the fine, buoyant enthusiasm out of her, and somehow, too, John's prophecies had a way of fulfilling themselves. So she only told him she had a surprise for him, which was a prophecy not altogether unfulfilled.

She was glad she had nearly two weeks to prepare for it. First, there was the cake to bake, the big, gorgeous cake about which a romance has been written. With the preparing of the citron, raisins, currants and nuts, the baking, wine-drenching and icing, this took several days and as many dollars. Then the house was to be thoroughly cleaned. That meant a woman for two days at $2.50 a day, but of course, she told herself, that would not come out of the twenty-five—that was just household incidentals. Then all the napkins, doilies, stand covers and dresser scarfs had to be laundered and fresh curtains put up, the bridal-present cut glass and silverware all had to be cleaned and shined, and each day added new tasks. The dinner itself, she decided, should be but a simple affair. First she would have a celery puree which she knew well how to make. For the second course, asparagus on toast would be so easy with her new toaster; she would have that. Then the turkey and cranberries, and with it must be sweet potatoes, creamed Irish potatoes, stewed onions, egg plant, beets, celery, cauliflower, maccaroni and ample meringue. The salad course could be apples, nuts and celery chopped up and served on lettuce, and then for desert would come the mince and pumpkin pies and the old-fashioned Virginia boiled custard with the famous Lady Baltimore cake; and then with the coffee, a pineapple cheese, a big bowl of fruit and one of nuts, and maybe this would be enough.

She had a competent woman engaged to help her, and felt perfectly easy as to the outcome. But the day before the event, after she had made a dozen trips or more to Mrs. Hunt's to bring over the borrowed silver and china, and put the finishing touches on the house, made the salad, the boiled custard and the pies, she was a little more fatigued than she had expected to be. In fact, she didn't sleep much that night because of a persistent, tired ache in her back; and by morning it had overflowed into her head and ran down to her feet. That was why she went into hysterics when the woman helper 'phoned she had visitors for the day and could not come. So she pulled herself together, however, and began on the turkey, an immense 15-pound dressed one. Her first disappointment and dilemma came when it would not go in the fireless cooker; she had counted all along on cooking it in that, knowing how tender it would make it, and how little trouble it would be; she had no roaster, and the only thing in the house big enough to hold it was the dish pan, so she put it on in that, and as there was no lid, the steam which would have made it tender, all escaped.

It took her till noon to wash and cut up the celery, pare the potatoes, egg-plant and onions, and then there was the meringue and maccaroni to fix, the cauliflower to wash, and the beets to skin, if they ever got done; besides the table was to be set and the dozen little odds and ends, like filling salt and pepper boxes, sharpening the carving knife and putting flowers in the vases. By five o'clock the house was lighted and garnished, and she was frantically struggling into presentable attire, although not the gown she had intended wearing now that she had to serve. This emergency was explained to the guests, who were principally neighbors and came in quite informally, and she excused herself and hurried to the kitchen to bring the dinner to a culminating reality.

The egg plant frying in a big spider absorbed her attention, as well as an amazing amount of lard, and while attending to that, the onions boiled dry and stuck to the bottom of the pan, sending a horrible odor throughout the house. They had to be discarded entirely, and while emptying these into the garbage can the potatoes boiled over into the dressing for the asparagus, and fresh had to be made. While that was in preparation, the celery soup thickened up, burned at the bottom and had to be emptied into another vessel, but this did not eliminate the offensive scorch, perceptible to both taste and smell.

She had expected to make the toast quite leisurely during the soup course, but glancing in the dining room, and seeing that after the first spoonful the soup remained untouched, she got excited and burned up four pieces, and that not calming her any, she dropped a plate of asparagus, dressing and all, right down the front of her dress; and it was Mrs. Hunt's plate, too, and she did not have time to pick up the pieces. After the second course had been disposed of, the turkey was carried for John to carve and serve, while she brought in the vegetables. To her dismay, the Irish potatoes were soggy, having stood too long; the candied sweet potatoes had gotten dry and hard; the egg-plant had lost its crispness. Despite her careful picking and washing of the cauliflower, when she went to serve it, she found two big, fat worms, and had to throw it all away. The beets, as she had expected, were half raw, but her despair over all this was as nothing when she went into the dining room and found the guests struggling with the toughness of an underdone turkey.

While that course was in progress, she hurried to put the salad on the plates, remembering, gratefully, how good it had tasted the day before. But the big white apples she had chopped with a steel chopper had turned Ethiopian over night, and looked, as she told her husband afterwards, "like a dead nigger made into mince meat." The very sight of it nauseated her. There was nothing to do but skip that course entirely and rush on to the dessert. The pies were excellent, the boiled custard and fruit cake delicious, and John Everett was hoping in the good coffee to come, the cheese nuts, fruit and candy to follow, that the fore part of the dinner would be forgotten, but just as Jocelyn was bringing in the big silver coffee urn, the surprise came. She fainted in the middle of the floor, and the coffee splashed in all directions. The guests, who had fortunately escaped the deluge, did not linger long, and so did not hear the real Thanksgiving proclamation. It came when Jocelyn had been tucked into bed, and John was sitting by the bedside, holding her hands.

"Oh, John, I am thankful now—I thought I was before, but I was only proud and foolish. To be thankful is to be humble, and simple-hearted. I've learned such a lot in these two weeks —and especially the last two days, and what I'm most really-truly thankful for is the California Simple Life, and I'll never be so foolish again!"

John Everett did not make any reciprocal confession, but he has many times told himself that that twenty-five dollars was the best invested money he ever spent.

WHEN A MAN KNOWS HIS OWN

By Rebecca Moore

AS THE OLD steamer Chinook chugged its way slowly up the narrow bay, Emily Harris stood in the opening in the lower deck and waited for the signal that was to call a boat from Breckstein's to take her ashore. Her suit case by her side, she waited rather forlornly watching the darkness creep out from the forest-covered shore and spread over the gray water. Night comes down early in October on Puget Sound.

The engines ceased, the steamer was impelled without a sound over the slippery, leaden water, and the only other passenger, a man in dark brown, drew near as people always did when anyone got out into a row boat. He looked big and somehow helpful, and Emily, who in the oncoming dusk felt small and helpless, had the odd idea that she wished he were going ashore.

It wasn't easy to be alone in the world, to make trains and boats dependent only on conductors and captains. But she bravely suppressed the sigh, and smiled on big, friendly Captain Miller who himself always came down to see her off the steamer, and sternly sheltered her from the stares of men often gathered on that deck. Emily was surprised then this evening when he included her and the stranger in one look and spoke genially:

"Mr. Gordon, this is Miss Harris. She teaches the school at Breckstein's."

Emily glanced up into a square-jawed face, and found the stranger's eyes waiting for hers. For an instant, he looked straight into her eyes, and when Emily turned away, she felt that he knew her.

There was a splash in the dusk, and a boat that seemed perilously small and wobbly on the water came toward them. The old man, rowing, fumbled in drawing alongside the steamer, making it necessary for the captain and both deck hands to lend him help —so that the stranger stepped forward quickly and gave his hand to Emily to assist her down into the boat. But it was deep and wavering, and, with an apology, he picked her up, lifting her slight form by the shoulders as one might a child, and swung her into the boat. Her eyes were grateful, and a little timid when she looked up to thank him. "Don't be alarmed," he smiled into her face reassuringly, and the memory of kind eyes above a firm mouth went with Emily to the shore and stayed with her until she fell asleep in her little room in the old gray house on the bay.

But some October days on Puget Sound are beautifully bright and clear, on one of which Emily took Breckstein's boat and rowed to Cedar Crest, the small town at the head of the bay. She had been to the post-office, and returning down the long, sunlit wharf, came face to face with the man who had lifted her into the row boat. She would have passed him with a bow, but he stopped full and claimed acquaintance with her.

"Let me row you back," he asked frankly, when he knew how she had come. Emily decided his face was not hard—her first impression on the boat—rather it had a dominating look. Perhaps this quality had its way with her, for she listened while he persuaded.

"The tide will be running in before you can get back. I can row you down

and tow my own boat after us."

Emily yielded the rower's seat, and took her place facing him, a trifle surprised at her own compliance to this masterful man. Strength was his predominating quality. It was pleasant to feel the boat surge forward under his powerful strokes, yet she knew his attention was not on the boat, but on her.

"Emily is a pretty name," he said, without preface, glancing at the addressed package beside her.

Emily smiled faintly. She sat erect with her hands folded. The sun shone on her yellow-brown dress and chestnut hair and lighted her brown eyes to a warm color. She made no reply to his remark.

"Two miles back of that point," he indicated the farther shore, "is my logging camp."

"That is where you have thirty men and Italian Joe and his wife to cook for them."

"Yes. How did you know."

"I heard them talking about you at Breckstein's, where I board."

"So you knew who and what I was when you let me row your boat," he smiled accusingly. "Well, I would have brought you just the same without that recommendation."

"*Would* you?" she laughed at him, but she was not at all sure he would not.

As the boat gently surged through the water, he talked to her, but Emily did not hear what he said. She was wholly possessed by the wonderful beauty of the evening; the pale, pure northern sky notched at the horizon by the tops of the dark firs on the shore, a steady soldierly line suddenly broken by the maple filled gulch through which the setting sun shone, changing the blue waters into an opalescent sea across which the boat glided, and into the tree shadows that lengthened to the middle of the bay before their journey ended. She did not hear what he said, but she felt the charm of his voice, and strange enough, during the next day and the ones that followed, all his words came back to her, and she dwelt on them with pleasure and approval.

"Are you going to the city next Saturday?" he asked when he had helped her out on the beach, and there was nothing to do but get into his own boat. "I hope to see you on the Chinook."

"I intended to go Saturday," she told him.

"I hoped you would. I've hoped so ever since you left the steamer that night," he said, with his pleasing directness. "This is only Wednesday, but I'm thankful I have a sight of work to do. Good-bye."

He pulled his cap low over his forehead, and gazing at her unsmilingly, pulled off.

Monday evening, while Emily Harris sat at her desk in the little schoolhouse on the bank above the bay, writing letters, a man's step sounded on the porch, the door opened, and Helmer Gordon walked into the room. He came directly forward and took a chair before her desk.

"Why didn't you go to town Saturday?" he asked without other greeting.

"I changed my mind."

"You had no right to change your mind when I had lived on that hope for over sixty hours." He smiled the least bit, but suddenly it did appear to Emily that, if he expected her, she should have gone.

But she replied in his manner: "You had no right to live on that."

"It doesn't seem that way to me," he answered seriously, "and I couldn't live on any other hope if I tried."

"You are the strangest man," laughed Emily, with an extra heart beat.

"I felt strange—and lost, yesterday. It was the longest day I ever lived. I prowled around Cedar Crest until noon—and all afternoon I spent on the bay. I came down as far as Breckstein's three or four times, hoping to get a sight of you."

"Really!" she mocked him. "I wonder you didn't march up to the house and demand that I spend the afternoon with you."

"Why shouldn't I, if I hadn't thought it might embarrass you before all those silent Dutchmen? As for myself, I know what I want. All we Gordons do, and we usually get what we want."

Certainly to this Emily could make no answer, so she drew angles and squares on her note paper while he continued:

"My eldest brother won the daughter of a woman who had sworn her child should never marry; the second took his bride from a deceiving scoundrel almost at the very altar; the third married a girl who had determined to follow a profession. That sounds arbitrary, but in all the branches of our family there has never been a separation, and never, so far as known, an unhappy marriage."

By the time he finished, Emily was gazing full into his face.

"I am the fourth son," he ended suddenly personal, and smiled with such significance into her open face that the rich color swept to her hair. "I've brought you some magazines," he said, abruptly, yet with a tender tone that somehow left Emily with the feeling that though the Gordons had power, they used it lovingly.

The country school district where Emily Harris had chosen to teach as a relief from city schools did not offer such diversions but that the company of a man like Gordon might be very welcome. Whether he was welcome or disturbing, Emily could hardly tell. She thought enough about him in the days that intervened to formulate her feelings, and by the time school was over on Thursday she had done so. She meant to dismiss him summarily. She would show him that firmness did not belong to the Gordons alone—and then her heart gave a leap at his step on the porch, and she smiled radiantly at him when he opened the door and strode in.

"Let us walk over to the cove," he suggested. "The maples are grand now."

Out on the narrow leaf-strewn road walled in and almost overarched by towering firs and cedars they talked and laughed as neither had done before. Sometimes they both stopped, and without a word gazed at the masses of autumn gold deep in the dark pines, while from over in the clearing came the notes of a meadowlark with a piercing sweetness that hurt.

Gordon looked at Emily.

"Will you take the boat to town Saturday?"

She walked on, swinging a spray of elm, but did not answer.

"Will you—Emily?"

She walked a few steps farther, then: "It doesn't make any difference——" and broke off.

"You mean it doesn't make any difference to me? But it does."

She said nothing. He walked around in front of her.

"Why, Emily? Why don't you want to go on the steamer when I do?"

She still said nothing, but she held out her left hand, on the fourth finger of which was a pearl ring.

"That's nothing. I mean to put a diamond there."

"I think not," she told him, so quietly that he became grave.

"Are you engaged, Emily?"

"Yes—and no."

"How long have you been engaged?"

"Six years."

"Is there any reason why you should not tell me about it?"

No answer. Now, Emily was not a silent girl. on the contrary, she liked to talk—and talk well. Perhaps that partly accounted for the fact that she usually had to do all the talking with the man whose ring she wore. But she felt, sometimes, when she had to dig, and suggest, and question, and then answer her own remarks that the quiet man so well liked in stories was not entirely satisfying. Besides, too, five years of teaching, during which she struggled to draw from the awkard boy and diffident girl some manner of self-expression, gave her all too much of taking the lead in conversation. Therefore, one of the great charms of

this man was the way he filled out her half-spoken remarks, interpreted her silence, even thought for her. It was a new and altogether delightful experience.

"Emily," he went on thoughtfully, "when a girl says she is engaged, even a yes-and-no-engagement that settles it with a man, though I will say, before I go on, that you are the first I ever asked—but as I say it settles it usually, but with you there is something I can't explain. I can't feel that *you* belong to anyone else. I believe you only think you are bound."

"I mean to marry the man whose ring I am wearing—if he ever wishes," she informed him.

Gordon frowned as though trying to understand a distressing condition.

"Won't you tell me, Emily?" he begged. "I know I have no right to ask, but it seems there is something unexplained."

As they walked through a little vale and over a needle-covered hill, she told him that the man was a doctor, or rather still a student, though several years her senior. He was absorbed in the working out of certain medical theories, the experiments of which were so expensive, that he was always drained to the verge of want. The successful outcome of it all was so doubtful, and far distant, that it might be years, if ever, before they could marry.

"I don't know," she concluded, "when we became engaged. It probably grew out of my being able to help him. He studied in my uncle's library and I—then a girl of eighteen—have sat for hours hunting articles from medical books and journals, and making extracts from them. He likes the way I work so quietly, though the odd thing is, I do not like the work and I *do* like to be noticed." She laughed in depreciation of her weakness, while his eyes spoke what he refused his tongue.

"But I do try not to be weak. A woman should be a help to the man. Uncle taught me so. His wife was frivolous and very selfish, and she hindered his entire life work. So from the time I was a tiny girl, Uncle taught me to forget myself. Dear Uncle was very good to mother and me—now they are both gone, and at times I feel utterly alone in the world."

"And your—this doctor—does he not practice at all?"

"Very little. He begrudges the time taken from his study. Two years ago he had a considerable amount of money left him, and I thought—I hoped—as a start—but he used it for expensive laboratory equipment. He is devoted to his work. It is his very life."

I see. But how about your life?"

"Well I—I want to be a help to him and I can be. When he is quite tired out, he turns to me for encouragement. He likes to 'talk out' as he calls it, all his annoyances and perplexities."

"I see. And then?"

"And then he feels better," she finished childishly.

"And then?"

"Why, then he plunges right back again into his work. And that is how," she concluded, remembering why she had told her story, "that is my yes-and-no engagement. I am free in every way but the one that counts most. My sympathies are all with him."

"Your sympathies, yes—but how about your love?"

"All the love I've known I have given to him—though I'll admit I am not sure that I know what love really is."

Gordon again walked around in front of her.

"Will you 'give me leave' to try to teach you what it really is?"

Before her in the narrow path he stood. He was so large he shut off sight of the distant way; his eyes and tone almost shut out memories and resolves. She trembled slightly, and then said, faintly: "I'll leave that to the man I marry."

"Will you marry me, Emily?"

"No," she said, and they walked on.

On Saturday morning Emily told herself there was no reason why she should not go to the city. The pres-

ence of Gordon on the boat was no more than that of any other passenger. Yet the look he gave her when her row boat came alongside the steamer was not quite like that of any other passenger. He was standing in the opening in the lower deck, and it was his hand helped her on board; also it was his company and conversation that made the four hours' ride on the slow old Chinook seem amazingly short.

Her mind that night was in a whirl. What a man he was. "Will you marry me?" he said, and never once, "I love you," and yet she could not think he was the kind to marry that a wife might make a comfortable or even beautiful home for him. She had heard there was more than one girl in Cedar Crest very willing to help out the wealthy lumberman. Was he so intent on winning her, so confident of the righteousness of his demands that he forgot to say "I love you." Not that it made any difference at all, but —how could he be so sure from the first that he wanted her for his wife unless he—— "Let me teach you what love really is," he said. Could he do that unless he himself loved? Could he teach her if he *did?* But at that point she resolutely stopped her wandering thoughts, and determined not to return to the country the next day. Nevertheless at ten o'clock she was on board the steamer.

She had come early, and at the last a guilty feeling made her slip into the dining room below the cabin where she meant to remain unseen. She must return to Breckstein's, or lose a day of school, but she need not spend the time in Gordon's company.

The boat was well under way when she returned to the cabin. Gordon, who, she knew, preferred to remain outside, would not come in there after he had once looked for her. So she seated herself on the carpet covered bench under the windows and got out her book. Perhaps he had not come. She felt a little ashamed of her needless precaution—very dismal, too.

A moment later she glanced out of the window, and her heart gave a suffocating throb. He was leaning over the rail, and gazing gloomily into the water. The side of his face was toward her, and she could see that he looked utterly depressed. Evidently this disappointment had been wholly unexpected. How he does believe in himself and the absolute fairness of his demands. And at that thought it rather seemed to her that he was right.

She tried to read, but the gloomy figure over the rail that did not change, except to appear more deeply dejected, kept her attention.

Suddenly she laid down her book—she was like the tides to the moon when he called—and her eyes softly glowing, she stepped lightly up behind him.

"What do you see down there?" she murmured teasingly, over his shoulder.

He whirled about, and the look that flashed into his face was almost dazzling, at least Emily could not meet it long. But she saw in it adoration that enveloped her from head to foot.

"You want to know what I saw there? Your face; your brown eyes and the smile that comes when you won't talk. I saw your tenderness, your understanding, and your sweet, reasonable mind. I saw you stepping down into a row boat on a dark, foggy night when I wanted to go with you to care for you. But," he ended more quietly, "I don't need the water to see those pictures. They are before me all the time."

Emily felt strangely, terribly satisfied. When he had led her to a sheltered seat at the stern of the boat, she couldn't laugh and she didn't talk. He was very tender with her. His gratitude for her action seemed to subdue and silence him for the remainder of the voyage.

Apparently neither the pictures in the water nor the ones in his mind satisfied Gordon, for he was with her frequently the next week. He had called on her at Breckstein's, who knew and thoroughly liked him, but the stuffy, conventional country parlor

was not to the liking of either, and by common consent they met on the beach or walked under the firs.

In the afternoon, when school drew to a close, she could see his boat away up near the Point. In a very short time, to Emily's protesting mind, it scraped on the beach; then he grasped a limb, sprang up the bank, and in a moment stood before her glowing and searching eyes.

"How can you be so wasteful, Emily?"

"How am I?" she asked, fearing yet wishing to hear his reproaches.

"To cast your tenderness and your capacity for loving into the balance with medical experiments, and dead, dry facts? My heavens! is the man made of wood? Does he expect you to go on teaching, braving alone your difficulties, while you remain faithful to him?"

"He doesn't expect anything. What I give is given freely."

"And you have given freely. It is only your exaggerated sense of generosity that has prompted this and his selfishness that accepts it. He would not do it for you!" flared out Gordon, and then was immediately ashamed that he had attacked his rival.

"I love him for what he is, not for what he does for me," she punished him in reply.

Gordon was white and miserable. "*Is* it for your happiness, Emily? I'm a fool, but I'm not wholly selfish."

Instantly Emily was sorry she had hurt him.

"Why, yes," she laughed a little bitterly. "One time I did not have a letter for seven weeks. I was tortured with anxiety, and so lonely and desolate. Then there came a lovely, big, fat letter. I was so glad I hugged it all the way home. It had in it—the printed sheets of a magazine article on one of the doctor's experiments. He scribbled on the edge that he was so pleased he *must* send it to me."

They parted, both miserable, each regretful for words against the absent —and each looking to the next meeting.

It came now that they met nearly every day for a longer time. Since that day on the boat, when Emily of her own will had gone out on the deck to comfort him, she knew she had given him the right to seek her. The woods were a blaze of glory; the blue waters were dazzling. Mother Nature held old winter back, and smiled and waited to see how this wooing should end.

"Oh, Emily," he told her desperately, "I can't in conscience leave you to sacrifice yourself. I am convinced that when a man knows the woman for himself and hopes that she could love him, it is his duty to *get* her, to *take* her if need be against all odds, even against herself. The man is a miserable coward who sees his own go on to destruction and does not seize her back from it."

In all the argument, Emily took refuge usually in silence. It was easier than meeting him with reply. Only occasionally, when he had triumphantly concluded an unanswerable bit of arguing she put in this short but telling blow, "I love him," but she said it as though trying to convince herself. Of course she loved him. Hadn't she been sought many times only to turn contentedly to her service of devotion. Her reply always staggered him, too, but he rallied bravely, and when she found that she was listening to his pleading and was saying less frequently, "I love him," she knew there was but one thing to do, and to-day she was doing it.

She was on the road to the cove where she could board a boat that, by a round-about course, would take her to the city. The Brecksteins would send her trunk later. She regretted having to resign the school, but her fidelity was of greater importance than the teaching of this school. She had been wicked and faithless to listen so long to another man, but she would make up for it to Alfred. She sighed deeply. She had had to do so much making up. When Alfred resented the hardship of his long struggle and the indifference of the medical profes-

sion as well as the public, she had to make it up to him out of her hope and courage. When from despondency or weariness he was too languid for talk, she had to make up talk for two. When she was penitent over a real or fancied neglect of him, she confessed, she cried, she asked him to forgive her, she smiled and said she knew he forgave her. She had to be both penitent and confessor. Yes, it was hard to live for two, but she ought to delight in it. "You are all the comfort I have, Emily," he said once. She did delight in her service. The light around those first days when she had resolved to devote her life to him and his work would never fade while she lived—again her heart gave that suffocating throb she had known on the boat, and she was face to face with Helmer Gordon.

"Where are you going, Emily? Are you running away?"

She was silent. "It's no use. It's no use," she was saying to herself.

"Emily," he spoke solemnly, "there is a power overrules your mistaken ideas of duty. I didn't know why I was impelled to take this road to-day, but I know now. My home is waiting for you. Come, Emily. I won't wait any longer."

She looked up. Again his broad shoulders, his gray eyes, that firm mouth, above all, his voice, shut out sight, sound and memory of everything but the present.

"Do you love me?" she asked, pleadingly.

A light flashed in his eyes. All he said was: "Come, Emily," and held out his arms.

"I'd marry the other man to-morrow, if I could," she struggled.

"I know it. Come, Emily."

"Will you be good to me?" she faltered.

"Come."

She took one step and was in his arms, and when his lips were on hers, she knew no past and no future.

THE SPANISH MISSIONS

Dear fortresses of faith, where memories cling
  And brood upon the mystic years of yore,
Thine altars blossom at the touch of Spring
    No more, no more.

Thine ancient walls in protestations fling
  From cell to cell the locomotive's roar;
Thy bells are silent: shall the Vesper ring
    No more, no more?

Here desert tribes no more their children bring.
  Where once for holy rites their dead they bore,
The incense rises, and the censers swing
    No more, no more.

Yet loved are thou of every wilding thing.
  Above thy crumbling walls the choral linnets wing,
But dusky choirs the Benedictus sing
    No more, no more.

ROSE TRUMBULL.

"MISS MARION"

By A. C. Seely

ON A BEAUTIFUL, bright morning, I happened to arrive at Aunt Chloe's cabin, just as she was putting the finishing touches to the top of her rude, stick chimney. She was cheerfully humming some quaint, plantation melody that was born of a period now past and forever gone. A mocking bird was singing in a blithe, harmonious rivalry to her song from his throne on the top of the old well sweep. Thus, peace and harmony filled the air, and these things on a Georgia spring morning create a paradise that is satisfying beyond all wishes for improvement.

"Good-morning, auntie," I called to her gently. She had been as a mother to me during my early days at the "Pines." The "Pines," then, had been able to retain its servants and its plantations as well, but time and mortgages had divorced them from us.

Auntie looked down at me from the shaky, unstable ladder that swayed ominously with her weight. Her kindly, homely, shining, black face lighted up with a broad smile, as she returned my morning salutation:

"Good mornin', Mistah Jack."

She had always called me Mistah Jack from the days of my toddling childhood, when I had come to the "Pines" a homeless orphan under the care of an aunt.

"How are you feeling, this morning?" I asked.

"Jes only tol'bly well, suh."

"What! You don't mean to say you have been sick and never let us know?" I demanded.

"Not jes 'zactly sick," she qualified. "I jes done hab some ob dem roomaticks las' night, uhgain, suh, an' ob cose I don' feel so pow'ful smaht dis mornin'. An' how is yuh all, up at de big house, Mistah Jack?" she asked, not with a polite interest, but solicitously.

"Splendid, auntie, splendid! It is really a sin at the the great quantity of good health that is wasted on us. It cheats the doctor shamefully; besides, we are such a dreadfully lazy set, you know."

"No, suh, I dunno hit. I does know, howsomevah, dat yuh all woik hahdah dan de res' ob de folks roun' heah," she protested.

"Tut, tut, auntie, no such thing at all. It is just because you always happen to come up when we are doing a little work. Just pure luck, I assure you, that you don't catch us idling about, as lazy as lazy can be," I explained in a complaining tone. "I really don't see how it happens."

Her only answer was a mellow, liquid laugh.

"Isn't that pretty hard work, auntie, for an old woman with the rheumatism?" I asked.

"No, suh, not so ovuhly. Hit's jes tejus uh gettin' the mud an' sticks up the laddah."

"Well, that is easily remedied: you just stay up there and I'll pass them up to you."

"Yuh'd bettah not, suh," she said, shaking her bandana wound head at me warningly. "A gen'man mus'n git his han's duhty, an' yuh shuah will wif dat clay an' dem muddy sticks."

"If that be the case, then I care not to be a gentleman," I exclaimed, with an exaggerated flourish, and proceeded to hand the things up to her as she needed them.

She replied to my remark by saying that there were two kinds of gentlemen, the real and the other kind. Then with a laugh, she said:

"Yuh is not de othar kin', Mistah Jack."

I thanked her for the compliment far more seriously than ever I did a society belle, for Aunt Chloe, contrary to the custom of her race, never flattered. She either honestly and straightly condemned, complimented or was silent, according to her lights. She was always polite, even to her enemies, who were very few. She had a homely way of saying that it did not cost anything to be polite, and it paid almost as well as a crop of cotton.

Together, we soon had the chimney finished, and when Aunt Chloe had descended to earth again, she said:

"I is shuah much 'bleeged to yuh, Mistah Jack. I was jes uh doin' yuh all's iahnin' when them chimbly sticks tum'ld down, but not befoh I done got uh nice pan uh pindahs roas'ed. If yuh all ain't in no huhry, yuh jes bettah come in an' hab some."

I accepted her invitation with alacrity, for I am partial to well roasted peanuts or "pindahs," as she called them, and I never knew any one who could roast them so well as Aunt Chloe. Besides, she nearly always had some interesting reminiscences to tell me of the days "befoh de wah," and with a little tact she could be induced to tell them.

These reminiscences meant a great deal to me, for I was sometimes able to convert them into money by dressing them into stories, minus the dialect, of course. We certainly needed the money at the "Pines"—my great-aunt would keep up ante bellum customs on post bellum resources. Writing was the only thing I knew; my aunt's Southern pride had kept me from having a recognized trade or profession, so that my pen was my only resource.

"How old are you, auntie?" I asked by way of a beginning—she had just remarked that she was beginning to feel her age. I took a comfortable seat in the vine-shaded doorway, with the pan of peanuts beside me. I was in full view of the mocking bird which still continued to fill the air with his richest music, giving me the finest selections from his varied repertoire. Perhaps he had his eyes on the peanuts even as I had on a story from Aunt Chloe.

"I don' jes 'zactly know, suh," she said, in answer to my question, "but I was bohn when Mastah Etuhnal Jackson was pres'dent."

Running the list of presidents over in my mind, and making a hasty computation, I said:

"Then you were only about thirty or thirty-five when the Civil War began."

"Yes, suh, I specs dat's right, or neahly so. I 'member my ol' Mistis was daid an' my young Mistis was about eighteen, I specs, or close to hit."

After a little pause she began again:

"Um'uh! Mistah Jack, yuh shuah ought to uh seen my young Mistis! She shuah was de mos' bu'ful young lady in all ouh country. My ol' Mastah was jes de proudes' ob huh, I reckon, ob anything he had, 'nless hit was his thor-bred mahe. Some folks did say dat he done thought moh ob M'liss—dat was de mahe's name, 'en he did ob Miss Marion—dat was my young Mistis. But I nevah did b'lieb dat, 'cause dat wasn' natchel foh uh fathah to laike uh hoss bettah'n his own daughtah, was hit?"

She looked at me expectantly, and I paused long enough in my peanut munching to agree with her that such a feeling was far from being either natural or usual. Then she continued hesitatingly, and with a somewhat clouded brow, as if some point in the proposition was not clear to her.

"Still, theah was one time when Miss Marion got uh hahd fall from M'liss uh gittin' huh foot in uh gophah hole while she was uh ridin' huh. De niggars toted Miss Marion home on uh stretchah, an' M'liss come uh limpin' uh long behind 'em. De ol' Mastah stayed up half de night makin' de niggahs woik wif M'liss' laig, an' then

went to bed wifout eben askin' oncet 'bout Miss Marion."

Aunt Chloe finished this statement with some indignation. I could see that this Miss Marion had been a particular favorite with her, and when she again looked at me expecting some comment, I was at a loss to know what she expected me to say to such a statement.

"Well," I began hesitatingly, "that does look as if the mare had a little bit the best of the girl in the old man's mind, if not in his heart. But was there ever any other circumstance which might be more of a deciding test?"

"Oncet, jes oncet," she answered, slowly.

"And what was that?" I asked, idly.

"Hit's ur kindah long laike story, an' I'se skeahed youh all'd get tiahed uh lis'nin'," she prefaced apologetically.

"Go on, by all means," I exclaimed, with sudden enthusiasm, and I drew my note book from my pocket, for I scented "material" for a story. I confess no material seemed too sacred, so I prepared to seize the points of this one.

"Well, suh, hit was uh duhin' de wah dat dis happened. Yuh see, de ol' Mastah was awful bittar 'gainst de Nohf; he said dey was uh 'posin' on de Souf. He was too ol' an' crippled up to jine de ahmy, hisself, an' he used to take on laike he was clean gone crazy, 'cause Miss Marion wasn't nuh man so she could jine de ahmy an' fight in huh fathah's place.

"I think my young Mistis was sorry, too, 'cause she didn't hab vehy much use foh de blue-coats, eithah. But de Great Mastah am de bigges', an' I reckons we'se all hab to gib into His powah. Jes laike de ol' Mastah an' de young Mistis did when dey foun' uh young Linkum ossifah uh layin' in de middle ub de big road. He was all bloody an' dusty wif de road dus', wif one ahm broke an' unconshus, an' his big grey hoss uh standin' theah by him an' uh guahdin' him. I was wif dem when dey foun' him. De ol' Mastah was de fus' one to speak.

"'Dat am uh pow'ful good hoss,' he said.

"'An' his mastah uh layin' theah daid, puhaps,' said Miss Marion, as she huhied up an' knelt down in de dus' ob de road by de ossifah to see if he was still uh libin'.

"De ol' Mastah was uh runnin' his han's ovah de hoss' back an' up an' down his laigs, an' he kep' uh sayin' to hisse'f, laike dis:

"'Great Scootahs! dis am uh pow'ful good hoss, pow'ful good, neahly as good as M'liss, neahly!'

"'Fathah,' said Miss Marion, 'what we all gwine to do wif dis ossifah; he am still uh libin'?'

"'What are we all gwine to do wif de hoss? Dat's what's uh botherin' me. He am too good to tuhn loose, an' if we all keep him, hit means keep de man, too, an' I hates laike sin to take in uh Yank. I reckon, though, he am uh tol'ble good man foh de kin', eben if hit am such uh pooh kin', 'cause his hoss didn't leab him.'

"So dey took in de young Linkum ossifah an' his hoss. My young Mistis took caih ob him an' de ol' Mastah looked aftah de hoss. When de ossifah got his senses ahgin, he tol' us dat he'd been shot in de ahm, an' he reckon he jes fainted an' fell off'n his hoss. He said he was uh captain ob some Ohio sogers—I done fohgot his name, jes dis min't.

"Ob cose, de ol' Mastah an' de young Mistis bofe hated de Linkum blue-coats, but dey bofe kindah missed dey all's calc'lations. Miss Marion hadn' counted on fallin' in lub wif de ossifah, an' de ol' Mastah hadn' counted on de Yanks uh habin' sich good hosses. De ol' Mastah al'ys said dat uh bad man couldn' own a good hoss vehy long. An' so dey didn' han' him ovah uh pris'nah to de Johnnie men as dey had 'tended to do.

"Well, suh, de Cap'n kep' uh gettin' bettah an' bettah, an' so fin'ly he said he was sorry, but he reckon he was well nuff to go back to his sogers. De mohnin' he was gwine to leab he was uh talkin' to my young Mistis, while de ol' Mastah was uh gwine long as fah

as de pos'-ossif wif de young Cap'n.

"De Cap'n done tol' my young Mistis dat he lubbed hur bettah dan life itself, an' he ast huh if he could take huh heaht wif him, an' if she would let him come back for huh han' aftah de wah was ovah. I jes happen to go to de doah jes as she was ansahin'. She was in his ahms an' she say:

" 'Yuh hab got my heaht now, darlin', an' I am yuhs whenever yuh come back foh me. But, oh, dahlin', I'se 'fraid yuh will nevah come back to me.'

" 'Why, deahes' dahlin',' he say, uh kissin huh mouf an' eyes an' cheeks, 'ob cose I'se comin' back. What yuh think I is—uh scoun'el?'

" 'Oh, no, dahlin,' she say, uh cryin' laike huh heaht would break; 'but yuh kaint come back if—if yuh git killed.'

"Ob cose, hit wasn't mannahly in me uh lis'nin', so I went over to de varandah, an' theah in front on de drive was de ol' Mastah uh holdin' M'liss an' de Cap'n's gray. When he saw me, he say:

" 'Chloe, yuh tell de Cap'n dat his hoss am ready, an' I'se heah uh waitin' foh him.'

"When I tol' de Cap'n what de ol' Mastah say, he took Miss Marion in his ahms an' kissed huh one long kiss an' nen some shoht, quick ones. He say somepin' 'bout one kiss long as twenty, an' twenty long as one, an' uh beginnin' ahgin wheah dey fus' begun. I know de ol' Mastah didn' laike to be kep' uh waitin' long, so I say:

" 'I 'specs yuh'd bettah not begin ahgin, Cap'n, 'cause de ol' Mastah am uh gittin' in uh pow'ful huh'y.'

"Den de Cap'n an' Miss Marion bofe smile, an' he say:

" 'Sweetheaht, I mus' go. Au revoh, dahlin'. God bless yuh an' keep yuh foh me, dahlin'.'

"An' wif dat he gwine uhway. He was on his hoss an' down de long drive befoh de ol' Mastah had moh an' got in de saddle; but de Cap'n pull up an' wait foh him, an' I went back to my young Mistis. She had gwine to de upstaihs v'randah, wheah she could see de road cleah up to de top ob de big hill. We stood theah an' watched 'em till jes befoh dey went ovah de hill, den de Cap'n he drop behin' de ol' Mastah an' wave his cap an' my young Mistis wave huh han'k'chief back to him. Den dey went ovah de hill an' out ob sight. 'Nen my young Mistis dropped huh haid on my shouldeh an' put huh ahms 'roun' my neck, all de time uh cryin' an' uh sayin':

" 'Oh, Chloe, I'se nevah gwine to see my dahlin' soger boy any moh!'

" 'Nevah min',' I say to huh, 'nevah min' uh cryin', my pooh lil' white chil',' jes laike she was uh lil baby ahgin, 'nevah min'; he shuah gwine to come back to yuh, honey, dahlin'.'

"An' all de ansah dat she'd make was dat she knowed he'd come back if he didn' git killed.

"As soon as de ol' Mastah come back we all knowed dat de Cap'n had done ast him foh Miss Marion. He was pow'ful mad. He jes come uh teah'in' wif his back eyes uh blazin' an' his face was as red as uh tuhkey goblah's haid.

" 'Foh shame,' he commence, 'foh shame, dat de only daughtah ob a true, loyal, South'n gen'man should want to trow huhself uhway on uh low down, wufless Yank!'

"An' nen he went on uh sweahin' an' uh cussin' pow'ful wicked. But my young Mistis would only ansah:

" 'I lub him, an' I'se his, an' I'll wait yeahs an' yeahs foh him!'

"I kaint no ways tell yuh, Mistah Jack, jes how mad de ol' Mastah was. But he say if she done hab anything moh to do wif dat Yankee dog, eben so much as writin' uh lettah to him, he'd hab huh tied to de whippin' pos' an' hab huh whipped laike de lowes' niggah on de plantation. An' Miss Marion, she jes gib him uh proud look an' swep' out ob de room laike uh angel dat had got into de wrong place by mistake.

"In uh couple ob weeks uh lettah come from de Cap'n to Miss Marion, an' hit made huh brighten up consid'able. Nen she wrote a lettah to him, but de ol' Mastah cotched huh uh writin' hit, an' if he was mad befoh

he was sutinly crazy now, an' he ohdahed huh to be whipped at oncet.

"Ebery niggah on de plantation 'fused to do de whippin' oh eben to tie huh to de pos', an' dey all got whipped foh 'fusin'. So de ol' Mastah made us niggahs stan' in uh ring roun' de pos' so we all'd hab to watch de whippin'. But none ob dem would look; they'd uh put theah eyes out fus'. I specs dey all would uh cotched de ol' Mastah an' uh whipped him if de young Mistis had uh made de leas' sign oh uh said uh wuhd. But she didn' do neithah; she jes look de ol' Mastah right in de eye, jes as proud an' brave as only dem ob de bes' blood c'n look.

"De ol' Mastah had ohdahed M'liss 'roun' foh him to take uh ride as soon as de whippin' was ovah, an' theah she stood uh pawin' an' uh throwin' up huh haid like she didn' want to see de young Mistis whipped no moh den us niggahs did. De lil pic'ninny dat was uh holdin' huh was uh tryin' to keep his cryin' from bein' loud nuff foh de ol' Mastah to heah, an' uh nothar lil pic'ninny was way up de big road uh runnin' 'way to keep from seein' his young Mistis whipped.

"De ol' Mastah had his rawhide ridin' whip in his han', an' he steps up to Miss Marion, an' he say:

" 'Marion, if I don't whip yuh, will yuh promise to let dat good foh nothin' Yank go out ob yuh min'?'

" 'Nebah!' she say, an' huh voice was as cleah as uh bell.

"Nen de ol' Mastah rais' se whip, an' all de niggahs commence to howl. Well, suh, I couldn' stan' hit any longah; I couldn' beah to see my lil white chil'—my pooh, young Mistis, whipped laike uh niggah! An' so I runs an' frowed my ahms 'roun' huh an' I say:

" 'Don' yuh be 'fraid, honey, yuh ol' black Chloe gwine to take de whippin' foh yuh!'

"An' jes den de whip come down on my back uh buhnin' laike fiah. De ol' Mastah gib me one, two, three lashin's, an' I could feel de blood uh runnin' from de cuts de whip made.

"Den we huhed M'liss whinny an' de soun' ob uh hoss uh gallopin', an' as we all look up, theah come de Cap'n on his big gray! His face was jes as white as if he was daid, an' his blue eyes was uh flashin' laike de sunshine on blue steel. De lil pic'ninny what had run up de big road, we foun' out aftahwahd, had done tol' de Cap'n 'bout de whippin'. He jes fling hisse'f offen de gray, an' de lil pic'ninny dat was uh holdin' M'liss cotched de rein an' hel' bofe hosses. De Cap'n jes gib one spring fohwahd an' knock' de ol' Mastah down befoh yuh could say two wuhds. Den he cut de rope dat hel' Miss Marion, an' picked huh up an' set huh on M'liss, an' he jumps on his gray an' uhway dey went. Hit was all done an' dey was gone befoh yuh could hahdly think.

"De ol' Mastah got up from de groun', an' he was as white as dis sheeth I'm uh iahnin', an' nen de blood all went into his face till he was puhple, den he went white ahgin. He ohdahed uh nothar hoss.

"I runned up staihs to de v'randah, an' I could see de cloud ob dus' dey all was uh makin' as dey wen' ovah de hill, an' nen I prayed to de good Lawd to sabe my young Mistis.

"Ob cose, de niggahs was as long uh gittin' de hoss as dey could be, so's to gib de Cap'n an' de young Mistis all de staht dey could. De ol' Mastah cussed an' fumed an' tried to huh'y de niggahs, but we all knowed dey wasn' uh nothar hoss on de plantation dat could cotch M'liss, an' de niggahs at de bahn say de Cap'n's hoss could beat M'liss.

"Well, suh, hit was shuah nuff uh tryin' day foh us at de house, 'cause theah wasn' any white folks theah, nen we couldn' he'p wondahin' how things was gwine wif de young Mistis. De bucks, when dey'd think ob de way de Cap'n done, dey'd laugh an' dance an' tuhn han' springs all ovah de lawn; but when dey'd think ob what might happen if de ol' Mastah cotched dem, dey was laike dey was at uh funah'l.

"When ev'nin' was uh comin' on an' we was uh gittin' gloomier an' gloomier, yuh c'n jes 'magine how s'prised we all was to see all three ob dem uh comin' uh ridin' up de drive; de Cap'n on one side, de ol' Mastah on de othar wif de young Mistis in de middle. De ol' Mastah, ob corse, was uh ridin' M'liss. De yall rode up to de big hall doah, wheah we all was uh standin' wif ouh eyes an' moufs wide open. De ol' Mastah he say:

"'Niggahs, de Cap'n heah is my son-in-law, an' yuh all is to min' him in de futah de same as yuh do me—only bettah.' Den he smile uh lil bit, an' nen he went on: 'An' now, jes as soon as yuh all c'n git dat whippin' pos' out an' buhned, yuh all c'n hab a big feas' an' celebrate de weddin'.' When he say dat de niggahs went foh dat whippin' pos' wif a great shout, nen de ol' Mastah, he come up to me an' hel' out his han' an' he say:

"Chloe, yuh all is shuah uh good wench, an' I kaint thank yuh uh nuff foh what yuh hab done—heah is my han'.'

"'I kaint take yuh han', Mastah,' I say to him; 'hit wouldn' be right foh uh niggah to take de Mastah's han', but I wants to thank yuh foh uh bein' good to my young Mistis at las'.'

"Den he took my two han's in bofe ob his, an' nen I seen de teahs uh comin' in his eyes, an' nen he went in de house wifout uh sayin' uh wuhd moh.

"Den, byemby, my young Mistis an' de Cap'n dey come to wheah I was standin', an' ob cose dey was foolish 'bout me, but hit shuah did make me glad dat dey had somethin' to be foolish 'bout. Den I jes couldn' he'p askin' Miss Marion how hit all done happen to come out de way hit did. Den dey bofe tol' me, hit was dih uh way:

"De ol' Mastah didn' cotch dem till in de aftahnoon. Dey was jes uh leabin' de coht house when he rode up.

"'Stop!' de ol' Mastah shouts; 'stop, suh, I want my daughtah an' M'liss!'

"Dey stopped, an' when de ol' Mastah come up, de Cap'n he say:

"'Yuh all c'n hab M'liss, Colonel, but yuh kaint hab Miss Marion, 'cause she b'longs to me.'

"Den de ol' Mastah rides up an' gits on M'liss an' flings de reigns ob de othar hoss to Miss Marion; den he tuhns M'liss' haid towahds home an' rides off one way an dem de othar. But, byemby, dey huhd de ol' Mastah uh callin', an' he come back up to 'em an' he say:

"'Marion, ah yuh shuah nuff gwine uhway an' leab yuh pooh, ol' fathah uhlone?'

"Den Miss Marion ansahed by uh sayin' something from de Good Book, wif huh eyes on de Capn't, she say:

"Wheah thou goest, I will go,' an' some moh, I done fohgot.

"Den de ol' Mastah, he look solemn uh long time, an' nen he look at de Cap'n's grey hoss, an' den at de Cap'n an' nen he hel' out his han' an' he say:

"'Cap'n, dat am uh good hoss yuh all am uh ridin', most as good as Mliss, an'—I'se proud to hab my son-in-law hab sich uh good hoss, an' now hit's time we all was uh gittin' back to de house.'"

Then Aunt Chloe was silent for a long time. The only sound was the frou-frou of her hot sand iron on the damp clothes she was ironing. Presently she said:

"How'd yuh all laike yuh tuhn down collahs iahned, Mistah Jack?"

"I don't know," I answered, absently. My mind was not on collars at that moment, and I asked instead:

"Auntie, what became of them?"

"Who?"

"Why, your young Mistress, Miss Marion, the Captain, and your old Master?"

"Dey is all in heaben now," she answered in a low voice, and I thought I saw a tear drop on the collar she was ironing. Presently she began speaking again, and her words bound me to the spot and destroyed my material for a story.

"Dey all was yuh folks, Mistah Jack. Miss Marion was yuh mothah!"

PEACE, VIA THE BABY

By Nellie B. Ireton

DEAR, how would you like a vacation?" Fred Burton, General Superintendent of the Mountain States Lumber and Manufacturing Co., asked the question, as he looked at his young wife across their dinner table one evening in the early fall.

She, busy with the cups and coffee pot, noting a peculiar quality in his voice, glanced up quickly and surprised an unusually sad and tender look in the frank blue eyes.

"A vacation! Why, what do you mean, Fred?"

"Colton was in town this afternoon, and we had a long conference. The labor situation is such just now that the handling of the men in the camps, in a way to accomplish anything this winter, is a difficult matter, and the concensus of opinion seems to be that I had better stay in the woods and look after things. I don't mind that, I've done it before, if it wasn't for leaving you—that's where the shoe pinches—eh, girl?"

"But, Fred, why shouldn't MacAllister take charge of the camps as he did last year? I have heard you say he was a splendid success at handling men."

"Mac, poor chap, had a runaway last week, and is laid up for all winter with a broken leg. No, there seems to be no other way but for me to go, and I thought while I was snowed in, you might have that winter East you have been wanting so long. Study a little, hear and see the good things, and in fact have a little vacation from your rough "hubby" and this hole of a mill town."

"I would like nothing better than if you could go too, but as it is, I won't go—I'm going to the camps with you."

"Oh, but dear, you can't. Why, sometimes we are snowed in for weeks and then there are only the rough lumber 'jacks' and a 'Chink' cook or two. Why, you couldn't possibly go. I couldn't let you."

She coaxed and he protested, offering many logical reasons why she shouldn't go; the hardships, only a cabin to live in, distance from other women, infrequency of outside communication, no doctor, his need of being away days at a time, etc., but all to no avail. Finally she said: "There is no use arguing further, Fred; if you go, I go, and you must, so I am going. I am sure I will just enjoy the experience: it will be pleasanter for you, and anyway I'm going, and you know I mean it when I say I am going to do a thing."

"Oh, but, dear, you must not!" He sighed and kissed her, and went hurriedly out for a tramp to fight it out with himself—for that was his way.

When he came back an hour later and joined her in the cosy living room, her first glance told her that she had won.

"Oh, good—I may go, mayn't I, Fred?"

"Yes, dear, you said you would, so what was I to do," he answered, teasingly, but quickly sobered. "The men will think me a fool, but you may go and try it, and if it gets too bad, we will get you out some way, I guess."

And so it was decided. A new cabin was built at the central camp. It had only one room, but was warm and comfortable, and arrangements were made to move in the latter part of October.

before the heavy snows would begin to all.

One day Fred came home from his office with a new trouble. Big Dan O'Brien, one of the best men the company had in the woods, on hearing that Mrs. Burton was going into camp for the winter—a bit of news that had created a good deal of excitement—had come with a request for permission to take his wife and baby along also, accompanying his request with a threat to quit and work for a rival company unless he was allowed the privilege. He was such a valuable workman, although somewhat quarrelsome, that the company could ill afford to lose him. The "boss" did not take kindly to this family proposition, however, and told Dan he would have to think the matter over before giving him an answer.

"It isn't as if she would be any company for you, dear," he said to his wife. "I don't know where Dan picked her up or what she is like, but the woman who would marry big-mouthed, swearing Dan could hardly be much company for you, and a kid, too! A logging camp is no place for women and kids, anyway," he said, with a queer grin and a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, come, Fred," said his wife, "she may be better than you think, and a baby, dear, is a baby, who ever it belongs to—or wherever it is—and may be just worlds of company sometimes." So again the wife decided, and Big Dan was given permission to take his wife and child to the camp.

Eleanor Burton found the new cabin comfortable and cheery beyond her hopes, and when the first heavy snows came, she was already firmly established there. A rocker, some bright rugs, favorite pictures, books and curtains, added to the rude camp-made furnitude, made the place habitable, and when the pine knots in the fireplace crackled and popped, filling the room with a ruddy glow, the cabin was indeed "home."

A little way down the hill, below the cook house, Big Dan's colorless, meek little wife was trying in her helpless way to make a home for Dan and the baby.

And so the winter began. Often when the weather and sleighing were good, Eleanor, muffled in furs, would join Fred on the long drives to the other camps. She learned to ride the tricky Norwegian skis, and almost every day managed to get out some place to enjoy a slide on them and to breathe the keen, crisp air.

They had a good Victrola in the cabin, and occasionally would take it down to the dining room at the cookhouse, and invite the men and Annie and the baby in for the evening. Music forms ever a common meeting ground, and the loggers showed keen appreciation of the best selections. They would all sing the old songs together, and Eleanor would recite poem after poem that she had scarcely thought of since her college days.

The long winter evenings, when the two were alone in the cabin, were a delight, as they reveled in some favorite book which Fred read aloud while Eleanor busied herself with fancy work. Later drawing close about the glowing fire—she on a low stool at his knee—they talked over their trials and problems, and built air castles together.

She often went to the O'Brien cabin, helped Annie make the baby's clothes, and taught her to make the most of the little she had, for herself. She often said to her husband: "Annie is a much better woman than I am. She loves Dan even when he gets drunk and curses her, and that I could never do."

But all days were not pleasant, all evenings not bright and cheery. There were days when the men had vile liquor, brought in from "Ground-hog Charley's," a dive some miles distant, by a passing lumber jack of freighter. Then they were noisy and quarrelsome and sullen, the work went badly, discontent grew and at night Fred was tired and discouraged.

There were days and nights when Fred was gone, and Eleanor was alone. She would go down to Annie's and

play with the baby—what a joy that baby was—until dusk, then go home, bring in her great dog, bolt the door and hate the long, long night. These nights, she always went to bed with her gun near; how thankful she was that she could shoot, and shoot straight. She would lie there by the hour, listening to the carousal of the men in the bunk house, if they had liquor, as they usually did when the "boss" was gone, hear the wind moaning through the trees, the far away distant howl of a wolf, or the shrill, half-human cry of a mountain lion. King, the great dog, would growl and bark, and she would leap up and grasp her gun, and only lie down again when he was quiet. By the hour she would tremble and pray, only comforted by the thought that in some distant camp Fred too was lying awake thinking of and praying for her. Sleep would come at last from sheer exhaustion, and she would wake with a start to find the sun shining in and the fears all gone. She never thought of giving up and leaving, though. Fred's place was here, and her place was at his side.

One day Annie's baby had not been well, and Eleanor had been down there all afternoon. She was late starting the supper, and it was not ready when Fred came in. He looked unusually tired and worried, said little, and sat down before the fire with his head bowed in his hands, while he waited. Going to him and laying her hand of his shoulder, she said: "What is the matter, dear. What has gone wrong?"

"Everything," came the answer. "The men are all sullen and worked up, and Dan and I have had a deuce of a row, but they can all go straight to the deuce for all I care. I won't give in."

She said no more then, but after the supper things were put away, she drew her chair close, leaned her head on his shoulder, and said: "Now tell me all about it." He slipped his arm about her, smiled a grim smile, and said: "All right. I think I would feel better to get it out of my system. Shall I begin at the beginning?"

"Yes, at the very beginning."

"Well, in the first place, our company has been pretty tight run the past six months. That high water with the booms breaking hurt us badly, and then came the fire, and altogether it left us in pretty bad shape. We simply must get a lot of logs down in good condition and have a good year next year, or we are goners. That's the chief reason for our being in the hills this winter, my dear. Now, the Adams Company knows all this as well as we do, and they have determined by fair means or foul to see that we have a bad year, and thus force us out of business. They, with their strong Eastern backing, have but little use for local competitors. We have always made it a rule to pay our men good, fair wages, and in addition to give them good "grub" and decent quarters—in fact, to be square all around.

"The "Jacks" know this, and consequently we have never had any trouble in getting and keeping the best men. The Adams outfit have had it circulated among our men that the company was shaky, even going so far as to say that they might not get their pay. In addition they furnished the capital to set "Ground-hog Charley" up in his damnable business just as near as he dared to come. It has been convenient for them to send men by our different camps, often, well supplied with 'Ground Hog's' best, which they generously leave for the boys."

"Oh, my dear, this whisky business hasn't been all accident," he said, in response to Eleanor's pained exclamation. "The whisky does its work well, keeping the men, and especially Big Dan and the other more excitable ones, in a quarrelsome, discontented mood. On top of all, they now make a five per cent raise in wages, and let it be known in our camps that they need more men. To-day when I reached camp I found the men just recovering from a dose of "Ground-Hog's' tonic, and only about half doing

their work. I spoke to Dan and Jim, whom you know are in charge when I am gone, about it, and then the Devil was to pay. Dan flew mad in a minute. Said our 'domed' company was thryin' to drive an honest man to death while not payin' him at all, at all, like other people, and ended by demanding the five per cent increase the Adams people are paying, or he and at least half the men would quit. Men are scarce, and they know it, but they also know that the 'grub' over there is poorer, and they never get a square deal. It's mostly the whisky that does it, of course, but I have tried to stop that and can't. We are paying all we can afford, but I would make the five per cent raise in order to hold the men if that would settle it, but it would not. In another week it would be some other concession. That Adams outfit never rests.

"We had a lively scrap of it, and all got mad, and I ended it by telling them I would see them all cursed before I would give in an inch. At least half the men, headed by Dan, are going to quit in the morning, and as soon as the other camps hear of it, they will follow suit. It is impossible to get a new crew now, so that spells ruin, my dear. Now, you have the cause for my worry."

"Oh, you poor boy! And Annie and the baby: what will they do if Dan keeps on this way? He is such a dear baby, too—cuddles up to me so cute when he feels well, and is so sweet. If he were old enough, we could get him to persuade his father. Dan will do anything for that baby when he is sober." They talked and talked, but could come to no solution of the problem, and at last went sadly to bed.

Fred had not told her quite all, though. He had not told her the men had vowed to do him personal injury before they left the camp. When he was sure she slept, he arose, loaded the gun and placed it near him, to be ready if anything should happen. He lay awake thinking for a long time, but had at last dropped into a troubled sleep when he was awakened by a loud pounding at the door, and Dan's voice commanding him to open it. In an instant he was alert. His first thought was that the men, fired on by the bad whisky, had come for him. Seizing the gun he leaped to the floor and demanded: "What do you want?" A grim determination to fight to the bitter end possessed him. Dan's voice came again: "Open the door, for God's sake, mon: I want your wife to come. My baby is dying." So completely had the idea that the men had come to harm him taken possession of him that he stood as one dazed for a moment, then he heard his wife's voice saying: "Fred! Fred! Why don't you open the door and tell Dan I am coming." Then he came to himself, and as he threw wide the door, his wife called: "Go home Dan, and heat some water: we will be there soon." Dan turned and fled down the trail, and as quickly as they could dress and gather together some medicines and flannels, Fred and his wife followed.

"I was afraid of this when I left last evening," she said. "It is croup or pneumonia, and I am afraid will go hard with the poor little fellow."

When they arrived at the cabin Dan had the water hot, and was standing helplessly near Annie, who held the baby, fighting for his breath, while the tears ran down her cheeks, and she murmured prayers to the Virgin. Then Eleanor went to work.

How thankful she was for that thorough course in "Simple Home Treatments" that she once had had, but more than this her woman's instinct seemed to tell her what to do. As she worked, she breathed over and over the simple prayer, "Oh, dear God, please help me to save the baby."

While the women carefully went through all the mysteries of hot and cold packs, rubbings, oilings, mustard plasters and the like, by the pitiful light of a smoking coal oil lamp—in the shadow sat the two men, watching.

Big Dan alternately cursed, and prayed to the Virgin, only pausing long enough to occasionally replenish the fire. Burton watched his wife

moving capably about, and thanked God in his heart for her and all that she meant to him and the others. Once she sent him to their cabin for some other things, but for the rest of the long night he kept Dan company in the shadows.

Just as the first pale light of day began to show in the East, the baby, who had begun to breathe easier, sighed, stretched his little limbs, and like a tired flower, went to sleep. Eleanor knowing that the worst was over, bade the tired mother to lay him down, and saying she would soon return, began to pick up the things preparatory to going home. Big Dan stumbled over to the bed, looked long and steadily at the now peacefully sleeping child, then awkwardly kissing his wife, he motioned to Burton to follow, and went out. Once out in the clear, cold air, he drew a deep breath, and said: "Misther Burton, Fred bye, it's domed square ye and yer anger wife are, and if you'll let by-gones be by-gones, Dan O'Brien, curses on his soul, will stand by ye to the ind. It's going back to work I am—by yer leave—and I will bate the head o'n any ither man that doesn't do the same. When Annie called me I was still that mad and drunk that I swore I would niver ask help av ye, but wan look at the baby and I wint, and now, Hiven help me, I'll keep straight and work like the devil."

"That's all right, Dan," said Fred, extending his hand; "I, too, lost my temper, which no boss has a right to do. It takes a woman or a kid to straighten out a man."

"Right ye are, bye, right ye are," said Dan, and just then Eleanor appeared. Her husband was a proud and happy man as he helped her up the slippery trail to their cabin. Once inside, he took her in his arms.

"You and the baby saved the day, dear: the men are going back to work to-morrow."

"Oh, Fred! I am so glad. 'A little child shall lead them.' It was the baby did it. We are all powerless without the baby."

He smiled and smoothed back the hair from her forehead as he answered: "You are right, dear, the baby did it, but I am glad you happened to be here, too."

THE CHARITY BALL

Half-starved, half-clad there in the dark,
  In cold upon the curb;
Face pressed against the glistening glass
  To watch the scene superb;
A wretched beggar stands outside:
  Within the dancers sway
In gold brocade and jeweled lace
  All dazzling in array
Of diamonds, rubies, ropes of pearls—
  How could they valued be?
Say, "wealth enough to ease the world
  Of half its misery?"
The watcher ground his teeth in rage,
  Ungrateful beggar he!
Next day they meant to give him alms!
  They danced for charity!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

THE FROZEN CRY

By Frederick Hewitt

"I MUST take Piotr food and drink," Katya Kolzoff murmured, as she glanced out of the small paned window of the log building. "It is near two o'clock. He will be starving."

"The midday run must have been much, or Piotr would have come back to eat," old Kolzoff grunted, between puffs through his long pipe.

The Superintendent of the Alaskan fishing colony, sitting opposite him, shook his big head. "It is hard times for the teamsters—for us all," he growled bitterly. "Piotr did well to stick by his job if the fish have been running."

Katya meanwhile put a flask of home-brewed vodka and some cheese sandwiches in a tin pail.

As she finished her job, her father murmured slyly, glancing up at her: "Michael said he would be round to see you to-day, my little one. And it getting black outside. It is better to let Piotr come for his food."

"Ah," the girl sighed, "but Piotr has helped us much since you have been ailing." As she spoke, a great gust of wind rattled against the side of the hut.

Jonidas, the superintendent, yawned, drew up his big height, rose and stepped to the already thickly frosted window. He smeared a big hot hand across a pane, then gazed out. "It is a storm brewing. It will come across the lake," he prophesied.

Old Kolzoff looked up anxiously, and turned to Katya. "The little one might get lost on the ice if she goes," he murmured uneasily.

"No, no, not so," Katya shook her head. Wrapped in a warm pelisse, holding the dinner-pail in a mittened hand, she hurried out of the warmth of the hut into the biting cold outside.

"*Bog s'teba,*" the old man muttered after her, as the door banged to, and another fearful gust of wind struck against the building.

"She will have her way," Jonidas gurgled. "May the good *Voidavoi* protect her. She is a good girl. But, hark, it sounds like as if it will be a night fit for murder!"

Katya cautiously picked her way down a slippery bank leading to the frozen lake. The sky was ominous, and a few big snowflakes were already beginning to fall, but she bravely started across the lake.

"Katya!" a sharp voice suddenly cried.

The girl stopped and wheeled round. A tall, lank man hurried up to her. As his small eyes caught the sight of the dinner pail that Katya held he sneered: "Ah, you go to that fool of a Piotr! And I left word with your old man that I was coming to see you!"

"He will starve if I do not take him food," the girl defended.

"See here," Michael, the clerk of the fishing company urged, "the fishing is every day worse and worse. And," he continued bitterly, grabbing her arm, "I am tired of your putting me off and off! I will wait no longer. We will go away together to-night!"

The girl drew away from him quickly. "You talk too fast!" she sputtered, crossly. "Go away to-night? Poof! Where would you get the priest?"

"I will take Jonidas' horse, and we will go to Laota," Michael insisted, his breath coming in puffs, his eyes glit-

tering. "We will go from there to the city, where there are plenty of priests."

"You talk too fast," the girl repeated, raising her voice against the growing storm. "I must go along, and get back before the storm breaks."

Michael Silenski again seized the girl's lithe arm. "See here," he cried, hotly, "this place is a hell-hole! Nothing in the heat-time but sand; now nothing but ice and storms! We might as well be back in Yaroslav! I tell you," he went on excitedly, "I'm sick of working here. I have much money in the bank—four hundred and three dollars. We will go to San Francisco. I will work in the stock yards. You," he added cunningly, "can have much company and shows to go to of evenings."

Katya's eyes momentarily widened. "That might be good," she murmured, "but I would not leave my old father."

"We could send for him by-and-by," Michael eagerly suggested, still holding the girl.

"I can talk no longer," the girl suddenly protested, wrenching her arm away. "I must take Piotr his food!"

She quickly again started across the lake, with the keen wind cutting into her smooth, glowing cheeks.

"You are a fool!" Michael cried, springing after the girl. "A big storm is brewing. Piotr is a cur to have you bring him food. You will get lost! You—you know how that old Servitch woman went round and round in circles and—and when they found her—ug—she lay face down, caked in ice—quite dead!"

The girl paid no attention, but kept quickly struggling forward—the pail swinging in her hand.

"I—I will not let you go!" Michael shrieked in her ear, trying to seize her.

Katya dodged his hand and ran ahead. Soon, notwithstanding the great, yellow banks of snow that were rolling towards her she spied ahead a dark blurr—Piotr's fishing shack. She kept her snow-spattered eyes on the blurr as she hurried forward.

Suddenly, Michael dashed ahead of her and barred her progress. "I—I would not be a man if I did not stop you," he puffed thickly, with tones of conciliation. "You—you will get lost."

Katya eyed him angrily, and waved him aside. "I will go on!" she trembled.

"Piotr is a wolf!" the man snarled. "I will go with you, and see that——"

"Piotr will bring me back safe!" the girl taunted.

"That dog!" Michael sneered hotly. "Ah, you do not keep him at your place simply to help your old man."

Katya, scarlet faced, sprang forward, with the snow covering her pelisse.

Michael kept up with her. "He knows nothing, and has no savings!" he insisted madly.

Katya silently redoubled her energy, but coming to a rill of ice, slipped and fell—the can shooting away until it became blocked by a cake of snow.

"Ah-ha!" Michael jeered. "Now, then, I told you it was not safe to be alone."

The girl grabbed up the can, and again silently scudded on, still keeping her painfully dilated eyes on Piotr's fishing hut. "He would not even let me split a stick of wood when he was around," she thought to herself. "And though he may not be smart at figures like Michael, he never spoke cross to me."

The clerk broke upon her thoughts by once more seizing her arm, and tugging at her. "You are mad!" he raged. "Our tracks are getting covered! Come back!"

"Don't touch me!" Katya blazed, her knees trembling. "Go!!"

"He has come between you and me," Michael flamed, still holding her arm. "He is always hanging around you!"

"He helps my father much," the girl trembled weakly. "Let me alone. Let—me—alone."

"You love him!" Michael shrieked. "Ah, the dog! I will speak to Jonidas. He shall lose his job!"

"Coward!" Katya faced him, her strength and courage returning. She

pushed him aside, and again hurried forward, the wind and snow beating against her.

Michael sprang after her. "Ah! You—you do love him! You shall not have him!"

Something about his tone of voice brought terror to the girl's mind. For a moment she blinked her eyes, then glanced at him. She caught the gleam of his eyes as they were nearing close to the hut. What should she do? She had seen that same look that Michael had, years previously, when an infuriated Cossack had mercilessly bayoneted a Lithuanian!

Michael, amidst the boom of the now fully broken storm, leaped ahead to the right side of the hut. What was he about to do? Ah, a fish-spear! He would kill Piotr! But Piotr would hear him, see him. Piotr was strong! But he might not hear! She tried to scream out a warning, but her voice failed her. She dropped her can, and sprang to the other side of the hut, and dizzily picked up an ice-coated stake of wood. With everything swimming before her eyes, she jumped back in front of the hut! The storm was now blinding. Ah, there was Michael in front of her! She quickly poised the stake, and crashed it down! It struck with a heavy thud on the man's head! He toppled to the ice, a limp, black heap. Then Katya swooned.

* * * *

The girl's heavy eyelids at last gave a little flutter, then a painful sigh. Her eyes opened slowly; at first unseeingly. Gradually she discerned some unfamiliar rafters overhead, bearing a pair of dull-green oars, some patched sails, and an old dugout. Was she dreaming? Where was she? Suddenly she caught the sound of the wail and boom of a storm. She quivered violently. Yes, now she knew. Blood was upon her hands! She had killed him.

"Piotr—Piotr!" she cried wildly. "Where am I! I—I killed Michael!"

Something drew her to glace sideways. Her staring eyes met those of another man—the eyes of Michael Silenski—the clerk!

She lay quite still, transfixed with horror.

"Piotr," she murmured, dully.

"There—there is nothing to fear," Michael answered quickly. "you—you are safe with me. I will shield you. If—if you struck him dead I will say nothing about it. I drew you across the lake on his hand-sleigh. I could not draw both. The snow was too deep. You struck him so," he added dramatically, raising his fist. "We will go away to-night! They will not catch you—the law will not! Leave it to me."

The girl thrust a hand before her eyes and moaned.

"We have no time to lose," Michael hurriedly sputtered. "I will get the horse while you get ready! You can put on this heavy coat of mine!"

The girl feebly waved him away. In another minute Michael left the hut and turned the key in the lock.

She struggled to think clearly, then she cried violently: "Piotr, my Piotr, come to me! What—wha—have I done? It was the storm! I—I—I did not mean—to hit—you! Piotr! Piotr!"

Then she lay back on the bed, quite still—passively. Suddenly, during a lull in the storm, her lips moved. "He thinks of me," she muttered. "He thinks of me!"

Long minutes later, as if in answer to her cries, she heard footsteps.

All her thoughts were upon Piotr. She crossed herself, and murmured superstitiously: "His ghost—he comes across the winds!"

For answer there was a heavy pounding on the door, and a voice called loudly: "Michael, where the devil are you? Old Kolzoff wants us to go and look for his girl and Piotr."

Katya vented forth a plaintive cry.

A huge shoulder battered in the door. At the sight of Jonidas, Katya sat up and panted out her tale.

"I will settle with that Michael," the superintendent shook a huge fist. "Here he comes now."

A man, capless, flaxen-haired, white

with snow, lurched through the doorway and sank on a chair.

"I am after that cur!" Jonidas again shook his fist, and hurried away without speaking to the newcomer.

Katya sprang towards Piotr. "My Piotr, my Piotr!" she murmured, stroking one of his wet hands. Again she poured out her tale.

"I found the food and drink when I came to," Piotr murmured. "And then I heard later on a voice, as it seemed, crying to me to come—the voice shivered through me—it—it was like a frozen cry. I—I had to answer it. So I came—came this way—to Michael's hut. Something made me come this way—perhaps the voice."

"My Piotr, my Piotr!" Katya kept murmuring.

BREATH OF NIGHT

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Hiding from the morning sunlight,
Hiding from the coming brightness,
Folded in its modest calyx,
Waits a nameless desert blossom.

When the pixies, sprites, and fairies,
Hold their carnival at night-time,
Down in mystic desert regions,
Then the yellow flower comes stealing
From its tiny soft green cradle,
Resting close against the bosom
Of its silent desert mother,
Shyly lifts its dainty petals,
Lifts its face of starlike beauty,
Opes its mouth and breathes its fragrance
Far upon the balmy distance;
Breathes upon the air around it,
Breathes upon the dark'ning shadows,
Fragrance of surpassing sweetness.

Nothing underneath the heavens,
Not a flower of Paradise,
Lavishes a richer perfume
Than this modest little flower-cup
Pours upon the heedless sand-planes.

CLARA HUNT SMALLWOOD.

THE LEAP OF THE GRINGO

By Crittenden Marriott

THE LONG down grade, turning and twisting with the inequalities of the mountain side, slid swiftly beneath the wheels of the purring automobile. On the right the cliff rose sheer, save in a few places where interrupted by almost as steep a bush-covered slant. On the left the canyon dropped away to depths of misty vagueness. The road was a mere shelf pinned against the cliff. At every turn it seemed to pinch to nothing beneath the bulging rock.

It was growing late. The shadows of the points lengthened; the bays between darkened into lilac-hued profundities; beyond the sky-line the setting sun burned red, wakening the chaparral and manzanita into sudden flame. Behind, the dust cloud raised by the spinning wheels tossed like dun-colored smoke. Far away and far below a gleam of blue marked the position of the lake.

The day had been warm and long, and I was dozing in my seat. The droning of the motor drowned all lesser sounds, and the strong rush of the spicy wind conduced to slumber. Once or twice I nodded violently. Each time, half-awakened, I glanced toward Rigby, apologetically, only to find him as somnolent as myself.

Little by little my eyelids closed. Slowly the world faded from my consciousness. I felt myself sinking—sinking—sinking——

A hand clutched my arm fiercely, dragging me sidewards, and a voice shouted in my ear. Instinctively I threw out my arms. A brief, half-conscious struggle followed, and I found myself seated in the car, wide awake, while Rigby, beside me, was wiping a chalk-white brow.

"Good Lord!" he babbled. "I grabbed you just in time! You'd have been over the side in another second."

I looked over the edge of the car and shuddered. The road, nowhere broad, had narrowed to a strip scarcely wide enough for the wheels of the automobile. On one side the hubs scraped against the side of the mountain. On the other the rock fell sheer out of sight. A rickety three-foot railing that ran along the outer edge offered an assurance of safety that it was obviously unable to make good.

Pedro, our Mexican chauffeur, had stopped the motor, and now he sat, white-faced and trembling, looking at me with horror-stricken eyes. "And here!" he muttered. "Here! Here! At the White Shoulder! What madness came upon the senor that he should fall asleep here, where all devils lurk. Santa Maria, *ora pro nobis!*" Piously he crossed himself.

I turned on him irritably. My nerves were more shaken than I liked to confess, and like many another, I vented my panic on the nearest victim. "Fool!" I cried. "What have devils to do with a six-cylinder automobile? Climb over the dash and start the motor, and quickly, or we will be late for tortillas and cafe."

Pedro did not move. "Presently, senor," he answered. "Presently, when this foolish heart of mine ceases to agitate itself. It is better to miss supper than to sup in hell, senor."

Rigby stood up. "Pedro is right, Curtis," he said in English. "He's too much shaken to climb over the dash or

to drive. There's a story about this place. Anyway, the road is dangerous. I'll fix things myself."

Declining my offer of aid he climbed out over the dash, and lowered himself to the rutted roadway. When he climbed back, he took Pedro's place at the wheel. Before he dropped in the clutch he glanced back at me. "About that story," he remarked in Spanish. "You'll want to hear it. Pedro shall tell it to you when we camp. That's the proper place, anyhow, isn't it, Pedro?"

The old man nodded. "Si, senor! I will tell the story—in good time. Be not impatient, senor. Many times have I seen the hasty gringo temper lash out, make ruin. We of Mexico do not hasten. Perhaps that is why we serve and the gringo commands. And yet I do not know. At least once——" He fell to muttering.

We camped on a broad grass-carpeted flat in the bottom of the canyon. After we had eaten, Rigby called my attention to a twisted, rusted mass of metal, overgrown in the grass. "Can you recognize it?" he asked.

I nodded. "It's the wreck of an automobile, isn't it?" I asked.

"It is. Now look up." He pointed to an almost indistinguishable line that crossed a jutting shoulder of rock a thousand feet above. "That's where you tried to go to sleep," he explained grimly. "If you had succeeded, there would have been another cross to add to those yonder. Four of them—three Mexican and one American. But it's Pedro's story. Go ahead, Pedro."

"Si, senor, the senor speaks true. Three Mexican and one American—my friend, senor. Ten years have passed since he came to Sinaloa—ten years, but I close my eyes and see him now as then—tall, blue-eyed, lithe as a cougar, a king of men. He tramped in, driving before him two burros laden with food, and jingling with tools for the mining. On this very spot he made his first camp, and to it he came back again and again when he wearied of the bare rocks above.

"It was here that I first saw him, senor. In those days my master—El Colorao we called him because he grew so red when angry—my master was bitten by the devil-car bug. All his substance he squandered on automobiles, and raged that he had no more to spend. Me he taught to drive, and drive I did, though with much fear. One day I came down the mountain road, the same road that the senor has traversed in part to-day, and when I reached this spot the misbegotten motor choked and died. Much did I sweat and greatly did I bewail my fate, for El Colorao waited, and he was not a patient man. Then came the Senor Americano, appearing suddenly out of nowhere, and with a twist of a lever he sent me on my way rejoicing.

"His name? Don Esteban we called him, senor. What more it was I cannot tell. Why does the Senor ask? He knows Don Esteban's name.

"Tales of gold drew him to these mountains, and the lack of gold held him here. He was no chance prospector, wandering like a lost soul as the fancy took him. He was a learned man, skilled in the engineering and in the ancient records, Aztec and Spanish; and he sought a mine lost centuries ago. All the countryside knew that he sought it. El Colorao knew that he sought it, and his eyes grew red as he watched the search.

For twelve months Don Esteban sought the mine, and at last he found it. The senor has seen it, even to-day. The senor has come many miles to see it. Ah, yes! the senor is a director of the mine, one who sits far off and directs. Ha! ha! Don Esteban directed no one except himself. Yet he found the mine—and lost it. The senor and Don Esteban were very close together not an hour ago. A moment more and they would have been together for all times.

"Si! Si! Senor! I will hasten. Don Esteban found the mine at last. But many things had happened first—Carlotta among them.

"When Don Esteban came, he brought with him the picture of a

fair-haired girl. Often have I seen him sit and stare at this picture, now hopefully, now hopelessly. But after he had seen Carlotta he stared at it less often or more secretly. Later he thrust it in the fire, and bowed his head in his hands, crying aloud that he was not worthy.

"Ah! The senor nods his head. He agrees with Don Esteban. The senor is very wise. But in this one thing I am wiser than the senor, for I have seen Carlotta and the senor has not.

"Many years have I lived, senor, both with my own people and with the gringoes, and I say to you that all men are alike at bottom. It is only in their training and in their opportunities that they differ. Don Esteban was a fool, and he paid for it, as was just. But he was no more a fool than any other man would have been. Even the senor——

"Senor! Words cannot picture Carlotta. Once in many years such a one is born to drive men mad. At seventeen she was in full flower—the early flower of the tropics that hastes to breathe its tremulous perfume before it dies. Languorous were her eyes, smoky, like the pitch-pine fires I have seen burning in the mountains of the north. Satin-like was her skin. Seduction trembled in the curves of her lips. Mistress, too, she was of the art that sways men to her will.

"There is this to be said. It was she who sought Don Esteban and not he who sought her. She sought him, well knowing of the fair-haired northern woman. I know that she knew, for I told her.

"Was she his mistress? Senor, I am sure she was not. She played with him, keeping him in train till he should find the great mine or should give up the search. El Colorao believed that he would find it, and he, too, waited. Nothing else can explain that he should permit his daughter to play so with Don Esteban. Maidens in Mexico are not permitted such freedom. For much less, many a gringo has died.

"It would have been easy for El Colorao to slay Don Esteban in any one of many ways. One is not lord of ten thousand acres in Sinaloa for nothing. But he did nothing. He only waited—waited perhaps as the cougar waits, licking its chops, before it kills.

"It was at this time that Don Esteban thrust into the fire the picture of the fair-haired northern girl.

"Then he found the hidden entrance to the mine, found it, as was reasonable, at the edge of the ancient road built by those who worked the mine in days long past. Rich it was beyond belief. This very day the senor has seen its gold-specked seams but the Senor did not see it as Don Esteban saw it on the first day, before the richest ore was hacked away, when the gold lay in the rotting rock in yellow lumps larger than the eggs of the mountain quail. It was a sight to drive men mad.

"Perhaps it drove Don Esteban mad—perhaps it only made him sane once more. For months he had been mad over Carlotta—Carlotta who played with him and led him on and thrust him back. Perhaps the gleam of the gold dulled the glamor of Carlotta's eyes, and he remembered the fair-haired northern girl. Perhaps he had tired of Mexico and Mexicans, and yearned for his own people. I do not excuse him. I seek only to explain. And who can explain the gringo?

"From the mine, Don Esteban came to the hacienda of El Colorao to say farewell to Carlotta. Foolish? Unnecessary? says the senor? Perhaps! But at least it was not cowardly! Most men would have slipped away, saying nothing. But Don Esteban was never one to slip away. He came to the house of El Colorao and demanded to speak to Carlotta. Before him he drove two burros staggering with the weight they bore.

"Carlotta came! And El Colorao and I, standing in the shade of the portico, beside the devil wagon, watched the meeting. El Colorao grew redder and redder as he watched. His eyes smouldered and his fingers clenched white on the handle of the monkey-wrench.

At first we heard little, for Don Es-

teban and Carlotta spoke low. Then suddenly Carlotta cried out: 'What!' she shrieked. 'You go? And you dare to tell me? And you think I will let you go?' Swiftly her hand flew to her hair and her dagger flashed in the sunlight as it fell.

"Don Esteban caught her wrist and twisted the knife from her fingers. But before he could turn, El Colorao leaped upon him from behind and struck him across the head with the monkey-wrench.

"The blow stunned Don Esteban a moment only. But in that moment he was roped and tied like an ox. We Mexicans are skilled with the lariat, senor.

"White with rage, Carlotta panted out her story. 'Listen!' she cried. 'The dog comes to me—to me, on whom he has fawned day after day—and says: 'I tire of you. I have found the great mine and I leave you forever. I take my gold and go back to the north. Good-bye!'

"All the fury of a woman scorned spoke in her voice. Perhaps she really loved him. Perhaps what she had begun in treachery had turned to earnest. Perhaps she raged only because he and not she had cut the bonds. God knows what a woman thinks—sometimes—man never does. The senor has a proverb in his own tongue concerning a woman scorned! *Basta!*

"El Colorao scarcely listened to his daughter. His eyes were fixed upon the laden burros. 'You have found the mine, senor?' he purred.

"Carlotta answered. To the nearest burro she leaped and slashed with her knife against the sack that hung against its side. Through the cut the gold flowed out—dust, grains and nuggets, a prince's ransom.

"The veins in El Colorao's forehead swelled. 'When did you find this mine, senor?' he demanded.

"Don Esteban hesitated. But he scorned to lie. Great is the arrogance of the gringo: he puts his head within the lion's jaws, and laughs as the jaws close. 'This morning!' he answered, calmly. 'Five hours ago. I hastened to say good-bye. Now, senor, release me, and let me go!'

"El Colorao's eyes glittered with evil triumph that Don Esteban had come to him without first going to denounce the mine and make sure of his title.

"'Afterwards!' he hissed. 'First show me the mine.'

"Don Esteban shook his head. 'That is my secret, senor,' he answered. 'I will keep it.'

"El Colorao's face grew redder than before, but even he knew better than to waste time in arguing with Don Esteban. Instead, he called Jose, the best Indian tracker in all Sinaloa, and ordered him to follow back on Don Esteban's trail. Five minutes later, seated in the devil's wagon, we followed Jose as he led the way up the mountain road.

"Don Esteban, still fast bound, sat beside me in front. Behind were El Colorao and Carlotta. Behind us ran a dozen stout peons.

"So we came to the mine! It was easy to find. Jose could read a rabbit's track, and he followed Don Esteban's at a run. The peons tore down the rocks that Don Esteban had placed at the entrance, and El Colorao and Carlotta went in.

"I sat in the devil's wagon holding the wheel. Why did I not cut Don Esteban's bonds? Senor, how could I? Even then I was an old man and feeble, and many peons stood near at hand.

"After a time Corlotta and El Colorao came out, with white cheeks and strangely glittering eyes. They were mad—quite man—with the lust of gold —I read Don Esteban's doom in their eyes. He, too, must have read it, but he did not blench.

"El Colorao stood before him and gave his rage vent. Even I, who knew him of old, shuddered. Perhaps Don Esteban did not understand it all. But he understood enough.

"'So, Senor,' he syllabled, when El Colorao's breath failed. 'So you have led me on, hoping that through me you might find the gold. So, having found

it, you have no further use for me. I understand. And you?' he turned to Carlotta. 'What was your part in this? Was it all tricking on your part, too?'

"Carlotta's lips curled. 'Lash the gringo dog, father,' she ordered.

"It was done, senor! Don Esteban was beaten with rods till he fainted—and he was a strong man, senor, not easily overcome. When he revived, El Colorao stood above him.

" 'Senor Gringo!' he gritted 'I thank you for this mine. Kind it was of you to bring me word of it before you denounced it. Glad I would be to keep you alive to renew your punishment from day to day. But your accursed government might hear of it and make trouble. So, senor, we will make an end. Doubtless you would rest. So we will send you back to your camp by a short cut—from the White Shoulder. You will rest well—when you reach your camp, senor!'

"The peons propped him in the seat beside me, feet and hands bound, more dead than living. Behind were El Colorao and Carlotta. And they mocked him as I drove down the mountain.

"How Don Esteban slipped his bonds I cannot tell. Yes, the senor speaks true, I had a knife at my belt. But I do not understand what the senor would infer. Certain it is, however, that halfway down the mountain side, where the cliff towered on the right and the precipice fell away on the left Don Esteban's hands darted from behind his back and fastened on the steering wheel above mine.

"El Colorao's knife flashed up, but before it could fall, Don Esteban spoke. 'Strike if you dare,' he said. 'Strike—and I send this car over the cliff.'

"My blood turned to water in my veins. I could not see Don Esteban's face, but in his tones was death. El Colorao answered nothing, but his red face turned ashen, and his lifted knife sank slowly to his side. Carlotta shrieked and fell back in her seat.

"Don Esteban did not even look at them. Deliberately he moved the throttle lever on top of the steering wheel until the throb of the motor rose to a humming roar, and the car fled down the mountain like a hunted wolf. The rocks whipped past. The scant bushes lashed us as we went. The dizzy loops of the road rose in whirls of white to meet us. Far below lay the blue depths of the canyon. Across the wheel lay Don Esteban, weaving a course between life and death.

" 'Dog!' he flung the words over his shoulders, 'dog, you have dared to lash an American! You who have used your daughter as a cat's paw. You who have stolen my fortune, my faith in woman, my honor. Down on your knees and beg your life. Down! or by the living God, I will send the car over the cliff.'

"El Colorao tumbled to his knees on the floor of the car. 'Mercy! Mercy! Senor!' he panted. 'Mercy! I did but jest. Mercy!'

"Don Esteban lurched toward me. 'When I say 'jump,' he whispered, thickly, 'jump for your life. You will get no second chance.'

"He straightened and spoke again to the trembling man behind him—a man no longer El Colorao, but El Blanco. 'Coward!' he lashed out. 'Coward! I give you one more chance. You yourself named the White Shoulder, and I accept your choice. At the White Shoulder we will take a short cut to my camp. You and I and Carlotta will go together. Till then I am at your mercy. Strike if you dare. Drive your knife into my back. Perhaps you may be quick enough to stay my hands upon the wheel. Perhaps—and perhaps not! It is your only chance for life. Be brave and take it. You were brave enough to lash a helpless man. Strike!'

"El Colorao did not strike. 'Mercy! Mercy!' he groaned.

" 'There is no mercy! Dog! Do I not know that your knife is ready for my back the moment the cliff is past. Do I not know that my strength is failing and my eyes glazing. Do I not know that the end is near? But first' —abruptly he jerked back the lever of the emergency brake, and the car

reared, groaned, almost halted. 'Jump, Pedro, jump!' he hissed. 'Jump!'

"I jumped. The senor had seen the place. Or, no; I forgot; the senor slept as we passed it. It was the one place in all that wild rise where a man might leap from a moving car and live. I jumped, hearing the brake chain snap as I did so, and feeling the car leap forward beneath my feet.

"Prone, ground into the dust of the road, I flung up my head and looked. I looked and I saw. At the curve of the White Shoulder the car did not turn. Straight on it went, over the edge of the cliff. Like a great bird it shot humming into space. And as it went, Don Esteban faced me and waved his hand in farewell.

"We buried them where they fell. Later came the Senor Rigby here and claimed the mine for Don Esteban's heirs. Don Esteban, it seemed, had not been altogether mad. He had mailed a letter to Senor Rigby before he went to say good-bye to Carlotta and El Colorao. But since then the White Shoulder has been re-christened. To-day we call it the Leap of the Gringo!"

THE BARGAIN

O California! Golden Land,
Here on a bargain I strike my hand!

Give to dream by the saffron sea
Your billowing mustard makes of the lea;

Give me from your poppy cups of gold
The gleaming wine of life they hold;

Give me to learn of your tall sunflower
Its perfect devotion, hour by hour;

Give me my need of your yellow grain
That ripples in sunlight across the plain;

Give me my joy in your fruits of gold,
As fair as fabled gardens hold;

Give this, and I will never strive
For your buried gold that's not alive—

The dead, cold thing you hid away,
You may keep in your heart for ever and aye!

So California, Golden Land,
Here on the bargain I strike my hand!

VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON.

He was a big nine foot saurian, with teeth that would have crunched the limb of a tree.

Hunting Alligators in Panama

By Dio Louis

I VENTURE to say that no one ever thought of going to Panama for recreation, or to spend an interesting vacation. Indeed, the East and Middle West could go down there during the summer and cool themselves off. Since Uncle Sam has put down his hand and said: "Here shall my people reside in health and luxury," everything has been different down there.

The time is not far distant when the wily sportsman will turn his footsteps toward the tropics in search of new and varied sport which will possess the thrills and chance of the early West. It is useless to enumerate the long list of animals that raise their voices in these jungles, the denizens of the rivers and the birds of every hue that beautify the foliage. Animal life can almost be said, like plant life, to thrive and die, thrive and die with endless rapidity, and yet, no one realizes what a wonderful field lies open here.

Our ship was lying far up in the Gulf of San Miguel, and after amusing ourselves several days with fishing, shooting ant-eaters and attempting to trap monkeys, we decided upon an alligator hunt. The natives of the little town, "Real," told us they were very numerous up the river where the salt tides did not reach. This sounded very reasonable, especially as many dried

We asked this old gentleman approaching our party to lend us his fat infant for alligator bait. He grinned and refused.

skins and mummified toes of alligators were to be seen about the huts of native hunters, who recounted to us with elaboration the dangers to be encountered, since we knew nothing of the ways of these "animals," as they called them.

One old fellow with silver hair and bare skin made a gesture with his arms indicating that we would be eaten alive between massive jaws. He wanted to accompany us, but we did not care to be hampered with professional skill, or any excessive knowledge that would impair the "Fool's Luck" we expected to have.

He ventured further that alligators liked white legs to eat, and we would have to look out where we put ours. In order to get them out of the water for a good shot, he advised our doing as he did, namely, get a small boy and hang him on the end of a bamboo pole above the water close to a mud bank. If we hid ourselves near by, we could see the 'gators creep out and stand on their tails trying to reach the boy.

This method truly commended itself to us; so we asked an old gentleman then approaching with his little son, to lend us the boy for alligator bait. The scheme did not commend itself as well to him, and still less to the little son, who began to shriek as soon as he understood what we wanted. And I do not blame him any, although he would have made a tempting morsel for even the most pampered alligator.

The next morning we took a harpoon the blacksmith had made to spear turtles with from on shipboard while out at sea, and a Craig rifle each, into one of the small cutters, and headed off up the River Balsas, or "El Caimanito," the little Alligator, as the natives call it. It is by no means a large river, except as the tides back the water up a long ways, submerging a vast portion of the swamps round about, then receding, leave almost nothing of this apparently large river.

After we had made several miles, the taller jungle crept in closer and closer until we found ourselves in a long, narrow avenue with no perceptible current, set on either side by a growth so dense it was impossible to see into it. Heavy limbs of trees leaned out over us, and sometimes swept low upon the water so we had to crush our way through. Frequently the keel of the boat struck great black snags, and we were forced to pole her off with the oars at the risk of capsizing. It was never more than twilight under the canopy of those tremendous limbs all hung with linana and mottled with funguses that stuck like festers upon the soggy trunks in which were distorted crevices and decaying cavities which formed a lurking place for snakes and great creeping bugs that made us shiver with nausea. No twist or turn was too abrupt for these slimy, gnarled trunks to make.

Although we did not expect to get

a shot until we reached the comparatively open mud banks of the river where the alligators were said to bask in the warmth, we kept continually on the alert. An oppressing stillness pervaded the long, dank avenue, and we felt sure that great events were impending. We rowed cautiously, veering this way and that, dodging all the submerged snags the man in the bow was able to locate. At every swirl or splash we would drop the oars and grab up the rifles. Once a chunk of drift wood appeared an inch or two above the surface, and one of the boys declared it was an alligator. He was going to shoot, but we finally persuaded him that alligators did not loaf around on the surface while people were trying to shoot them.

After about an hour's rowing, we suddenly rounded a bend, and found the avenue completely obstructed by a great log which sent up shoots in such profusion that we had to get out and cut a passage for the boat. As soon as we began crashing into this growth, the whole mass suddenly trembled, the shoots next us began to wave and bend, and what we at first took to be a fragment of wood, went off into the water with a loud splash. Somebody yelled " 'gator!" and those of us who had gotten out of the boat sprank back with such hurry that we almost turned the boat over.

When we discovered that the whole show, so to speak, was over, and the 'gator was not going to come back and attack us, we dragged the boat through to the other side where a few ripples still lapped among the shoots. There we sat still and watched in every direction for him to come up.

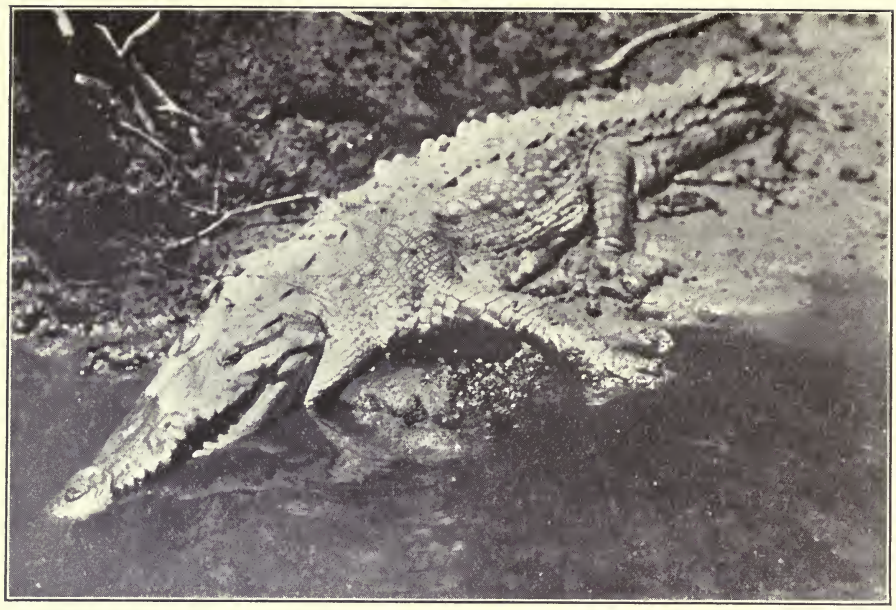
It was a wide expanse of water we had come into, entirely enclosed with a long, flat mud bank on one side, which we imagined to be an ideal place for 'gators. Out in the middle of this apparent lake, a huge log floated free. There was something peculiar about that log. It was bleached white as a bone all over, except where the roots widened out into a kind of deck. Something was there to darken it. From our distance it seemed to be some rubbish, but when we had pulled over within fifty yards we saw what made the blood quicken in our veins. At least five alligators lay in confused shapes clinging to the white wood in the warmth of the sun, dead asleep. We took up the rifles, and aiming only at the black mass, fired all together. It was as if an army had fired, the way the echoes of our five guns came back across that silent pond. The alligators each gave a flop with their tails and shot into the water like torpedoes.

Was it possible that we had missed! We pulled over and looked at the log. There was not a sign of a bullet hole in all the smooth white wood. We considered ourselves good shots, but we had done no damage here. It was not until we had discussed the thing from A to Z that we concluded our bullets were ineffective on their tough hides. And so we learned that we must shoot either an alligator of a tender age or an old one in a tender spot.

For a time it seemed there would be no sequence to this event. Still, we hung around, scouting the mud flat and brush. Then two of us decided to get on the log and wait for some more 'gators to come out for a sunning, while the boat continued to probe the mud banks. We took the harpoon on the log with us, and sat like Esquimaux over a blow-hole in the ice, watching at the end where the wood was partly worn away by the countless jagged toes that had scraped over it.

This was a brilliant idea, and we were properly rewarded. In a very short time a dark shadow in the water passed under the log. I did not stop to consider what it was, but grabbed up the harpoon, and turning to the other side, let drive with all my might. It struck, and a wild struggle ensued. I was almost jerked overboard before I could let go the line.

Fortunately, my companion grabbed up the end and took a turn around one of the projecting roots of the log. On the instant the alligator came against it, and instead of the line breaking or



At the every edge of the stream we fired and stopped his plunge.

the harpoon coming out as I feared would happen, the impact partly rolled the log over and gave us the fright of our lives. The only thing that saved us from being thrown into the water with the fighting alligator was because he did not pull steady in any direction. He would give a snap of his tail and come to the end of the line with a splash, then shoot under the log and go the extreme in that direction. Sometimes his head would come clear to the surface and his jaws open and snap shut with a clipping sound that boded woe to anything between.

When we saw that we had him secure and were in no great danger ourselves, we began firing into him every time any part of his body came above the water. Although many of the shots glanced off his hide, he was presently reduced to a great black inanimate hulk, and we drew him alongside with the line. He was over ten feet long, with a pair of jaws and set of teeth that could have crushed the limb of an oak.

We knew no more 'gators would come to the log while we had him along-side, and so we signaled to the boat which had been kept from coming sooner by the fact that a small alligator had been found sleeping in the mud, and shot before he could get back into the water.

We decided next to try our luck in the swamps. A sort of rut or ditch led through the mud flat over into a patch of jungle. We could make nothing of it, and concluded it must be a trail along which the alligators dragged themselves from one body of water to the other. With the falling of the tide most of the swamp water had seeped out, leaving only a few puddles here and there among the growth. For some time we beat among these peculiar ditches or trails, expecting to come upon a 'gator who must now walk for his life or fall our game.

There was suddenly the sound of a sniffle, exactly like a man clearing his nose, when he has a cold. We stopped and listened intently, and it came again. Then we cautiously made our way toward the sound, and found, without any difficulty at all, a huge 'gator waddling down toward a puddle,

emitting short sniffles as he funneled his way with his snout through the mud.

He saw us, and began to beat his tail furiously, and approached something like a run, but as if it were useless to plunge into so small a puddle, he stopped at the edge and we filled him with holes.

It was mere chance that we had found him in such circumstances, and so he was an easy prey, stranded as it were upon land. I was very sorry I could not have got such a fine, big fellow on the harpoon in deep water. However, it was more luck than anything else we had gotten any game at all, as little as we knew of the habits of these creatures.

When we went back to the log where we had fastened our first catch the tide had gone down, leaving it high and dry, as well as our boat, so that nothing could be done with such cumbersome game save leave them for the natives to strip their skins.

MY MAN

My man was like de mornin' sun, so warm an' strong an' bright;
An' handsome as de ellum tree a-spreadin' to de light.
An' I was little yaller gal, wif dresses to my boots;
Jes' sassy little yaller gal; de kine what nuffin' suits.

He make a little home fo' me; he build it all hisself,
Wif winders, do's an' chimbely, an' cookin'-stove, an' shelf.
An' den he scratch a garden where de sweet-potaters grow,
An' turnipses an' butter-beans a-marchin' in a row.

He draw de water from de well, an' chop an' tote de wood;
An' help take care de little ones jes' like a woman could;
He walk de flo' wif puny Jim, an' trundle little Lee;
He shoo de twinses off to school to make it light fo' me.

An' when we lose sweet Flora Bell, an' I cries all de while,
He say: "The little angel now; she am our bestes' chile!"
But now my man is ageing fas'; he's dear ole head is white;
He's step grow feebler every day; he's eyes don't shine so bright.

I fix de softes' chair fo' him; I builds de brightes' fire;
I loves to cook de food he like; I doesn't nebber tire.
I doesn't miss my babies, an' I doesn't wonder how,
Fo' my heart an' han's am busy. My ole man's my baby now!

ROBERTA CROSBY.

Comparisons of Gold Seed and Japan Rice. Japan Seed on right and Gold Seed on left.

RICE GROWING IN HAWAII

By Matilda Vance Newman

Introduction.

OUT IN THE Hawaiian Islands, on the northern shore of Kauai, or the Garden Island, is the little valley of Hanalei. A good many years ago this place was devoted to the growing of sugar-cane, but it being found that the soil was not adapted to this crop, the land was leased to the Chinamen for rice plantations.

Now if you want to see something beautiful and fresh and inspiring, just make a visit to this valley. Passing along the main highway on the north side, one has a panoramic view of Hanalei, the largest rice-growing section of the territory. Except the end facing the sea, the whole valley is inclosed with ranges of hills and mountains, the nearer elevations being covered with a soft light green carpet of grasses and ferns, reflecting in the sunlight a yellow glow; and the more distant mountains, clothed with a thick growth of forest trees, reflect every shade of dark green and blue and purple, while dreamy clouds, like mantles of swans' down, are draped about their summits.

Almost the entire valley, except a narrow strip on the beach, is covered with rice fields, divided into irregular but small patches, each being separated from the other by narrow grassy

ridges, giving the landscape the appearance of an immense crazy-quilt, while through these fields, like a huge serpent, winds and creeps the Hanalei River until it finds the bay to the right, which lies sparkling like a mirror in the sunlight.

Preparation of the Land.

The valley appears as level as a floor; and rice land must be level because the rice grows in water virtually all the time; and in order to make it as level as possible, the fields are divided into compartments ranging from a few yards square to a half acre, and separated from one another by narrow embankments of earth. These embankments are usually about six inches high, but sometimes they are a foot or more, being overgrown with grass, and quite solid, thus making neat little footpaths between the flooded patches. Openings are made in these paths, allowing the water to pass from one compartment to another with a gentle motion, thus keeping the water fresh.

After the land is plowed, the water is turned on to soften the earth, to test levels, and to make the embankments solid. When the water has been running for a few days, the ground is harrowed, while it is still under water, thus cleaning out the weeds and grass, and puddling the ground to make it retain the water better. If the ground is hard, it receives a second plowing, the water being only partly turned off and the land plowed in the mud. Then the water is turned on and the land is harrowed again, ready for planting.

Horses are generally used in plowing and harrowing, but sometimes the water buffalo is used. This is an ugly creature, ill-shaped and of a dirty blackish-brown color. It resembles both a cow and a hog.

Nursery Beds and Planting.

All the rice is transplanted by hand just as lettuce and tomatoes are. While the ground is being prepared for planting, nursery beds are made ready in the same way. The seed rice, or paddy, is soaked for a few days in water, to

Showing method of irrigating fertilizer plats.

which a fertilizer is sometimes added; and when the grain is well sprouted it is sown thickly in the nursery beds. The water is not turned on for about three days; the rice roots during this time and the plants have grown about three inches; then the beds are submerged and the water kept running.

The rice-birds are a great pest. They pull up the young plants, unless a man is kept standing among the beds to frighten the birds away, which he does by yelling, and by pounding on a large kerosene can stuck up on a pole.

When the plants are six or eight inches tall, men go about in the water and pull them up, tying them in bundles, clipping off the ends, and standing them in the water. These bundles look like miniature sheaves of wheat with their heads clipped off, only that they are of a fresh green color.

Early next morning the men carry away these plants in baskets to their prepared patches, and set them out in the mud under the water, a plant at a time, just as one would set out cabbage plants. The rice is planted in rows about eight inches apart each way. The rows are made straight by stretching two cords across the patch one way four or five feet apart, and setting out a row of plants along each cord, then removing the cords and planting the rows between, which are the same distance apart each way. The Chinamen are very careful and skillful in this work, each plant being set in its exact place.

Cultivation.

Sometimes a fertilizer is used, which is shipped to the planters from Honolulu. This is put on the ground about a month after the rice has been transplanted.

The weeds are cleaned out of the rice patches only once, which is done about two months after the rice has been transplanted. The Chinamen pull up the weeds in the water, and roll them up and stuff them down into the mud. This is the only cultivation the rice gets.

The water is not turned off until a while before cutting unless the rice is growing too fast, when it is drained off for a few days to check the growth of the plants, and thus prevent their seeding too early.

Harvesting.

In about four months after planting the rice is ready to harvest. When the grain begins to mature the birds must be kept away; but the Chinamen are vigilant and are on the grounds by the time the birds are, making all sorts of hideous noises to frighten them away. It is amusing, as well as pathetic, to hear the din in the early morning, and to see the old kerosene cans strung on cords and the scarecrows standing guard all over the patches.

About ten or fifteen days before the crop is ready to harvest, the water is turned off. The plants are now about twenty-five or thirty inches high. The grain is ripe when the heads begin to turn yellow and bend over from their weight. Then the Chinaman reaps it with a small sickle, cutting several times close to the ground till he gets a handful, which he holds in place on the ground with his foot while he cuts off about ten inches of the lower part of the stalks. This he leaves on the ground, and on it he lays the part of the stalks containing the grain. Here it is left for a half day or more to dry, when it is bound into large sheaves.

Two of these sheaves are fastened to a bamboo pole, one at each end, and carried on the shoulder of a Chinaman to a cement platform, where the grain is trampled out by horses or water buffaloes or threshed by machinery. There are three threshing machines for the large plantations, but the smaller planters have the grain trampled out. It is now called paddy, which is the grain with the husk on, and is ready to be taken to the mill. Sometimes the paddy is stored for months, as it keeps better in this condition than when it is milled.

Chinese method of harrowing.

Milling.

Milling the rice is removing the husks and polishing it. This is done by machinery. The paddy is first poured into a hopper and run through the mill to remove the husks. Then it is put through the mill again to polish it. This is unfortunate, for the part removed, called rice polish, is the most nutritious part of the grain, the rice as it is placed on the market being mostly starch. The rice polish is a grayish cream-colored flour of a sweetish taste. After it is polished, the rice is graded by means of sieves, and put into bags of one hundred pounds each, ready for the market.

The husks are run through sieves, or bolts as ground wheat is bolted or sifted to remove the bran and middlings of the wheat. The first time the husks go through the sieve a coarse bran is obtained; this bran is put through the sieve, and the coarse is separated from the finer part, and two grades of bran is the result; the finer of the two grades is again run through the mill, thus obtaining a still finer quality of bran, making three grades in all.

The rice polish is mixed with the bran, and is used as feed for chickens, ducks, and horses. The chaff that remains after the husks have gone through the mill is either burned, and the ashes used as a fertilizer, or it is mixed with bran and fed to the horses. The broken rice is also used as feed for stock after mixing it with bran.

In Hanalei there are different kinds of rice mills, but all are run by water power. Some of the mills turn out the rice without removing the inner skin. This is brown, or unpolished, rice. The unpolished rice is sent to Honolulu —where it is polished and placed on the market. Polished rice will not keep long without losing its color.

Yield Per Acre, Rent, Market, Etc.

When two crops a year are grown, the first is planted in February, March and April, and the second in June, July and August; but when only one

crop is grown, it is usually planted in April, May and June.

The land is leased to the Chinamen for ten to fifteen dollars an acre, including water, the lease running about ten years—sometimes fifteen. The rent is just the same whether one or two crops are grown. The average yield per acre is about thirty bags of rice of one hundred pounds to the bag, from which the Chinaman derives a gross income of about one hundred and twenty dollars an acre. One Chinaman can cultivate six acres, but this does not include the help he must employ for planting and harvesting.

One crop a year yields as much as if two were grown, because the land is not fertile enough to produce two crops a year to advantage. The Chinese seldom use a fertilizer; if they would fertilize the land sufficiently, two good crops a year could be grown.

Plantations.

There are eighteen rice plantations in the Hanalei Valley, varying in size from three or four acres to three hundred or more. These are nearly all managed and worked by Chinamen, a few of the smaller ones being worked by Japanese and Coreans.

The plantations are separated from one another by embankments of earth much larger than those separating the patches; and on the outside of the embankment, on at least one side of the plantation, runs a stream of water for irrigating the field, with here and there a small tunnel in the embankment through which the water passes to the rice patches. This water is conducted through little openings in the paths from one patch to another.

Each plantation has its own seed bed, its own cement floor for trampling out the rice, and its own buildings, where all the men of the plantation lodge and eat, and feed and take care of their stock.

The Chinese are an example of plodding industry; they never hurry, but they keep at their work and are faithful. When working in the rice fields, the men rise at four and are ready for work by the time it is light, continuing until sundown, and occasionally later, even by the light of lanterns. During the rice season, the men eat four meals a day, partaking of breakfast before beginning their day's work. At ten they come to their quarters for dinner, taking one hour for themselves and their horses to eat, not feeding their horses any more until night; but at two the cook brings lunch to the men in the field, when they take fifteen minutes for eating and rest. Then they resume their work, at which they continue until about sundown, when they return to the house for supper and for sleep.

Conclusion.

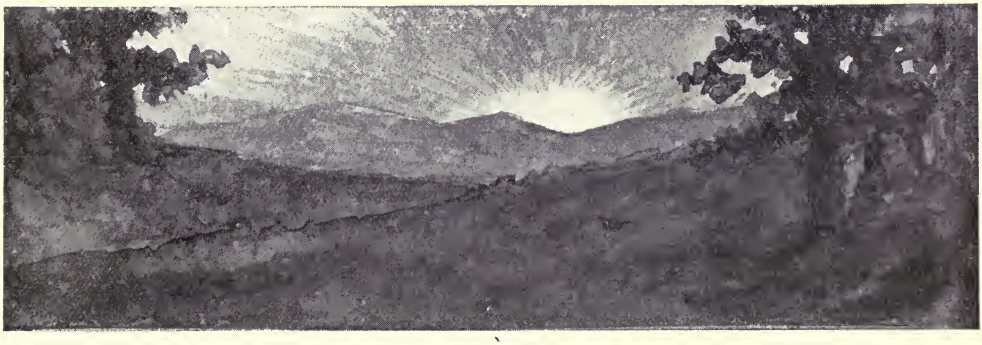
The planting, cultivation and harvesting of rice is all done by hand; indeed, it would seem almost impossible to do the work by machinery, as it is done mostly in the water, and the fields are cut into such small and irregular patches. Of course, if the Yankee had charge of the work he would probably rearrange everything and adopt time-saving methods; but it is doubtful if it would be as well done as it is by the primitive methods employed by the Chinaman. He does every detail of his work with all the care and patience that a woman puts upon her embroidery, or an artist bestows on his painting.

If we stop to consider the fact that rice is the principal food of two-thirds of the human family, we may get a better idea of its importance as a food product. It was one of the earliest crops cultivated, because of its large and sure yield, and because of its great value as a food. When properly cooked, it is one of the most easily digested of foods, and can be very well substituted for bread and potatoes, as it supplies both heat and energy. While sugar is the principal agricultural product, not only of Kauai, but of the whole territory, and far exceeds the yield of rice both in quantity and commercial value, yet rice is the chief food consumed in Hawaii; and if all

Transplanting rice seedlings.

other crops should fail, and supplies be cut off, the inhabitants could subsist on this one staple.

Though Hanalei is not so convenient for tourists to visit as could be desired, being on the north side of the most northern island of the group, and being out of the line of the regular steamships, yet a trip to this valley is well worth the while of any one visiting the islands, as it is considered the most beautiful spot on the Garden Island, and one of the most beautiful places in the whole group: not so much for its awe-inspiring scenery as for the simple beauty of the whole landscape—the ocean and bay and rivers; the valley thickly dotted with rice patches in all their various hues from dainty green to golden yellows; and the hills and mountains covered with their ever-fresh vegetation, with here and there a cascade like a narrow silver veil draped among the rich green and purple covering of the mountainsides.



Making A Hundred Million A Year

By Felix J. Koch

A MERE bagatelle of a hundred million dollars is being turned out each year by the Mint at San Francisco. What Uncle Sam isn't ready to use, beyond this, the Mint converts into long yellow bars, which it files away for future use, or pending the pleasure of the Secretary of the Treasury. The process of making the money is interesting, particularly for the system it involves.

A million dollars, it is stated, represents about 3,800 pounds of gold. This gold, with the mint, is obtained from many places, ranging from Alaska to Mexico almost. Along with the gold an alloy is used, and this is roughly 10 per cent copper.

The Mint, it is stated, can be given an order to coin a million dollars a day, and be done with the stunt by 3:00 of the afternoon. There are only 178 employees involved in all this, and of those, 44 are women.

Most of these folk are under civil service, except a few, who are Presidential appointees. That there are others who would study the art of making money is evident from the fact that there are several hundred visitors daily, and for their benefit four guides are maintained. Much of the minting at San Francisco is done for private citizens. The government charges nothing for coining the gold, preferring to turn it into money rather than run the risk of owners counterfeiting with it themselves. But they do charge for preparing the gold for coinage, and this charge, then, is divided into several items.

Meanwhile, though, you are launched on a journey to the scene of making the money. It begins with the receiving room. Gold is brought here from the mines in all sorts of conditions. In sacks, in bundles, often wrapped in ordinary paper, or occasionally already in bars from the assay offices, this gold is brought. It is coined in amounts of anywhere from three to eighteen hundred ounces. Beyond that amount it is unwieldy.

Some of the gold comes from smelters and refining works, since innumerable miners take it there for refining before shipment. As a general thing, though, when brought here the gold is unrefined and in the bar.

It is weighed in the presence of the depositor, on a scale of the double balance sort, the kind that Justice bears in the pictures. The weight of the crude gold, before melting, is thus certified to him. Then it is taken to a room at the rear, melted and run into bars. Three-ounce bars are very small ones. After this, it is weighed again, the dirt and lead which have been burnt out in the melting leaving the gold and silver and some of the base metals behind, with which, then, they are to work.

As you listen to the story, there comes a cry for way, and a man rolls in a little iron sled with seven bars of gold, 12,000 ounces in all. This represents something like $2,000 to the bar. Each bar has its number stamped on it by sledge hammer and plug, this insignia being beaten in. Then a record of each is kept.

From this reception chamber of the precious metal, the way lies through a hall into the milling and refining department. Silver bars, looking most

like aluminum, and bars of copper, for the alloy, are likewise here. This coin of the future, both gold and silver, is 9-10 pure and 1-10 copper, being composed of what is known to the technical philatelist as standard metal. Some months as much as $30,000,000 in coin is run out the mint, and the amount of metal this requires it is difficult for the mind to conceive.

Entering here, the eye is greeted by ingots of copper for the alloy, this of a reddish hue.

Each foreman of a department gives a receipt for the metal entering his department. In a safe, one sees the bars of gold, like so many large bricks, some of them, but where percentages are figured out, tapering in size to the merest slugs. By the bar of gold is the bar of alloy, but weights cannot always be just so, when it comes to the smelting, and so bits of alloy, extra morsels are added—to give the exact legal percentage of the coin.

The next room is the melting room, and it connects with the receiving room for convenience sake. Here there are chests with soda and nitre, with bone ash and sulphur. They interest, but

The Mint, San Francisco. (*From a photograph taken shortly after the big fire of April, 1906.*)

more fascinating than these are the other things your guide has to show you. Yonder, for example, there is a bar made of old jewelry. Another mass is of a light yellow gold. Five ounces is the smallest amount of old jewelry they will take here, and it represents fifty dollars. You remark, with half an eye, the floor—there is an iron mat, serving as scraper to the feet, as one walks. The why of this is made evident before one has gone very far.

For the moment, instead, you find your interest in watching the men puting great bricks of the alloy into the kiln. There are five pots to the gas furnace, and the lids seem to rise out of the oven-top, as it were. Within, one sees the red hot metal—it requires, roughly, 2,500 degrees to melt gold. Gas is cheaper than coke for the purpose, it has been found, as result of experience. The ovens are in a severe row at one side of the aisle.

From them, one passes to an adjoining chamber, where the fine gold and the copper are melted and run into molds, emerging as great ingots, these strip-shape, with place to cut out the coins. Something like $33,000,000 has been run out every month here, when such order came from Washington. The mint does not work on a basis of regular output, but turns out what may be ordered from the Capital.

Should they chance to have made a surplus above this amount, they keep it, and any surplus brought in by out-siders, putting the gold into bricks and keeping it so till the orders come to proceed and coin it.

At the time of the Klondike fever, the packets of gold came down here in great amounts to be coined. Now much of the Alaskan gold comes through the Seattle assay office, and so reaches the San Francisco mint already in bars. When the metal is brought in, there is a charge of a dollar a bar for the process of melting it, regardless of the size of the bar. Then they charge the actual expense of refining, and this depends on the amount of base metal in the bar. After this they charge for the actual price of the copper used as an alloy. Those are the only charges.

All this is in the preparing of the metal for coinage and all prior to the time that the gold is made into ingots. Occasionally a man brings in the metal from the mines, thinking that it is free to coin, but while they do not charge for the coining, they do for its preparation for that. The mint takes these ingots and gives a receipt. It then asks four or five day to work them up. They are put into rollers and then made into strips, a 50 h. p. dynamo being used to this end. One man feeds in the strips for the twenty-dollar gold pieces about as fast as he can push them in. They are passed through the rollers about sixteen times, until they draw out as strips of the proper thickness. There is a register at the base to tell this.

It is found that it isn't practicable to put the strips into, say, a more powerful roller, and then only once, as the tremendous pressure that would be required would then harden the metal. This rolling, moreover, not only hardens, but makes the strips brittle, so that annealing must follow. Employees at these labors one and all wear aprons, which are burnt every little while in order to recover the gold.

At the annealing, other interesting devices are encountered. The strips are placed on series of rollers, four in a row. These roll the strip gently but surely into a gas-furnace, heated to tremendous heat. The furnace, its work done, cools gently, so as to anneal the strips. Inside the gas furnace one sees them grow red hot. Then they come out, a blueish black, much like an old steel knife. This, of course, is due to the oxidizing of the copper in the alloy.

The temperature here is kept around 1,700 degrees. If allowed to go to 2,200, which might happen, when one is playing with such high heats as this, it would at once melt the gold.

You wonder at the garments worn by attendants here, whether gold in paying amounts might not be recovered even from these. Uncle Sam, though, it is stated, does not insist that the workers burn their old clothing.

The strips are now ready to have the money cut out from them. They can be easily bent and will stay so, whereas, before the annealing, they would snap back into position.

Here, then, one man attends a cutter. He feeds the strips in, cuts out the plugs, and the rest of the strip, the "clipping," they call it, is remelted by and by. There are about 42 blanks to be taken from a strip, and machines will cut possibly about 280 strips every minute.

If the strip be too heavy, there is a fine roller at one side to work it finer. If it's too light, it is condemned and remelted. Somehow, there is a lure in the sight—a man, standing at a distant roller, feeding strips of solid gold into a stamper; another man, weighing the result on a scale at his side. All day long this man weighs the blanks stamped from the ore, and the rear end of each bar, to make sure that the weight is correct. Queer profession, is it not—but the job is a coveted one.

After these disks are cut, one must get off the black, the oxidization, that is. Once they are milled, i. e., have a rim thrown about the coin, this is done by passing through a cylindrical gas furnace. After that there is a second annealing, so as to get the disks red hot. They are immersed in sulphuric acid (5 per cent in water), while still so heated, this so that the acid eats whatever oxidation may remain. For this work the disks are handled by emptying when red hot in huge copper baskets, pierced with holes to admit the acid. Then each is dipped into the acid bath. Innumerable queer dipping baskets are all about here, used for various sizes of disks.

The disks, in this annealing furnace, are carried through a spiral, revolving upward to the end, much like a coffee-mill arrangement. The coolness of the place is delightful, particularly on a hot summer's day, and the more striking in contrast with the heat of the metal.

They show you some of the metal that has just been cleaned, golden dials possessed of the rim, and reminding of the disks with which one plays tiddle-de-winks.

The processes now come to conclusions. There are two dies, each representing a respective side of a coin, which are set in a press. The upper comes down upon the lower, and at the same time a cuff comes about the sides, so that, under the 150-ton pressure, the gold is squeezed into the form and stamped.

A man feeds the blanks into the stamper. A tubeful is dropped in, that is to say, and then wored by a slit into the die itself, automatically, so as to put on upper and lower face and collar at once. They make 120 five-dollar gold pieces a minute, the day through. Of the larger coin they make ninety a minute.

There's a man here who has been employed in the place 27 years now. One wonders how much money he's made!

These coins then pass upstairs, to be examined for defects. They are handled on wooden trays throughout. The care which is given in every particular, in fact, interests. On the machines, for example, they use castor-oil and olive oil, and even with such fine oil as this, occasionally, a bit of it on the die spoils the impression, and so it must be recast. When, as occasionally happens, they turn out a Liberty lady with whiskers on her face, it would hardly do to turn her broadcast.

The disks are "counted" by shaking into great forms, and then into boxes. There are about 4,000 pieces in a box. and they can inspect ten boxes a day. A woman can examine 6,000 dollar pieces in an hour, if there is need. The number of coins she will condemn varies; occasionally there is a great number.

Upstairs there are fifty girls engaged in hunting flaws. That, too, is tedious work, and so every hour and a half they are given ten minutes recess.

You follow on into the weighing room of the coinage department. Interesting here is the method employed

to keep track of every ounce of the gold. There are four weighers. The one man checks the metal off each morning as it is taken out of the vault. It is receipted for by the foreman of each room.

Then, as they work it, it is checked back by the different workers, so that inside of twenty minutes of the time they finish in the evening they have all the work checked up. They must settle up the account before they can leave, and before this have it passed on by the head of the department as well. Employees of any one department are not allowed to go into any other department.

Often it occurs that at the end of the day, if the metal that is missing cannot be found, all will be detained several hours, and so the foreman of that room makes the amount good from his own pocket *pro tem.*

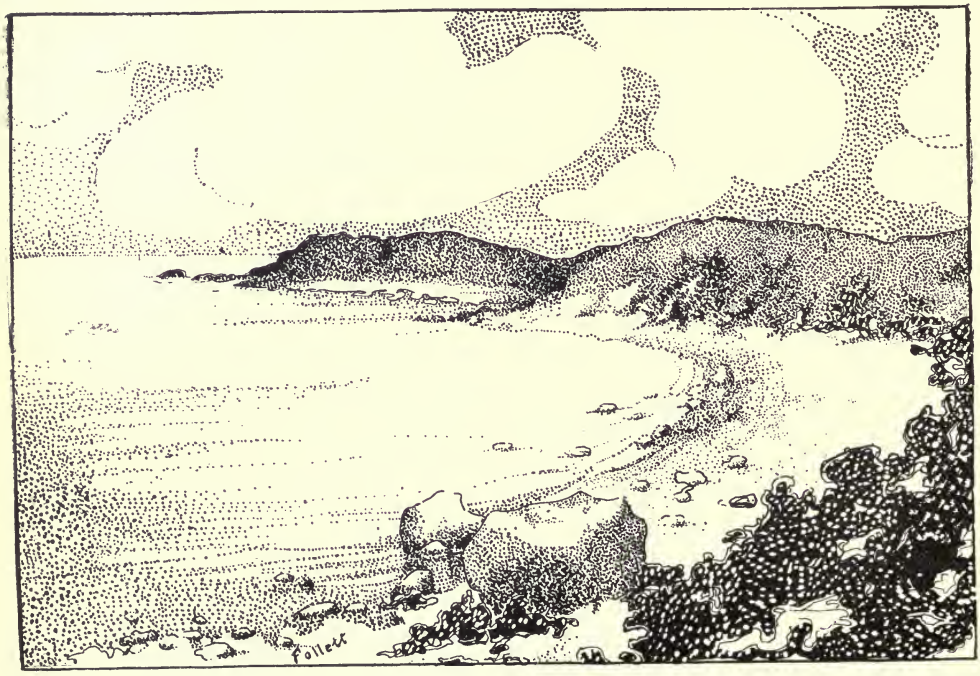
When the money is finished, it is put up in canvas sacks of $5,000 each. All gold goins of a given sort will be packed together in this amount. Silver is packed in bags of $1,000 value, except for dimes, which come out in bags holding $500. The process of minting is much the same for the silver coins as the gold.

The bags with the money are sealed, first by folding the top and then sealing until the steel pin pierces the bag. The loops come out, and after this a machine stamps the steel to the bar in such wise that one can't open it except by cutting the string. The result is, that one can't tamper with this without the knowledge of whoever may budge it.

The dime was long the smallest coin made at the San Francisco mint, but some six years ago permission was given to coin lesser moneys as well.

Meanwhile, as you listen, you note sidelights. You see the half-dollars being dumped from the pails; the board shaken that these may enter the grooves, then a lever is swung across, putting each into its hole. The count is there for an even one.

Philippine coins, in Spanish denominations, are another by-product of the mint. In one year, 1904, there was coined at this place $103,168,500 in gold and $114,825,019 in silver, making it the greatest coinage of gold in the world.



The old ammunition magazine, showing Wm. J. Daly (at left), a retired army non-commissioned officer, and who "soldiered" at Fort Townsend many years ago.

A FORT OF '49

By Monroe Wooley

Illustrated with photographs taken by the author.

THE LATE "Fighting Bob" Evans used to say that by the help of God and a few marines he could do most anything. Perhaps that's why they used to send Bob down into the rebellious republics south of us when an erstwhile president got his ire up because he was no longer on the "throne"—and consequently was minus a key to the treasury—and as a consequence showed a tendency to snarl and snap, and to make things generally uncomfortable for the incumbents in office in company with the "foreign devils" sojourning within the land of discord.

But we did not do things in '49 a la the Evans style. In '49 Bob was much a baby, and while the grace of the Almighty remains always the same and the efficacy of the marine was as satisfying then as it is now, military posts far-flung from civilization were a necessity in our Western wilderness as

advance agents for the era of development to follow in future decades.

Prairie schooners could not go sailing at a twenty-knot clip over desert and divide carrying crews of wobbly-legged marines every time a redskin gave utterance to a sonorous war-whoop, so the "scrapping strategists" of that day decided that a chain of frontier posts permanently occupied by strong commands might save the hardy pioneers from the pains and tortures of the scalping knife.

The year '49 is a long way back—sixty-three years back—a longer way than many of we Westerners have traveled on life's lively highway. That is the year that saw the oldest frontier posts planned, although the actual occupation of many of them by blue-uniformed troopers, all now grown grey or gone from us, did not take place until a few years later.

Not many of these relics of the early days remain. Maybe some day when the limitation of armaments is a fact, or better still, when total disarmament is agreed upon, as seems not improbable at some future time, the remains of these old homes of fighting men may be preserved purely as relics of a barbarous age to show to future generations at a dime a head.

There is now a mere remnant of one of these old garrisons at Yuma, Arizona, and Vancouver Barracks, across the river from Portland, is still occupied by a large command. For a long time it was the headquarters of the general commanding the Department of the Columbia, and while this department is yet in existence, most of its functions have been transferred to the commander of the newly-created Western Division having headquarters in San Francisco. Vancouver Barracks is one of the few of these older posts occupied at the present day. Besides being one of the most historic spots on the Pacific Slope, having been built out of an early trading post at about the same time as the Astors founded Astoria, it is also a beauty garden with well-kept parades, its gracefully curved drives fringed with stately oak and maple, its innumerable flower beds and creeping vines which seem to climb frantically over the old barracks and quarters to cover the scars of advancing age. Here Grant served before fortune smiled and gave the man an opportunity to become one of the greatest generals the world has ever known.

Captain Pickett was another army officer that was sent in the early days to establish a small detachment at a pioneer post in the San Juan Islands in Puget Sound, where there was a British garrison. This was at the exciting times resulting from the boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain. As is generally known, these islands, which now constitute San Juan County, Washington, were awarded to the United States.

Another small fort was also established at Steilacoom, Wash., by a Captain Maloney.

But the fort that catches the eye hungry for military relics, having perhaps greater attractions than the Acropolis or the Coliseum has for the ordinary sight-seeing globe trotter, the "ruins" where once were housed the men who blazed the trail along with the old settlers for advancing civilization, is old Fort Townsend, lying near the town and on the bay of that name on Puget Sound.

This old fort still stands as it always did, except that the marks of many years are plainly evident on the old frame buildings. Fort Townsend was first actually occupied by regular troops in the year '54. The officers' quarters are of the story and a half type, with the wide. roomy verandas common to construction in colonial times. What tales these rotting structures might tell is romantic to think about. In the commanding officer's quarters, the most pretentious building on the officers' row, at one time lived many officers who became notable in after years, if they were not at the time. Many of these retired, some to round out useful careers in civil life, others to their final rewards.

Granville O. Haller, an officer who

The flagstaff still stands on the little Parade, but Old Glory no longer floats from the peak.

had an illustrious record, has children who are prominent in Western life today. Indeed, it seems that most of the officers, and a great many of the men who served at Fort Townsend, either remained in the West or came back to it after completing their army careers.

Haller was a major when he took command of old Fort Townsend, but shortly afterward, report has it, he was summarily dismissed the service for publicly expressing cessation sentiment. He at once went to Coupeville, Island County, Washington, not far distant from the fort, and opened up a store. Later on he was reinstated by President Lincoln as a full colonel, with back pay for the time he was out of the army.

The last troops to garison old Fort Townsend was the Fourteenth Infantry, commanded at the time by Thos. M. Anderson, who now lives in Portland, and who is a nephew of General Robert Anderson of Fort Sumpter fame.

Colonel John Murphy was another old-time officer dear to the hearts of his men, and every one who knew him. He served at the old fort as commissary and quartermaster in the early eighties: he, too, lives in Portland.

The officers of the old fort are not the only ones of the personnel who have succeeded to greatness. Among the hundreds of enlisted men who served at the fort during the many years of its existence scores have achieved greatness in all walks of life.

"What village is that with such beautiful lawns?" is a question hundreds of steamship passengers ask when ships pass into Port Townsend, itself the oldest town in the State of Washington. They refer to the old fort at the foot of the bay nestling on a pretty green clearing in the midst of giant fir. But few learn that it is no town at all, for sea-faring men are not over-communicative. And the story of an old-time fort that is decaying away with time rarely reaches them in detail.

LONG-DISTANCE HOSPITALTIY

By Ray McIntyre King

WE HAVEN'T much to offer in the way of hospitality except climate and plenty to eat, but such as it is, we gladly offer our friends. When you come to California, we shall feel offended if you do not make our ranch your headquarters."

Mother Myra Allison penned this invitation, as she had written it dozens of times before within the six-month, with the kindliest intention and dimest expectations of its acceptance. Some months before, her husband had quite innocently given a realty firm a personal letter expatiating upon his success at small farming in the Sacramento Valley. The reality firm had published his letter with those of other satisfied settlers and scattered it as advertising literature all over East of the Rockies.

So effective had the letters proved, that the Allisons had had to sit up o' nights answering the letters of inquiry that had poured in upon them. As the Allisons had no land to sell and no connection with any realty firm, their interest in their unknown, distant correspondents was purely altruistic. Mother Myra had taken upon herself most of the burden of this correspondence.

The Allisons belonged to the thrifty home-making clan that can make a bower of lovliness and a competence out of any location, be it on a desert or an ice-cap, and to either, they would have been equally loyal. They were the type of family that, like a burning glass, concentrates a lot of dispersed, ineffective sunshine into one powerful beam—their own home, wherever it may be.

Mother Myra Allison very honestly believed California, especially her bit of it, to be next door to Paradise, so why should it not seem so to folk of other, harsher climes? When John Doe of Sinia, Georgia, or Bilkins, North Dakota, or Fairview, Maine, or Rollins, Pennsylvania, wrote to know immediately if irrigating be hard work, and what is the cost of cows, and lumber, and flour, etc.; and what does a water right mean; and how far do you dig for well water; and how cold is it in winter and how hot in summer; and numerous other urgent inquiries that took him ten minutes to write and Mother Myra Allison a long winter's evening to answer; she, with all the enthusiasm of the loyal Californian, patiently, sincerely answered, placing at his disposal a fund of valuable, disinterested information, just the sort of intimate data that homeseekers appreciate.

It was at the time of the California hegira, at the height of the California advertising propaganda, when one of the valley organizations, alone, was spending $50,000 a year to draw settlers to the Sacramento Valley. It seemed to Mother Myra that about every third person outside of California was plotting and planning to get inside the State lines.

In her simple, kindly, vivid way, this country woman had taken every correspondent (whether he enclosed stamps or not) into the inner court of her good favor. They seemed more to her than mere names. With her family she eagerly discussed the letters, striving to read the personalities of the writers, conjecturing and imagining their circumstances and conditions.

They were all "friends" to her, although they had spoken to her out of the void, from across the continent.

Invariably, she closed her long, enthusiastic answers to her correspondents with the invitation:

"We haven't much to offer in the way of hospitality except climate and plenty to eat, but such as it is, we gladly offer our friends. When you come to California we shall feel offended if you do not make our ranch your headquarters."

"Of course," she explained to her family, her round face aglow, "I add that invitation to warm their hearts. It will make them feel good to think that some strange woman away out in California is personally interested in them."

"But if they should accept your invitation?" protested her husband dubiously.

"Oh," laughed Mother Myra confidently, "there is about one chance in a million that even one of them will accept my invitation. You know it is a long, long way from Back East out here. Why, I have been sending that identical invitation back to friends and relatives for the last five years, and no one but father has ever come out to see us."

"Well," retorted Mr. Allison, "we'd be in a pretty predicament if even one family accepted. You must remember, mother, that we've only a bird's nest of a house, and it is chock-a-block full of children. We can's entertain with any fashionable frills. Why, we have not even a spare room!"

"Don't you worry," consoled Mother Myra, untroubled. "Not one will come—but my invitation will warm their hearts wonderfully. Now, that Mrs. Bostwig I wrote to last night—she didn't exactly say, but her husband—he's a stonecutter—I suspect has the white plague. I can see that she is just about wild trying to get him away from Chicago. I can just see how dreadfully worried she is for fear they haven't enough to get a start out here. Now, you can imagine how much my invitation will mean to her. She will just sit down and shed tears of joy to think that an unknown woman 'way out in California has offered her even a temporary refuge."

"That's lovely of you, of course," persisted Mr. Allison, "but what on earth will you do with her if she should come?"

"I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me," quoth Mother Myra blithely.

As spring came on, the letters of inquiry lessened, and Mother Myra Allison, busy with her chickens and garden and children, quite forgot her reckless invitations. Little did she realize how those invitations were treasured in scores of homes Back East. They had quickened many a family's desire to go West. Each invitation represented to the family possessing it a definite, tangible landing place in that far-off, indefinite, beatific vision, California.

The long, clear, hot, rainless Sacramento Valley summer came on. The roses were brilliant and riotous about, and all over the little Allison ranch house. Oleanders and pomegranates flamed in their hedges. Their palms lifted unblistered and defiantly green their spiney fans into the blistering molten gold of the tropical sunshine. The hot, sweetish odor of fig foliage permeated the air. At the Allison's the fruit crops crowded each other for harvesting.

All during June the Loganberry crop must be gathered. The whole Allison family was busy afield from daylight till noon each day picking hundreds of crates of the coral berries. Housekeeping was reduced to a minimum, and cooking became, in the fervid weather, a thing to plan to avoid. After the berries, came the peaches to be packed for distant markets, or cut, sulphured and dried in the sun. By August 1st, the Allisons were confronted with unusually heavy grape and fig crops.

At that time, the scarcest thing in the Sacramento Valley was white help. Like their neighbors, the Allisons had to harvest their own fruit or else see

it rot in vineyard and orchard. The only alternative was to write some city contractor to send up a gang of Hindus or Japanese. This the Allisons disliked to do, although the whole family, including Mother Myra herself, felt rushed and overworked nearly to the limit.

One brilliant late July noon, when the thermometer stood at 103 deg. in the north porch, Mother Myra came in hot and tired from the packing shed to prepare a hasty lunch for her family. As she wiped the irritating peach fuzz from her face, a taxicab rolled into the driveway.

"Mother," said her twelve-year-old daughter in a portentous whisper, "it is a pale man and woman and a suit case!"

Hurriedly, Mother Myra creased her face into welcoming smiles, and went out to greet her unexpected guests. It was Mrs. Bostwig and her husband from Chicago. They explained that they had taken advantage of the cheap rates to San Francisco, where, it seemed, a great convention was convened, and being so near, naturally they had taken the opportunity to call on that dear Mrs. Allison who had invited them so kindly to visit her!

Would Mrs. Allison permit them to continue their journey after an hour's visit? Indeed, she wouldn't, not hospitable Mother Myra! She had them out of the taxi and into the house, and pledged to a week's stay, at least, before they could voice their weak protestations. Mother Myra, inwardly thanking their provident methods of living whereby there was always at her hand a full larder, a dairy, a smokehouse, a garden, and abundant fresh or canned fruit, arose grandly to the occasion. That was a luncheon to be remembered.

The Bostwigs were properly impressed and deeply interested with everything on the little farm. They spent the afternoon in the packing shed getting acquainted. Meanwhile Mother Myra hurriedly arranged two cots on the screened north porch, and lo, such an open-air sleeping porch as the tubucular Mr. Bostwig had long desired!

The next morning, after such a breakfast of new-laid eggs and peaches and cream as city folk can only dream of, the Bostwigs were taken away for the day by a realty firm's automobile.

"I'm so glad they came!" Mother Myra explained enthusiastically to her family when she joined them in the fruit shed. "It did my soul good to see that poor fellow eat."

At that moment the postman brought Mrs. Allison a letter. Professor Hartwell and his wife of the Normal University of Ohio begged to announce that, having taken advantage of the convention rates to San Francisco, and being so near, and remembering Mrs. Allison's very kind offer of hospitality, they would arrive on the 11:30 electric.

Mother Myra tossed the letter to her husband. He read it frowningly.

"How many more," he asked, waving the letter toward the populous, over-crowded, effete East, "have you invited?"

"I can't remember, exactly," she wailed, "but maybe they can't *all* take advantage of the convention rates. . . Professor Hartwell wrote such a pretty hand! But I'm scared to death of his wife. I'm afraid she'll turn up her nose at me."

The idea that any mere Ohio woman would dare to turn up her nose at Mother Myra set the children to exhorting and expostulating.

"There, there," soothed Mr. Allison above the indignant din, "mother's put her hand to this plow, and she mustn't turn back. We'll entertain the Hartwells, or—or—bust! Give 'em my room. I'll sleep on some sacks of straw on the kitchen porch."

Bob, the eldest boy, brought the Hartwells from the station. The professor proved to be a large, bland, persuasive gentleman, who clearly was the artificial product of his scholastic habitat. Transplanted to the wide vistas of the valley, he would inevitably become a real estate agent. His wife was fussy, with the thin, perking nose and hypercritical eye acquired by long residence in second-rate boarding

houses. She had the sharp, suspicious air of a woman accustomed to getting her money's worth and a little more. She was the exact opposite of her kindly, generous, hospitable Western hostess.

While the enlarged household was awaiting supper, the Bostwigs returned from their day's sightseeing, the men fraternized over politics. Mrs. Hartwell rested in the hastily prepared guest room. The heavy fragrance of myriad roses filled the air, and a sense of peace and plenty surged over her worn soul. It came to her dimly that here was life somewhat different from her scant perceptions of it. Somehow, out here was so much incommensurable with mere money.

Just as the real estate agent returned with the Bostwigs, a second taxi followed into the driveway. Mother Myra —putting the finishing touches to her supper table—took time to say to her daughters as she bustled out:

"More guests! You girls give up your room and fix you a shake-down in the tank house."

Mother Myra hurried out and was soon shaking hands heartily with a small, smiling, bewhiskered gentleman and a stout, motherly woman wearing an elaborate silk sunbonnet.

"This is Sister Allison?" asked the gentleman. "We received your letter and came on as soon as possible. I am Pastor Tankadour of the Dunkards, and this is my wife."

"Of course, of course, Brother Tankadour," cried Mother Myra, cordially. All sects and creeds were one to her, parts of a common, universal Christian brotherhood. "Of course, you are the gentleman who wrote me about lands for a Dunkard colony."

The Dunkard pastor and his wife had not really intended anything but a brief call, but the Allisons by sheer force of hospitality took them out of the taxi and established them in the girls' room. At length, when Mother Myra had her guests all seated at her much extended tables, Pastor Tankadour asked a blessing. Before he shut his small, keen eyes, he had appreciatively noticed the wholesome, abundant food, and it was not mere empty phrases when he asked God's blessing on "the bounteous repast before us and on the household of our entertainers."

In fancy, Pastor Tankadour saw all his brethren and their children sitting at similar tables once they should immigrate from the far, inhospitable places of earth to this land that seemingly flowed with milk and honey. That his poor brethren's children should be well fed, clothed and schooled, represented to Pastor Tankadour a large and urgent gospel.

Before the meal was fairly finished, there came a third rap-rap at the door. It might be merely some one on business, or it might be another family that had taken advantage of the cheap convention rates to California! Mother Myra excused herself from the dining room, and went out to see who it was.

On her front porch she found ranged in a row of decreasing statues, like a human stairway, a tall man, a shorter woman, and ten children. Mother Myra recognized them instantly.

She recalled vividly a pathetic letter from a Pennsylvania coal miner which she had received and answered months before. The writing was that stiff, vertical script of some public school child, very likely this foreigner's Americanized young daughter. Mother Myra could well remember every word of that letter:

"I write you, how is farming in California, and do it pay I work in the mines since I was young and now I am old I am fifty and I cannot work any more and I cannot pay the rent and buy shoes I got ten children and I want to go to California tell me everything and my name is John Swenski."

"Now, isn't this—Mr.—Swenski?" asked Mother Myra, her face dimpling with smiles. She held out both hands to the mute, weary, staring family.

"So, so, it is, Mis' Allison," responded the man in tones of infinite relief, his lined, harassed face light-

ing up wonderfully at Mother Myra's hearty greeting.

By some miracle of finance the bent, broken, work-worn man had contrived to get cheap colonist tickets to California for his family, but the ten children had arrived shoeless, hatless, the smaller ones wrapped in rags, and all sleepy, dazed, drooping and half-starved from a long, tedious transcontinental journey in second-class cars.

That night the Swenskies slept on the clean, fragrant, springy alfalfa in the hay barn.

"I et nine peaches," boasted one youngster as they disposed themselves for sleep.

"I had a whole watermelon to myself," vaunted another.

"She guv me berries and cream four times," contentedly announced a third.

"Huh," cautioned their father, drowsily, "don't you kids try to eat up all o' Californiy to oncest!"

"In your letter, Mis' Allison," John Swenski carefully explained to his hostess at the breakfast table, "you give us the kind invite, but it is not for that we come. Your letter say in Californy there is much shobs in the fruit for men, womans and childer, and it is for shobs we come. Show us them shobs."

"A job, eh?" cried Mr. Allison, "I have fruit spoiling for help this minute. I'll be glad to give your whole family a job right after breakfast."

Turning to his wife, he added dramatically, "Don't you dare boast to the neighbors that we've found a family to help us with the fruit, or they will come by night and kidnap Mr. Swenski's family."

"I tell you," addressing the whole table, "what Superior California needs is train loads of willing workers like Mr. Swenski's family. Just now, Mr. Swenski, you are a Godsend to me. This morning I received an order from my commission firm to get off my grape crop within four days or else lose the market."

"Show us the shob," cried Mr. Swenski, delightedly.

The Allisons and their guests deployed themselves variously for the day. The Swenskies took possession of their job in the vineyard under the direction of Mr. Allison and the boys. A word over the telephone brought several different land companies' automobiles to take the other guests away for sightseeing and land viewing.

Now that the Allisons were somewhat relieved of the burden of harvesting their fruit, they gave themselves up gladly to the duties and delights of hospitality. Mother Myra and her girl lieutenants marshaled such feasts of California delicacies on the long table in the cool dining room as made their city guests delighted with country living.

Within a few days, however, their guests reluctantly departed under the urge of their personal affairs. The Bostwigs removed to a tiny farm where the invalid began a vigorous and successful campaign against his ill-health.

The Swenskies found no lack of "shobs." Pastor Tankadour and his good, comfortable wife went forth to the far, drear places of earth to gather in their poor brethren to a colony site which he had purchased not far from the Allisons'. The Ohio professor and his wife selected a bungalow home in the nearest village; meanwhile, he became the Eastern agent for one of the many local land companies.

When they were all gone, Mother Myra sat down and recalled with much satisfaction the unexpected debauch of guests.

"This has been the most condensed, concentrated entertaining I ever did in my life," she told her family. "But how I have enjoyed it! When I think of all the new friends and neighbors we have gained, I'm glad they came, even if they did come all at once."

THE COWARD

By Fred B. Smith

DEAR CONNIE: As you know, I have been absent from New York several weeks, but my first leisure thought when I returned, after the rush of business correspondence was over, was of you, and I went to see you as soon as I could spare the time. To my surprise and regret, I learned that you were sojourning with friends in the capital city of Georgia. Having myself passed a few weeks last year in Atlanta, I though that perhaps I could point out for you several places of interest; accordingly this letter.

"Connie, native Atlantians will probably want you to see the Capitol, the Carnegie Library, Henry Grady's monument, the Federal prison, Ponce de Leon and Grant Park. But you will find the counterparts of most of them in New York, hence will doubtless desire to see something more unique. There is one thing you must not miss, and that is a trip through Decatur street on Saturday night. You have been through the Bowery, but Decatur street is very different. I might attempt a description of it if my pictorial powers were adequate. As they are too limited, my advice is, go and see for yourself. I promise you the most thrilling adventure you ever experienced, one as novel as it will be interesting. You'll find nothing like it in New York. The Bowery, perhaps, approaches it more nearly, but our noted thoroughfare lacks certain distinctively Southern features that belong to Decatur street.

"It may not be easy for you to take the trip, owing to the rather quixotic ideas of Southern men regarding fit places for ladies to visit. I had great difficulty in persuading one of the men I met to take me, a Mr. Evelyn Earle. He insisted that Decatur street was never a fit place for women, and even less so on Saturday night. But a New York man had seen it and advised me to do so, too, and as my curiosity was keenly whetted, I persevered until my friend, though with evident reluctance, consented to take me. I have never regretted it, for I witnessed a scene that is never found in a Northern city. So go by all means, then write me your opinion.

"Don't linger too long down South, or you may fall a victim to the fascination of Southern wooing, and be lost to your friends. I'm wild to see you, having lots of things to talk about. I won't write them, but will save them for your return.

"Write as soon as you have seen Decatur street, for an interested girl awaits your verdict, in the person of

"Your chum,

"GERALDINE REVERE."

The letter fell from Constance Grey's hand and fluttered to the floor, while her eyes kindled with fires of curiosity. She now recalled having heard a New York friend allude to a trip similar to her chum's, and he had advised her, if she ever visited Atlanta, to tour Decatur street. This recollection added fuel to the kindling flames of her curiosity, and she instantly resolved to visit the thoroughfare that very night, which chanced to be Saturday.

Constance Grey, an heiress and an only child, had been somewhat spoiled by too much humoring; nothing had ever been denied her, for she had only

to express a wish of a desire to have it gratified. As she made the decision to tour the street that evening, her thoughts flew to the man whose name was mentioned in her chum's letter, Evelyn Earle, her fiance, on whose escort she confidently relied. She thought, whimsically, that *she* would have no difficulty in bending him to her will. Her thoughts of him gave birth to a tender smile, and Cupid's tapers burned in her dark eyes. Geraldine's warning against "the fascination of Southern wooing" had come too late. The heart of the proud beauty had capitulated before the sudden onslaught of the handsome young attorney.

"Evelyn will take *me,* I know," she murmured. That he would hesitate to comply with her request was an idea to which her brain never gave birth. Was her lover not the most devoted of men? Had he ever refused her slightest wish, either expressed or implied?

Rousing from her pleasant reflections, Constance glanced at the French clock and started. Evelyn had said that he would be with her at eight, and it was five minutes past that hour now. What did it mean? To be kept waiting by a caller of the male sex was, to her, a unique experience. For five minutes more she listened for the sound of Earle's footstep, and then surprise gave way to irritation. Ten more minutes fled, and the irritation passed into resentment. The spoiled beauty, accustomed to have her admirers at her beck and call, was dumbfounded at her lover's tardiness.

When, as the hands of the clock indicated the half hour, Evelyn entered the drawing-room, he met a pair of very angry black eyes.

"You should get another watch, Evelyn, or have yours regulated," she said, coldly, glancing meaningly at the clock. He started with surprise at her tone, but, hastening forward, he caught her hands. She withdrew them immediately, and evaded his arms. He drew back slightly.

"I'm sorry I am late, dear, but I was detained at the office by pressing business of a very important character. Forgive me; it shall not occur again," he said quietly.

"Indeed!" she exclaimed, raising her eyebrows, "for a man to keep me waiting thirty minutes on account of business is an experience as unique as it is irritating. Pray, sir, what business can be more important than a gentleman's engagement with a lady?"

Constance was now thoroughly angry, and her words had the edge of a knife. Her lover recoiled.

"Have you forgotten, Constance, that I am not a millionaire? This case means to me a fee of twenty-five thousand dollars, which will go far toward making our home one in keeping with the beauty and grace of its mistress," he replied, keeping a strangle-hold on his temper. But she was not mollified by his explanation, and her lip curled in scorn.

"Have I asked you for a home?" she queried cuttingly. "I have a faint recollection of possessing something toward that myself; I do not need to marry for it."

He looked at her in amazement. "Constance, did you think that I could live on your money? My self-respect could never survive that. Come, sweetheart," he pleaded, with the winning smile that had ever captivated her, "forgive my tardiness, and give me my kiss."

She looked into his eyes, saw the love shining there, and swayed toward him in surrender. He caught her in his arms, and covered her lips with burning kisses. Then he drew her to a seat beside him on a divan, and, with his arm about her waist, whispered:

"Have you forgiven me, sweetheart? I admit, however, that you should make me do penance for keeping so sweet a girl waiting. My little priestess," with a fond smile, "what is the penalty I must pay?"

She smiled at his whimsical words, and was on the point of laughingly dismissing the matter, when her eyes fell on Geraldine's letter lying on the carpet, which, in a flash, riveted her thoughts on the subject of her inter-

est. She turned to Evelyn with an arch smile.

"I believe that I'll give you a penance, but I will share it with you," she said.

"It won't be a penance then," he replied; "a crust of bread and a cup of water shared with you would be paradise. But what is the joyous penance?"

At that instant an unseen monitor warned her not to persist in the course she meditated, but disregarding it, she turned to him, her face lit with the noonday of curiosity.

"Dear, have I seen all the places of interest in Atlanta?" she asked with her sweetest smile.

"I can't say, until I know what you have seen," he replied. "Let me determine. Have you visited the Capitol?"

"Yes."

"The Carnegie Library?"

"Certainly."

"Have you emptied your purse at Ponce de Leon?"

"You emptied yours for me," she laughed.

"Been to Grant Park and inspected the Cyclorama?"

"Yes."

"Seen Grady's monument?"

"To be sure."

"The Federal prison?"

"Yes."

"Then you've about covered the ground; I can't think of any other place to go."

"Think again. There's something yet that I'm wild to see. I would go alone, but I'm afraid."

Without the faintest suspicion of her meaning, he replied:

"Command me, dearest, as your escort; but I cannot imagine what it is you so desire to see unless it is Whitehall street at night, which is only a miniature of Broadway."

"What I wish to see must be seen to-night."

"Very well; what is it and where? I am at your service."

She pointed to the letter. "Get that for me, dear."

It was in her hand almost before her sentence was finished.

"Evelyn, do you know a New York girl whose name is Geraldine Revere?"

His brow wrinkled in thought a moment, then cleared. "Yes; a sort of sociological enthusiast. I met her last year while she was visiting a friend here. What of her?"

"This is a letter from her. We've been chums for years, and when she learned that I was here she wrote telling me what to see. Read her letter and you'll learn what I am anxious to behold."

He took the letter and looked at it curiously, while she watched him breathlessly. He had not gone far into it before she perceived a frown gathering on his brow, and her heart leaped. When he finished the perusal, he returned it to her and rose to his feet, beginning to pace the apartment with nervous strides.

"Evelyn, I am wild to see Decatur street to-night. Geraldine's letter has inflamed my curiosity to red heat, and it won't be satisfied without a trip through that thoroughfare. You took her down there, and you must take me."

He faced her, and she saw that he was pale. "Dearest," he said, "your friend spoke the truth when she said that she had great difficulty in persuading me to take her down there. I did take her, but my esteem for her was shaken by her request. If I did not wish to escort through Decatur street a lady who was merely an acquaintance, most decidedly do I object to performing the same service for my promised wife. That avenue isn't a fit locality for a lady."

She smiled at him with calm assurance. "I did not suppose that the place was a drawing-room, which is the reason I can't go alone; but with you I shall be perfectly safe. Come, let us start now," and she rose to her feet. But he shook his head, at which her eyes opened wide with amazed surprise.

"No, Constance, I won't take you down there; the very thought of your

being in that street is profanation. Dismiss the idea from your mind, because there is nothing to see that can possibly interest you."

The imperious girl faced him, red danger signals flaming in her cheeks. To have her expressed desire refused by her lover, on whose aid she had confidently relied, was irritating beyond measure.

"Evelyn, I shall be sorry to be compelled to think that your word is not trustworthy: you have already promised to take me."

He looked at her in unveiled astonishment. "Constance, are you mad? or are you merely trying to test your power over me? You cannot be in earnest about wishing to visit Decatur street."

Her eyes gleamed with repressed anger. "Am I to trust your word or not?" she demanded abruptly, rapidly losing control of her temper. "I am beginning to suspect that you are deficient in courage, are afraid to go down there, for your pretended scruples are too quixotic for the twentieth century. If you are not afraid, let us start at once."

He was deadly white, but did not quail before her scornful eyes. With anger vibrating in her tones, she continued:

"It was bad enough to keep me waiting thirty minutes on account of vulgar business, but to positively refuse to grant a simple request to escort me to a place of interest is adding insult to injury. Are you willing for me to impute your refusal to a lack of courage? If not, then comply with my request."

All the haughty pride of her imperious womanhood flamed in her eyes, bristled in her proud bearing as, with head held high, she awaited his answer.

"My bitterest foe never questioned my courage," he replied calmly; "that affront comes from my promised wife. Be it so: I prefer to suffer the questioning of my courage to having you appear in Decatur street. When I said that I was at your service, I supposed that you desired to visit a place where a lady might go. If a man had intimated to me that my promised wife would desire to appear on that avenue, his blood would have wiped out the insult to your honor. Don't, darling," his arms held out in an attitude of pleading, "don't doubt my devotion because I can't take you, my pure pearl, into a pen of swine!"

Her face became livid with rage.

"Mr. Earle," she said, with cutting sarcasm, "you are a coward. You do not fear for me, but for yourself."

Her lip curled scornfully as she confronted the white-faced man. For the first time he seemed about to yield, his eyes blazed resentfully; but in a moment the yielding impulse passed. With set teeth, he bowed:

"If it is cowardice to decline to escort a lady to a locality unfit for her presence, then I am a coward," he replied.

"Pshaw!" she cried, throwing him a glance of contempt, "don't attempt to veil your unmanly fear beneath the transparent garb of concern for me. I am not afraid—you are; that it all. And," drawing the diamond from her finger, "as I could not wed a coward, permit me to return your ring. Mr. Percival will soon be here, and he, I'm sure, will not be afraid to escort me through Decatur street."

"Constance," said Earle earnestly, "it is madness even to think of appearing to-night on that thoroughfare —you'd be insulted. I must bow to your mandate, I suppose, and accept my release, but, as one who loves you better than his life, let me beg you not to do this thing."

She laughed scornfully. "You've said enough. When I began the journey to this city from my home in New York, I never dreamed of sinking so low as to fall in love with a coward; I imagined that all Southern gentlemen were brave men. My disillusionment, however, comes in time. You may go."

Without another word, with only a long, intense look into her beautiful, scornful eyes, he turned and was gone. But as she stood looking after him, the

tears began to trickle down her pale cheeks. Stumbling blindly, she left the drawing-room and went to her private apartment.

Even while the betrothed lovers were engaged in their stormy dialogue there had appeared on the streets of Atlanta a sensational newspaper "extra," narrating the story of a human fiend's attempt to commit an unmentionable crime in one of the city's suburbs. Within the previous three weeks similar crimes had been perpetrated in the vicinity of the city. None of the criminals had been apprehended, which bred uneasiness in women and resentment in men. Fires of racial hatred were smouldering in many white breasts which needed only a sharp breeze in the form of a new horror to fan them into a conflagration. The sensational "extra" was the breeze.

Constance had barely regained her composure before a servant came to announce that Elrod Percival waited in the drawing-room. He rose as, with a smile, she entered.

"Mr. Percival, your coming is most opportune. I am wild to see Decatur street to-night. Will you take me?"

He looked at her in unveiled amazement. She misinterpreted the expression on his face and colored angrily.

"Are you also afraid? I asked Mr. Earle to take me, but he was a coward. I dislike men who are not above fear. Is it yes or no?"

Elrod started. Had she quarreled with Earle? If so, might not he himself win this glorious girl? He did not permit these ideas, however, to show in his face.

"Certainly you shall go, Miss Grey," he replied. "There is no danger; I was startled only by the novelty of your request. I will step to the telephone and call a carriage."

"Don't do that; I prefer to walk."

Elrod felt a quiver of fear when she gave her verdict in favor of walking, but not for worlds would he have permitted her to know it.

As the couple left the house, neither perceived standing in the shadow of an elm across the street, the figure of a gentleman clad in evening clothes.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Evelyn under his breath, "that fool's taking her down there!"

Forming a quick decision, Earle followed, keeping in sight of them, but not near enough to betray himself. He turned after them into Decatur street.

As she walked slowly along, Constance momentarily forgot her lover in the delicious excitement of her novel adventure. The throngs of carefree darkies, laughing and jesting like children, the shouting fish vendors, the Greek fruit merchants, seemed to transport her into another world. She was too deeply absorbed to notice the glances of amused suggestiveness thrown at them by many men; but of which Percival was painfully conscious, cursing himself for yielding to her quixotic whim.

Constance's first shock came when a drunken woman, young and pretty, staggered against her in passing. The courtesan hissed a curse at the beauty, whose delicate cheek flushed. A few minutes later she saw two negroes reel from a saloon, struggling in each other's embrace, an open razor in one's hand. He made a vicious slash at his adversary's throat, and Constance paled when the blood spurted. The prompt appearance of a big policeman put an end to the fight, and both combatants were placed under arrest.

When they reached Police Headquarters at the lower end of the street, Elrod suggested their turning back. Passing a cross street, they perceived a company of soldiers drawn up. They were regulars returning to their barracks south of the city after a ten days' "hike" to the mountains. Their present pause was due to the fact that their march was interrupted by a train of freight cars which had blocked the street where it cross the tracks. Later Constance felt profoundly grateful for their presence.

The couple had traversed four squares when they noticed a commotion ahead. Suddenly they saw negroes running down the street towards them.

A moment later they perceived a mob of men and youths in hot pursuit of the flying blacks. At that instant one of the frightened creatures stumbled and fell. Immediately afterward, while Constance looked on with horror-filled eyes, a dozen knives flashed and were buried in his body, which writhed a few moments, then lay still.

The awful spectacle was but one of many at that moment being enacted in the city, of which the public prints have long ago told the reading world. Racial hate, inflamed to madness by the story told in the newspaper "extra," was wreaking its vengeance on the execrated race.

Yelling curses, the mob swept towards the pair. Too terrified to move, Constance stood trembling. Suddenly they were perceived by a negro youth. Seeing possible succor, he fled to them and threw himself in abject terror at their feet.

"Save me, Massa! Save me, Mistis!" he shrieked. "My God! they'll kill me!"

By a swift movement, of which she was barely conscious, Constance stepped between the fugitive and his pursuers. But they had seen him.

"Here, men," called the leader, "yonder's a nigger. Come on, let's kill the damned scoundrel!"

"Yes, kill 'im; shoot 'im; stab 'im; smash 'im to pieces!" yelled the frantic men as they approached the couple.

"Come, Miss Grey," said Elrod quickly, "let us get away; we can't protect him, and the mob will not respect you."

Constance glanced at him in surprise. When she saw how he trembled her lip curled.

"You must not let them kill him, Mr. Percival!" she cried in an agony of terror.

"I tell you, we can't stop them. They'll kill us if we try. Come, let us go. quick."

"Kill the dude! kill the strumpet! smash 'em both—they're shieldin' a nigger!" yelled the mob.

The girl stretched out her hand to Percival for protection, but grasped empty air only. Turning swiftly, she saw him flying down the street as if for his life. A chill of deadly fear clutched her heart on finding herself abandoned. But, with the crouching negro still behind her, she turned and again faced the mob. Suddenly she felt the touch of a hand on her arm, and heard a cool, familiar voice in her ear.

"Stand behind me, dearest."

Wheeling, she gazed wonderingly into the face of the man whom she had stigmatized as a coward. An automatic pistol was in his hand.

The mob perceived Elrod's cowardly retreat and yelled in savage triumph. The ruffians surged forward, but a stern voice commanded:

"Halt! one step and I'll fire!"

The sublime courage in that dauntless tone served to check the rush of the mob. Its leader did not want to provoke a battle with a gentleman, neither did he wish to surrender his prey. He attempted to parley:

"Say, Mister, let us have 'im; we're goin' to kill 'em all. We don't want to hurt you, but we'll have that nigger, or there'll be trouble. Give 'im up and you'll not be hurt."

"No," replied Earle calmly; "I do not know what this means, but I will not connive at murder."

"Come on, fellers, we'll take 'im anyhow," shouted the leader. "Come on, it's only a dude and a street-walker," and they rushed. Instantly there was a flash, a report, and the leader fell dead with a bullet in his heart. Then pandemonium reigned. Sticks, stones, and beer bottles came hurtling towards the couple, pelting Earle's chest and shoulders. He managed, however, to shield Constance with his own body.

Presently one of the ruffians fired a revolver, and the girl saw Evelyn stagger. At that moment a shout in their rear drew her eyes thither. A fleeing negro had given the alarm to the company of soldiers, and the captain, urged by necessity, had ordered his men to double-quick to the scene. As Constance glanced backward, the sol-

diers swept round a corner and charged with the bayonet. It was too much for the nerves of the cowardly villains, who, scattering in all directions, fled pell-mell from the spot.

Realizing that his life was saved, the negro boy tried brokenly to thank his preservers. Earle made a gesture.

"Go while you have the chance," he said, and the youth hastened to obey. Evelyn turned to Constance. She looked at him and screamed. Blood was dyeing his shirt front from a bullet wound in his breast.

"Darling, you're hurt!" she cried in anguish.

"It's nothing," he replied, but with the words he tottered and fell heavily to the pavement.

During the next two hours, while physicians worked over her lover's insensible body, Constance Grey lived an age. Her conduct loomed before her eyes frowningly, and she lashed herself in the bitterness of her remorse. Barred by inexorable necessity from Earle's side, she could only wait in anguish of soul the result of the operation, and while she waited, the scales fell from her eyes. She saw her insane folly in all of its naked ugliness, realized the enormity of her contemptible pride; and from the crucible of conscience she emerged a new woman, stripped of selfishness. Breathing an agonized prayer for her lover's life in order that she might atone for her cruelty, she arose, in response to the quiet summons of a nurse, and was conducted to the room where, after the successful operation, her lover lay.

"He wants to see you alone," said the nurse. "You must not stay over five minutes, or he'll be endangered."

Constance softly opened the door and entered. Earle turned his eyes and saw her. Falling on her knees beside his bed, she buried her face in the coverlet and shook with silent sobs. Then she felt his hand caress her hair, and she looked into his face.

"Darling, forgive!" she cried in anguish.

He met her swimming eyes; then Love's chisel carved a pardoning smile on his lips.

THE SABBATH DAY

By C. T. Russell, Pastor London and Brooklyn Tabernacles

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—Mark 2:27, 28.

SEVEN is a very prominent number in the Bible—in everything relating to the Divine Program. In the first chapter of Genesis, the Sabbath Day is referred to in a figurative way in speaking of the seventh epoch of God's creations on our earth—bringing order out of chaos. Not until Mt. Sinai, however, when the Law was given to Israel on two tables of stone, was the Day Sabbath made obligatory on anybody. And since that law covenant was made with the one nation (Israel) and none other, the Sabbath requirements of that Law apply to that nation only. This does not signify that the setting apart of a certain time for rest would be of advantage only to the Jew, nor that a special seventh day devoted to God would be disadvantageous to all people. It merely means that God entered into covenant relationship with the one nation only, and hence to them only He told His will, His law—obedience to which He made the foundation of the blessing He promised to that people. There is no room to question the import of the Fourth Commandment of the Jewish law. It distinctly commanded that the seventh day of the week should be to the Jews a rest day, in which no work of any kind should be done, either by parent or child, employer or servant, male or female, ox or ass, or any creature owned by a Jew. It was a rest day pure and simple. Divine worship was not commanded to be done on that day—not because God would be displeased to have Divine worship upon that day or upon any day, but because there is a reason connected with the matter which related, not to worship, but to rest, as we shall see. The strictness of this law upon the Jew is fully attested by the fact that upon one occasion, by Divine command, a man was stoned to death for merely picking up sticks on the Sabbath Day. It is plain, therefore, to be seen that the law given to Israel on this subject meant what it said to the very letter.

In the New Testament, Jesus is supposed by some to have taught a laxity in the matter of Sabbath observance, but this is quite a misunderstanding. Jesus, born a Jew, "born under the law," was as much obligated to keep that law in its very letter as was any other Jew. And he did not, of course, violate the obligation in the slightest degree. The Scribes and Phaisees had strayed away from the real spirit of the law in many particulars. Their tradition, represented at the present time by their Talmud, attempted to explain the law, but really, as Jesus said frequently, made it void, meaningless, absurd. For instance, according to the traditions of their elders, it was breaking the Sabbath if one were hungry to rub the kernels of wheat in their hands and blow away the chaff and eat the grain, as the disciples did one Sabbath Day in passing through the wheat field. The Pharisees called attention to this, and wanted Jesus to reprove the disciples, because, according to their thought, this simple process was labor—work—reaping and thrashing and winnowing. Jesus resisted this absurd misinterpretation of the law, and by

His arguments proved to any one willing to be taught that they had mistaken the Divine intention—had mistranslated the law of the Sabbath. On several occasions He healed the sick on the Sabbath Day. Indeed, the majority of His healings were done on that day, greatly to the disgust of the Pharisees, who claimed that He was a law-breaker in so doing. We cannot suppose that Jesus performed these miracles to aggravate the Pharisees; rather we are to understand that their Sabbath Day typified the great Sabbath of blessing and healing—the antitypical Sabbath which is in the future—the period of the Messianic reign and the healing of all earth's sorrows.

Jesus clearly pointed out to the Scribes and Pharisees that they were misinterpreting the meaning of the Divine arrangement, that God did not make man merely to keep a Sabbath, but that He had made the Sabbath for, in the interest of, mankind. Hence everything necessary for man's assistance would be lawful on the Sabbath Day, however laborious it might be. Indeed, Jesus carried the thought still farther, and pointed out to His hearers the absurdity of their position—for, He said, if any of you should have an ox or an ass fall into the pit on a Sabbath Day, would you leave him to die and thus suffer loss, as well as allow the animal to be in pain? Assuredly they would not, and assuredly they would be justified in helping any creature out of trouble on that day. Then said Jesus, If so much might be done for a dumb creature, might not a good work of mercy and help for mankind be properly enough done on the Sabbath Day?

The Seventh Day Still a Sabbath.

A mistake made by many Christians is the supposition that the law covenant which God made with Israel ceased, passed away. On the contrary, as the Apostle declares, "The law hath dominion over a man so long as he liveth." The Jewish law is as obligatory upon the Jew to-day as it was upon his fathers in the days of Moses. Only death could set the Jew free from that law covenant until, in God's due time, it shall be enlarged and made what God, through the Prophet, styles a new covenant—a new law covenant. That will take place just as soon as the Mediator of the new covenant shall have been raised up from amongst the people. That prophet will be like unto Moses, but greater—the antitype. That prophet will be the glorified Christ—Jesus the head and the completed church, who are frequently spoken of as members of His body, and sometimes styled the bride, the lamb's wife. This antitypical mediator (Acts 3:22, 23), under the new law covenant which He will then establish, will assist the Jews (and all who come into harmony with God through Him) back to that human perfection in which they will be able to keep the Divine law perfectly in every particular. This great mediator, Messiah, will for a thousand years carry on this great work.

This mediator is not yet completed. The head has passed into glory centuries ago, but the body, the church, awaits a completeness of membership and resurrection change—to be made "like Him and see Him as He is" and share His glory and His work.

Meantime the law covenant is still in force upon every Jew; but it is not in force upon any but Jews, as it never has been in force upon any other people. During these eighteen centuries, between the death of Christ and the inauguration of the new covenant, Jesus, as the great high priest, is offering the "better sacrifices" mentioned by St. Paul (Hebrews 9:23) and described in type in Leviticus 16. The first part of the great high priest's sacrifice was the offering of the human body which He took for the purpose when He was made flesh—"a body hast thou prepared Me" "for the suffering of death." (Heb. 10:5, 2:9.) The second part of His "better sacrifices" is the offering of His mystical body—the church. This work has been in progress since Pentecost. To

the consecrated ones who approach the Father through Him He becomes the advocate. He accepts them as His members on the earth; and their sufferings thenceforth are His sufferings so fully that He could say of them to Saul of Tarsus, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." These, accepted as His representatives in the flesh, their blemishes covered by their advocate's merit, are begotten, by the Heavenly Father, of the Holy Spirit to be members of the new creation—the spiritual body of Christ, of which He is the head.

We remarked that the Sabbath Day, still in full force and its observance obligatory upon the Jew, is not upon other nationalities. We should modify this statement by the remark that there are some who mistakenly endeavor to be Jews and try to get under the law covenant provisions as Sabbath-keepers. St. Paul recognized this tendency in his day. Note his words to the Christians of Galatia, who were not by nature Jews, but Gentiles. He says, "Ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law?" "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you?" He proceeds to show them that the Jews are in bondage to their law and can never get eternal life under it until the Mosaic law covenant shall ultimately be merged into the Messianic new law covenant. His argument then is that if the Jew cannot get life in keeping the law, it would be foolish for Gentiles to think that they could secure Divine favor and everylasting life by keeping the law. He declares, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified in God's sight." The only way to obtain justification in God's sight is by the acceptance of Christ and by a full consecration to be His disciples and to join with Him in His covenant of sacrifice as it is written, "Gather together My saints unto Me, saith the Lord, those who have made a covenant with Me by sacrifice." (Psalm 50:5.); and again, "I beseech you, brethren, present your bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God, your reasonable service."—Romans 12:1.

Christians and the Law Sabbath.

St. Paul did not mean that Christians should not strive to keep the Divine law, but that they should not put themselves *under* it as a *covenant,* nor think that by striving to oppose the law covenant they would get or maintain harmony with God and gain the reward of everlasting life. On the contrary, he declares in so many words, "The righteousness of the law is fulfilled in us who are walking, not after (or according to) the flesh, but after (or according to) the spirit." (Romans 8:4.) His meaning is clear. The Decalogue was never given to Christians, but it is quite appropriate that Christians should look back to that Decalogue and note the spirit of its teachings and strive to conform their lives thereto in every particular.

But what is the spirit of the Decalogue? Our Lord Jesus clearly set it forth to be—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy mind, with all thy being, with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." St. Paul says that our Lord not only kept the law, but that He magnified it, or showed it to have greater proportions than the Jews ever supposed it had—length and breadth, height and depth beyond the ability of fallen humanity to perform; moreover, the apostle declares that our Lord Jesus made that law honorable. The Jews having tried to keep the Divine law for more than sixteen centuries, had reason to doubt if any one could keep it in a way satisfactory to God. But the fact that Jesus did keep the law perfectly, and that God was satisfied with His keeping of it, made the law honorable—proved that it was not an unreasonable requirement—not beyond the ability of a perfect man.

Jesus showed the spirit or deeper meaning of several of the commandments; for instance, the commandment Thou shalt do no murder, He indi-

cated would be violated by any one's becoming angry and manifesting in any degree an injurious or murderous spirit. (See also 1 John 3:15.) The commandment respecting adultery our Lord declares could be violated by the mind without any overt act—the simple desire to commit adultery if an opportunity offered would be a violation of the spirit of that commandment. It is this magnified conception of the Ten Commandments that the apostle says Christians are better able to appreciate than the Jews, because of having received the begetting of the Holy Spirit. And it is this highest conception of the Divine Law which is fulfilled in us (Christians—footstep followers of Jesus) who are walking through life, not according to the flesh and its desires and promptings, but according to the spirit—the spirit of the Divine law, the spirit which the Father hath sent forth into our hearts—the desire to be like Him who is the fountain of love and purity.

The Spirit of the Sabbath.

And there is another or deeper meaning to the other commandments than was understood by the Jews; so it is also with the Fourth, which enjoins the keeping of the seventh day as a day of rest or Sabbath. The word Sabbath signifies rest, and its deeper or antitypical meaning to the Christian is the *rest of faith.* The Jew, unable to keep the Mosaic law and unable, therefore, to get everlasting life under the law covenant, was exhorted to flee to Christ; and, by becoming dead to the law covenant, by utterly renouncing it, he was privileged to come into membership in Christ—become sharer in the covenant of sacrifice. So doing, he was promised rest from the law and its condemnation, because "to them that are in Christ there is no condemnation"—the merit of Christ covers the shortcomings of all those who are striving to walk in His steps, and the Divine Spirit and Word give them the assurances of Divine favor, which ushers them into peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ—ushers them into *rest.* Thus the apostle declares, "We which believe do enter into (Sabbath) rest."—Hebrews 4:3.

Moreover, the Apostle indicates that although we enter into a rest of faith now, through faith and obedience to Christ, Christians have a still greater rest awaiting them beyond their resurrection, when they shall enter into the rest which is in reservation for those that love the Lord—the rest, the perfection, on the spirit plane, attained, as the Apostle describes, by resurrection—"sown in weakness, raised in power; sown in dishonor, raised in glory; sown an animal body, raised a spirit body."

Fiftieth Day and Fiftieth Year.

Here we are reminded that Israel had two systems of Sabbaths—one of Sabbath days and the other of Sabbath years. The Sabbath days began to count in the spring. It was a multiple of seven. Seven times seven days (forty-nine days) brought them to the Jubilee day, the fiftieth day, which was styled Pentecost. It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the fulfillment of the anti-type of this. Pentecost never had its true meaning until the Lord, as "the first-fruits of them that slept," arose from the dead. Then immediately the seven times seven, plus one, began to count, and on the fiftieth day, the Holy Spirit was shed abroad upon all those "Israelites indeed who, already consecrated, were waiting in the upper room for the antitypical high priest to make satisfaction for their sins and to shed forth upon them the holy spirit, as the evidence of their restoration to divine favor. Immediately they had peace with God. Immediately they *entered* into rest. Immediately they realized that they were children of God, begotten of the holy spirit, that they might in due time become joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, their Lord. And is it not true that all down throughout this gospel age all who followed in the footsteps of Jesus and the disciples,

all who renounce sin, trust in Jesus and fully consecrate their lives to Him, become recipients of the holy spirit and similarly enter into *His* rest? Only those who have entered into this rest and joy of the holy spirit can fully appreciate the matter.

Now let us glance at the year Sabbath. Every seventh year the land had its rest. And seven times seven (forty-nine) brought them up to the fiftieth year or the year of jubilee, in which year all debts were cancelled and each Israelite returned to his own inheritance. It was a year of rest, peace, joy. That jubilee pictures the glorious restitution times of Messiah's kingdom, which, we believe, are nigh, even at the door. When these times shall be ushered in, all the faithful followers of Jesus will have reached the heavenly condition, to be forever with the Lord. Their rest (Sabbath keeping) will have reached its completion, its perfection, and throughout that antitypical jubilee the blessings of Divine favor will be gradually extended to the whole world, that every creature desirous of coming into harmony with God may enter into the rest which God has provided for the poor, groaning creation through the great Redeemer.

The Christian's Sunday Sabbath.

From what we have already seen, it is manifest that God has put no Sabbath obligations upon the Christian—neither for the seventh day nor for any other day of the week. He has, however, provided for them a rest in the Lord, which is typified by the Jewish Sabbath day. Do we ask upon which day we should celebrate this rest? We answer that we should be in this heart attitude of joy, rest, peace in the Lord and in His finished work, every day. So, then, the Christian, instead of having a Sabbath rest day, as the Jew, has rest perpetual—every day. And instead of its being merely a rest for his body, it is better—a rest for his soul, a rest for his entire being. It can be enjoyed wherever he may be, "at home or abroad, on the land or the sea," for "as his days may demand, shall his rest ever be." This is the spiritual antitype to the spiritual Israelite, of the law Sabbath given to the natural Israelites. Whoever quibbles for the day Sabbath of the Jew shows clearly that he has not understood nor appreciated as yet, to the full, at least, the antitypical Sabbath which God has provided for the spiritual Israelite through Christ.

But is there not a compulsion to the Christian to observe one day in the week sacred to the Lord? Yes, we answer; there is an obligation upon him such as there is upon no one else in the world. He is obligated by his covenant to the Lord to keep every day sacred to the Lord. Every day he is to love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his mind, with all his being, with all his strength; every day he is to love his neighbor as himself. And while striving to the best of his ability to conform to this spirit of the Divine law, and while realizing that the blood of Jesus Christ our Redeemer cleanses us from all the imperfections contrary to our intentions—these may rest in the peace and joy of the Lord continually. "We which believe do enter into rest."

There is no day of the week commanded to the spiritual Israelite as respects physical or mental rest—the latter they may have always, and the former may be ordered by human regulations for one day or for another. The Christian is commanded to be subject to the laws that be, in all such matters as are non-essential, not matters of conscience.

The Right Use of Liberty.

Let us remember, however, that our liberty in Christ is the liberty from the weight and condemnation of sin and death. Let us not think specially of a liberty from the Jewish restraints of the seventh day, nor think especially of the fact that no day above another has been commanded upon Christians in the Bible. Let us rather

consider this liberty as of minor consequence and importance as compared with our liberation from the power of sin and death.

If one day or another be set apart by human lawgivers, let us observe their commands. Let us be subject to every ordinance of men. In Christian lands generally the first day of the week is set apart by law. Shall we ignore this law and claim that God has put no such law upon us, and that we should have our liberty to do business, etc.? Nay verily; rather, on the other hand let us rejoice that there is a law which sets apart one day in seven for rest from business, etc. Let us use that day as wisely and as well as we are able for our spiritual upbuilding and for assistance to others. What a blessing we have in this provision! How convenient it makes it for us to assemble ourselves together for worship, praise, the study of the Divine word! And if earthly laws provided more than one Sabbath (rest) day in the week we might well rejoice in that also, for it would afford us that much more opportunity for spiritual refreshment and fellowship.

Nor should our knowledge of the liberty we enjoy in Christ ever be used in such a manner that it might stumble others. Our observance of the Sabbath enjoined by the law of the land should be most complete—to the very letter—that our good be not evil spoken of—that our liberty in Christ and freedom from the Mosaic law be not misunderstood to be a business or pleasure license, but a privilege and opportunity for the worship and service of the Lord, and the building up of the brethren in the most holy faith, "once delivered to the saints."

Who Changed the Sabbath Day?

Often the question is asked, Who changed the Sabbath day to Sunday? The proper answer is that nobody changed it. The seventh day (Saturday) is still as obligatory upon the Jew as it ever was.

The early Christians observed the seventh day for a long time, because it was the law of the land, which gave them a favorable opportunity for meeting for praise, prayer and the study of God's word. In addition, the fact that Jesus arose from the dead on the first day of the week, and that He met with them on that day, led them to meet again and again on the first day, in hope that He would again appear; thus gradually it became a custom for them to meet on that day for Christian fellowship. In this way, so far as we know, both the first day and the seventh day of the week were observed by Christians for quite a time, but neither was understood to be obligatory—a bondage. Both days were privileges. And as many other days of the week as circumstances would permit were used in praising God and building one another up in the most holy faith, just as God's people are doing, or should be doing, in this, our day.

Are we told that a pope once designated that the first day of the week should be observed by Christians as the Christian Sabbath? We answer that this may be so, but that neither popes nor any beings, not even the Apostles, could have right to add to or to take from the word of God. St. Paul particularly warned the church against coming into bondage to the Jewish custom of observing new moons and Sabbaths, as though these were obligations upon Christians. The Son of God has made us free—free indeed. But our freedom from the Law Covenant of Israel enables us the more and the better to observe the very spirit of the Divine law daily, hourly, and to present our bodies living sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God through the merit of our Redeemer.

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An art-made book. Frontispiece in color and seventy-nine illustrations, plates in tint. Royal octavo, 340 pages. Price $5 net; carriage 19 cents. Published by the Century Co., New York.

"The Gringos," by B. M. Bower, author of "Good Indian," "The Uphill Climb," etc.

The author has written again of the West and of ranch life as she knows so intimately and loves so well. The time is the days of '49 in California, and the setting is the ranch of Don Andres Picardo, a Spanish grandee. Here come the two Americans or "gringos," as they are called, Dade and his friend Jack Allen, whom he has just rescued from a disgraceful death at the hands of the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco. They are accepted hospitably by Don Andres and given employment, and naturally both fall victims to the beauty of their host's daughter, Senorita Teresita, to the intense jealousy of another suitor, Don Jose. Here come to the two Gringos, practically alone in a community generally hostile, trials of strength, of courage, of honor. Back of the romance of a maid and her three lovers is a glowing picture of old Spanish ranch life, of the conflict of the proud ranch owners with the United States government for the retention of the land so carelessly bestowed by Spain, a picture of California in the days of '49, a comparison of American character and Spanish temperament. Setting and characters are realistic and dramatic. In every re-

spect—in plot, in atmosphere, in character and in workmanship—this is the best novel to come from this author.

Price, $1.25 net. Profusely illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Golden Rule Dollivers," by Margaret Cameron.

The title came to the Dollivers as a matter of course, and it stuck. Page and Marjorie were two young married people who had saved up money enough to buy a cheap car, and when they had obtained it, decided to have fun, not to speak of doing a little good in the world by helping people on their way. The results were more complicated than if they had planned a series of crimes, though all ended well. The first person they helped was an obviously weary old man whom they overtook, and with great difficulty persuaded into their car. Unfortunately, the man proved to be the enormously rich Galen Corbin, and when Page called upon him the next day with a view to securing an important contract for his firm, Corbin had no other thought than that the automobile incident had been carefully arranged. Page didn't get the contract, and altruism was temporarily damped. But not for long. Once the Dollivers were started upon their benevolent career, there was no stopping them. Other adventures followed, bringing bewildering complications.

The automobile was invaluable in this connection, and so was the golden rule, not to mention a dark, rainy night, which made it easy to lose one's way. The climax came when Page and Marjorie were arrested for aiding the escape of two criminals; but just here altruism began to be justified. It was Galen Corbin who came to the rescue of the two altruists, and through him Page obtained the sort of business opening he had been longing for. The Dollivers are a pair of as jolly young people as one would meet in a summer's reading. A lively sense of humor supports them through their trials, and they never lose faith in human nature. Their story is refreshing and good to read aloud.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The Blossom Shop, a Story of the South," by Isla May Mullins.

An exquisite, simple and appealing story of mother love and sacrifice for a little blind daughter, written in delightful vein, combining humor and pathos. The reader will love little blind Eugene (the child had received the name of her dead father) and will rejoice with the brave young mother, the heroine of the story, when the child's sight is restored. There is a time for rejoicing, too, when a lost will is found, bringing wealth and release from all worries, and the young mother is free to accept the love and protection that in her sorrow she had denied herself. Southern types are amusingly contrasted with those of the North; and the simple language and fine sentiment of the story will charm readers of all ages.

12mo, cloth, illustrated, net $1; postpaid, $1.15. Published by L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass.

"Source Problems on the French Revolution," by Fred Morrow Fling, Professor of History in the University of Nebraska.

To the general reader history probably presents a more interesting and difficult problem than do most other cultured studies. That it may become coherent without being merely the exposition of some one's theory or prejudice; that it may become scientific without developing into a pseudo-science—this is the consummation to be wished. All sorts of approaches to the problem, of course, are possible. One of the very best is typified in the volume under consideration. First, the historical setting of the particular problem, or topic, is given in the form of condensed narrative; then follows a critical biography of the sources; next comes a series of questions involving comparison and choice between conflicting statements and

views. The student learns that nothing like historic certainty can be obtained until no questions remain unanswered. Finally, copious quotations from the sources themselves are given That the student can hardly acquire a true conception of history or a living interest in it without some study of the process by which history is thought and written is a proposition that commends itself to common sense. In history, as in the physical science, one may, in a manner, "learn by doing." Through such a method the student learns, as in no other way, the true nature of the problems history discusses, and ceases to be disappointed and baffled by its inevitable omissions. Professor Fling's book will find manifold uses among teachers and laymen.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Memoirs of the Court of England," by Baronne d'Aulnoy.

In the library of an ancient French chateau, a vaulted stone room in a tower, was found the ancient leather-bound volume, with stained paper, odd characters, and the old French spelling which forms the basis for these memoirs. Other books were used to corroborate the facts. The present volume might well be classed as "intimate history." It still preserves a flavor of quaint seventeenth century idiom.

Published by John Lane Co., The Bodley Head, New York.

"The Opinions of Jerome Coignard," by Anatole France.

Just before the serial publication of one of his books, Mr. France went on a long vacation. "I divided my MMS.," he says, "into separate parts for each day, and saw them arranged in pigeon holes in the newspaper office. Unfortunately the printer took them out in vertical instead of horizontal order." The disconnected gems brought in as many letters of praise as usual, and only one or two protests. The Abbe Coignard is one of Anatole France's best creations, with the brilliancy and wit of his conversations, and the naive reflections elicited from his pupil.

Published by John Lane Co., The Bodley Head, New York.

"The Social Rubaiyat of a Bud," by Mrs. Ambrose Madison.

One of the cleverest society satires that has been written for many moons. The author has a pretty vein of sarcastic humor, which she works skillfully in the measure which Fitzgerald used in his classic version of Omar. Mrs. Willis, who was formerly Miss Maud Bagley, the niece of the well-known pioneer, David Bagley, comes of a long line of distinguished ancestors, both Southern and New England, among whom are Margaret Fuller, Bryant and Harriet Hosmor, so she comes naturally by her talents.

Orchid edition; beautifully printed in delicate purple tint, gold and black throughout, on toned double-leafed duplex paper, and bound in flexible Rhinos boards similarly decorated with uniform end papers. 75 cents net; by mail, 81 cents. Paul Elder & Company, publishers, San Francisco.

"The Jungle Book," Rudyard Kipling.

The publication of an elaborate, illustrated edition of "The Jungle Book" which the Century Company announces, and the same company's issue of "Captains Courageous" in a limp red leather edition, calls attention to the constantly and largely increasing sales of Rudyard Kipling's books. In ten years the yearly sales of "The Jungle Book," "The Second Jungle Book" and "Captains Courageous" have considerably more than doubled. It is stated, on good authority, that Rudyard Kipling's books now sell many more copies every month throughout the year than those of any other living author. The new edition of "The Jungle Book," which is probably more widely read than any other one book by Kipling, will have sixteen full-page illustrations in full color by the well known English artists, Maurice and Edward Detmold.

The Golden Gate, San Francisco Bay. Golden Gate Park lies a few minutes' drive to the south, the two being connected with boulevards.

—*See Page 533.*

View of one of the main driveways, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. From a photograph taken some fifteen years ago, when carriages and bicycles were the fastest vehicles used there. *—See Page 533.*

Lake in the woods, Golden Gate Park.

—*See Page 533.*

Night illumination of the tower on the Union Ferry Depot.

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Balboa and a captain of his guard sighting San Francisco from the deck of a vessel coming through the Golden Gate.

The Portola Festival: San Francisco

By Thornly Hooke

IN SEVERAL ways, Don Gaspar de Portola, Spanish explorer and first Governor of California, made a bigger dent in the future than he realized at the time he discovered San Francisco Bay. San Franciscans regard that discovery to be of such prime importance that they are gradually slipping into the fashion of commemorating the event with a festival which shows every indication of becoming an annual one. The first was given four years ago with the intent to show the rest of the Pacific Coast that San

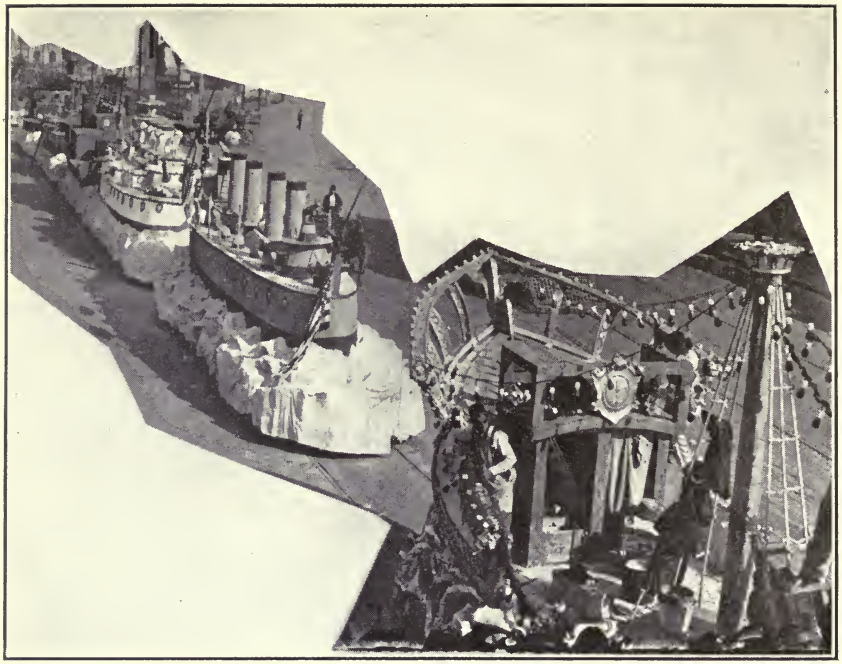
Queen Conchita and Balboa descending from the throne on the royal barge, Union Square, to review the parade.—From a photograph by Pillsburg Picture Company.

Francisco had recovered commercially from the effects of the big fire of April, 1906, and was amply prepared to handle business on a par with the demands of the surrounding territory. The features to attract visitors were the city and shipping decorated in gala attire, gorgeous electrical illuminations, night and day parades, punctuated with historical floats and characters depicting the development of the industries and life on the Pacific Coast, day and night fireworks, the music of many bands in the public squares, a big masquerade ball, public games and contests, and on the final night a pageant winding up with dancing on the main street, accompanied by the music of bands stationed near by. On this last night the carnival spirit ruled, and many of those in the enormous crowd wore dominoes, masks and costumes of various characters. Serpentines twined and confetti showered the air till the streets were blanketed with it. The sidewalks of the main downtown thoroughfares were packed with a slowly moving throng which overflowed into the streets till the clanging lines of electric cars were obliged momentarily to cease headway. In all the apparent confusion and merriment, Revelry held sway, its volatile spirit inspiring the great throng and invading the theatres, cafes, hotels, cars, boats, and wherever people congregated.

The fete was an immense success and the thousands of visitors who joined in it returned to their homes up and down the Pacific Coast, bubbling with enthusiasm over their many delightful adventures. The result was, that when the committee this year decided to repeat the festival in October on a grander scale, it was taken up with enthusiasm by residents of outside towns.

This year being the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Don Vasco Nunez de

Queen Conchita and her retinue approaching the royal barge in Union Square to take part in the day's proceedings.



Some of the Yoats of vessels depicting the evolution of the modern Dreadnaught, night parade. This photograph was taken during the day while the vessels were grouped, and consequently fails to show any of the electric effects, which were one of the features of the night parade.

Balboa, and marking the practical opening of the Panama Canal, the committee decided to make Balboa the prominent and appealing figure in the setting of the pageant. Don Portola was present, a bowing, graceful figure

The group of pages which headed the big day parade

on his prancing, mettlesome steed. The street decorations were more gaily resplendent than on the previous festival, the romantic colors of old Spain, red and yellow, covering the facades of the buildings on the main streets, in banners, pennants and rosettes. On the main thoroughfare and the leading side shopping streets the electric masts along the pavements supported gigantic baskets filled with colored grasses and flowers, presenting a lane of resplendant and lively coloring to spectators thronging those thoroughfares. The effect became a fairyland under the night electric lights. Where the two main thoroughfares of the city crossed, there was an enormous electrolier more than a hundred feet high, of merry-makers below. Off the Union ferry depot the half dozen battleships in the bay were outlined in electric lights, while their moving searchlights shot broad bands of illumination across the city's hills and the sky above them. The vessels about the bay were all in gala attire with dressings of flags.

The setting of the pageants were more elaborate than those of four years ago, and the detail far more finished. The years bring confidence and discernment in these matters. Don Vasco de Balboa, attended by four heralds and eight cavaliers, all accoutered in the attire of the adventurers of Spain of the sixteenth century, came through the Golden Gate in the morning hours

Union Square, where the official ceremonies of Queen Conchita and Don Vasco Nunez de Balboa were held. At the right is the "royal barge" on which stood the throne; on either side of the barge swung two huge gonfalons in red and yellow of Spain. The granite column in the center of the square topped with the figure of Victory was surrounded by a large electric fountain which played in varicolors at night. On the left, spectators' stands, reached the length of the square. Concerts were held here throughout the festival. The decorative motif was in Japanese.—From a photograph by R. J. Waters & Co., San Francisco.

shaped like a bell and composed of thousands of lights which radiated light on the thronging, surging mass aboard a gunboat, and in the early forenoon landed at the Embarcadero amid the cheers of thousands of

A group of "Portola Indians" on the warpath along the parade. Hundreds of these holiday savages on foot and horseback livened the parades with their picturesque attire and antics.

eagerly waiting celebrants. A committee whisked the great explorer and his retinue into autos, and a few minutes later he was leading a procession headed by bands of music to Union Square, in the heart of the city, where preparations were perfect for him to be presented to Queen Conchita, surrounded b ya retinue of ladies and courtiers in waiting, attendants, royal heralds and pages. King Charles himself could not have provided Her Highness with a lovelier or better gowned background.

At one glance, and without a moment's hesitation, the Queen appointed the willing Balboa her consort for the festival, and the cheers of popular acclaim sealed the arrangement. Mayor Rolph closed his warm approval of the visit of Balboa by presenting him with the keys of the city. These ceremonies were held on a specially constructed

The great electric light bell at the junction of the main thoroughfares of the city; showing the dense crowd on the streets and some of the electric light effects at night.—From a photograph by R. J. Waters & Co., San Francisco.

One of the Indian floats escorted by Indians, in the day parade.—From a photograph by the Pillsbury Picture Company.

"royal barge" in the square, and easily viewed by the dense throng. The bands played, daylight fireworks roused the enthusiasm of the vast crowd, and the four days of moving-picture merriment and revelry was started on its reel. A varied and extensive marathon of attractions had been arranged by the committee, almost a surfeit, for the several hundreds of thousands of visitors during the four days' program. It extended from swimming and motor boat races on the bay to all kinds of athletic sports in courts, field and track, with opportunities tucked in to aviate or attend concerts, fireworks day and night, a big social ball, masquerade ball, visits to the battleships lying in the harbor, and to the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds, Golden Gate Park and scores of other attractions.

The two great public spectacles were of course the day and the night parades. Both far surpassed those of four years ago, and by far the biggest crowds of the festival gathered to see them. The day parade was divided into four main divisions, civic, industrial, fraternal and military. Every effort was made to have it glitter with color, spontaneity and life; band music was plentiful and gay. The early industries of California offered abundant and excellent opportunities to set forth in an historical way the picturesque pioneer days of California, both in the Spanish period and the golden mining period. Caballeros, in all their resplendent trappings, on their curvetting horses, led the way of the floats carrying replicas of old Missions. Following them came the prairie schooners, troops of cowboys, and the early prospectors, with their loaded burros. Trailing them were hundreds of whoopings Indians, holiday savage who made no bones about grabbing open-eyed and wondering children from their mothers' skirts along the sidewalks. The pop-eyed captives, however, were invariably returned before they wailed a protest; they scuttled back to their mothers' arms in

great glee at having escaped the wild marauders.

Soldiers and most of the fraternal organizations vitalized the usual routine of parade by series of attractive evolutions and figures, and were roundly applauded all along the line. The day parade lasted over two hours in passing a given point. It countermarched, so that the special features might be re-enjoyed by the great crowd.

The feature of the electrical parade on the last night depicted the evolution of the modern Dreadnaught, from the trireme of the early Greeks. The large vessels were beautifully lighted, manned by crews and officers in appropriate costumes, and those mounting miniature cannon, fired confetti into the lanes of spectators massing the sidewalks, tiers of windows and the roofs of buildings. The floats, borne on trolley car trucks covered with canvas "water," rolled down the center of Market street in the following order: Trireme, viking ship, Chinese junk, Columbus' vessel, Santa Maria, Sir Francis Drake's ship, Portuguese vessel, early English man-of-war, Indian war canoe, old-fashioned side-wheeler, "Savannah," 1842, "Constitution," 1812, "Monitor," 1860, Charleston, Oregon and torpedo boat destroyers. Following them came the float of the Queen of the Pageant.

After the parade was over, the big crowd surged over the streets, and those not too tired give themselves up to enjoying the closing revelries, serpentine and confetti throwing, dancing on the asphalt pavement of the streets to the music of bands stationed several squares apart, and to obeying the prankish notions of the Queen of Revelry. Parties crowded the cafes, hotels and restaurants till many places had to close their doors and admit new patrons only when some of those inside vacated their seats. Revelry ruled unchecked, and melted away only with the morning hours.

SEEKING, I FOUND

Love, I came seeking precious worldly gold,
And prayed that men might see my wealth abound—
You see the poppies blowing on the hill,
The gold I found.

I sought to make a wondrous melody,
Love, I have wasted many a useless year—
You hear the sighing of the summer wind,
The song I hear.

I prayed, my love, oh long I prayed for light
To love the God they taught me years ago—
You cannot see the light, 'tis in your eyes,
The love I know.

DOROTHY GUNNELL.

GOLDEN GATE PARK

The Story of the Initial Development of the Idea: With Illustrations showing Its Extraordinary Improvements of Late Years

FORTY-SEVEN years ago, the site which is now Golden Gate Park was mainly a series of desolate sand dunes, barren of vegetation of any kind, save a small fringe of chaparral and weak soil at the eastern end. It was then known as a part of what were termed, in the municipal parlance of the day, the outside lands. These outside lands had originally been the pueblo lands of the old pueblo of Yerba Buena as it existed in the days of the Spanish and Mexican dominion. These lands were held in trust by the Alcalde for the benefit of subjects and citizens, each of whom had the right, after complying with certain legal requirements, to have a site for a homestead set apart and transferred to him. When the sovereignty over California was ceded to the United States by Mexico, and before the municipality of San Francisco, as created under the Americanized California law, obtained a title from Congress to these lands, they became, it was contended by some, a part of the public domain of the United States, and as such, subject to appropriations, under the pre-emption laws, by all citizens. Much of the area upon which San Francisco now stands was taken up in this way. Still another class of questionable titles were founded upon a claim of succession to the grantees under old Spanish and Mexican grants. Many, if not most, of these claims of title were little better than assertions of what has been designated squatter sovereignty; but it was an era of confusion and self-assertion in which squatter sovereignty was a recognized institution, and, as the community settled down upon a more orderly and methodical basis it was thought advisable in the interests of harmony to partially recognize and compromise with what may be termed the claims of vested rights that had grown out of this squatter sovereignty. At the same time an effort was made to save as much as possible for the city. It was in the course of following out this policy that the municipal authorities, under the leadship of the late Mr. Frank McCoppin, succeeded in getting possession of the lands upon which the Golden Gate Park now stands. In 1864, Mr. Justice Field, in the United States Circuit Court, rendered a decision in favor of the city's claim to four square leagues of land upon the San Francisco peninsula. This decree was approved of by a confirmatory act of Congress passed in 1866. But the squatters, or settlers, as they termed themselves, were still in possession of their lands, and it was an open question whether they would not be able in the end to maintain their titles. The legal battle, indeed, was only begun, not ended. The city had gained little more than a good standing in court and an interminable litigation seemed before it. Besides this, the squatters or settlers, in addition to having a good

legal position, had certain equities which everybody recognized. In this condition of affairs the municipal authorities, with Mr. McCoppin at their head, held a conference with the squatters or settler—among whom were such able and influential men as John B. Felton, Eugene Casserly, Eugene Sullivan, John H. Baird, Eugene Lies, Thomas U. Sweeny, who has since donated to the Park the Observatory on Strawberry Hill, and many others—at which the latter were asked if they would be willing to surrender ten per centum of their holdings to the city, for the purpose of creating a Park, if the city authorities would join with them in procuring State legislation confirming their titles and thus settling for ever the existing dispute.

They all agreed to this. Some of them, indeed, offered to give up an even larger percentage. John B. Felton, who was a large-minded, open-handed man, offered to give twenty-five per centum. Thereupon an ordinance was passed by the Board of Supervisors embodying this agreement and a committee was appointed to appraise the value of all the outside lands, and also to fix a price for that portion required for Park purposes. This committee found that the value of the outside lands was something over twelve millions of dollars, and that the portion to be taken for Park purposes was worth something under thirteen hundred thousand dollars. An assessment of ten and three-fourths per centum was, therefore, sufficient to pay for the Golden Gate Park lands, as well as for the Avenue Park, commonly known as the Panhandle, and Buena Vista Park, which were acquired at the same time, and are now a part of the territory under the immediate jurisdiction of the Park Commissioners. While the ordinance embodying the compromise was before the Supervisors, and while the confirmatory acts were before the Legislature, a fierce opposition to the whole project was maintained.

The Park site being acquired, the Legislature proceeded to pass a bill creating a Park Commission and authorizing the Supervisors to appropriate money for the reclamation of the land. In the forty odd years that have since elapsed that work has been carried forward steadily and energetically. Mr. William Hammond Hall, the eminent engineer, laid out a broad plan of reclamation and designed an appropriate system of roadways for the Commissioners. While, of course, it has been elaborated in detail to an extent and in ways that propably its designer never thought of, the general lines of Mr. Hall's plan have been carried out, and the artistic and enduring nature of the scheme bears testimony to his judgment and taste. At first the Commissioners were a good deal embarrassed for the want of funds commensurate with the extent of the undertaking, for, as Mr. McCoppin said, there was at that time no public sentiment upon the subject of parks, and there was a widespread ignorance among the masses as to the value of public recreation grounds, while, upon the other hand, the Supervisors were always anxious to have the appearance of giving a very economic administration. But as the Park work began to develop into picturesque lawns surrounded by fringes of forest, well-made drives, and walks running through exquisite gardens and charming landscapes, its importance was accorded a growing recognition.

When the work of reclamation was first begun, the Park Commissioners were confronted with one of the most discouraging tasks that men have ever faced. Commencing with the eastern boundary line of the Panhandle and ending at the ocean beach, they had a territory four and a quarter miles long by half a mile wide, and consisting mainly of dry, shifting sand dunes, to improve and make beautiful. The vastness of the undertaking was equaled by the apparently unsurmountable difficulties that had to be overcome. All sorts of devices were tried for the reclamation of the shifting sand dunes. Grain crops were put in, and nearly all varieties of grass

Huntington Falls, Golden Gate Park.

were cultivated, with but little success. Yellow lupin was tried, but did not fully produce the results desired. Finally the sea bent grass was experimented with, and its strong, fibrous roots were found to accomplish the purposes desired. This grass held the sand in place, and under its shelter stronger plants and shrubs were set out and grew up. After four years of effort that which had been a barren waste began to clothe itself in a rough and dingy verdure that inspired the hope of future and more perfect achievements. Subsoiling, tree-planting, flower sowing, shrub setting, road making and water-pipe laying, were soon inaugurated, and in a little time the eastern end of the area up as far as the present Conservatory began to present a most attractive appearance.

Soon after the work of improving the Park had begun to take shape and form, men of means also began to assist the development by creating special features at their own expense. Mr. William Alvord, President of the Bank of California, led the way, in this direction by presenting the lakelet which bears his name at the Haight street entrance, where the daily life of curious species of water fowl have for years past interested children as well as adults. Later on Mr. Alvord headed the syndicate which erected the Conservatory. The material of which the Conservatory was originally constructed was brought to this coast by the late Mr. James Lick for the purpose, it is believed, of erecting a sanitarium at San Jose. Upon Mr. Lick's death, Mr. Alvord saw the opportunity to get material for a Park Conservatory, and he induced a number of others to join him in the project. As a result, the Conservatory was soon built and stocked. In 1880 it was nearly destroyed by fire. After this catastrophe the late Mr. Charles Crocker, one of the famous builders of the Central Pacific Railroad, stepped to the front and restored the structure at a cost to himself of about fourteen thousand dollars.

The creation of the Children's Playground with money left by the late Senator Sharon was another individual contribution to the Park that adds much to its completeness as a place for recreation.

The Huntington Waterfall on Strawberry Hill is, perhaps, the most important gift ever made to the Park. Its importance does not, however, grow out of itself so much as it does out of the improvements to which it has led—the creation of Stow Lake in its present form and of the innumerable scenic effects in the immediate neighborhood. The Huntington Waterfall was built with twenty-five thousand dollars contributed by the late C. P. Huntington at the solicitation of the late W. W. Stow. Strawberry Hill in its present condition, and with its adjoining Japanese tea garden, is one of the most charming bits of park effect to be found in the world. Surrounded by a lake which makes it an elevated island, its sides present delightful bits of scenery no matter what point it is viewed from. While everything is artificial, the visitor would never for a moment suspect that that which so delights his eye is not a creation of Nature in one of her most generous moods. Amid rocks gracefully drooping ferns thrive luxuriously, their delicate green colors forming a picturesque contrast to the darker shades of the pines and acacias with which the hill is covered. By a well-formed driveway that reminds one of some remarkably nice piece of mountain road, as well as by numerous paths leading through delightful grottoes and shady places, the summit is reached. And there is the Observatory. Below lies the Park, its winding drives and walks bordered with noble trees, its forests of pine and other trees, its undulating slopes covered with rich verdure, its lake glistening in the sunlight, and its romantic cascade. On the Park's western side the Pacific Ocean tosses in fretful impatience, while its waves break with a dull and ceaseless roar on the sandy beach. Still farther off, faintly outlined against the horizon, one can, on clear days, catch a glimpse

An island in Stow Lake. Parts of the lake are wired off, and form a natural home for swans, ducks and other waterfowls.

"The Portals of the Past," a relic of the big fire of April, 1906, transferred to a picturesque spot on Lloyd Lake.

The Spreckels Lake, where the miniature yachts are raced.

of the Farallone Islands—twenty-one miles away. To the northwest lies the entrance to the bay of San Francisco, and its famous Golden Gate. Beyond are the lighthouses on Points Bonita and Arena. To the east the quiet households of Sausalito can be seen nestling beneath the shadow of the rugged hills on the Marin shore, while Mount Tamalpais rises in colossal grimness toward the blue sky above. Across the lower bay are seen the towns of Oakland, Berkeley and Alameda standing out in relief from the dark background of hills that rise in gradual undulations until they blend with the towering form of Mount Diablo.

Another gift of great value was that of the Museum, which was erected by Mr. M. H. de Young and his associates in the Midwinter Fair enterprise, as a memorial of the success of their great undertaking. This is one of those improvements which grow with age. It is now one of the principal attractions in the Park. Near the Children's Playground, at the entrance to what is known as Concert Valley, a magnificent statue to the memory of the author of the Star Spangled Banner has been erected by money provided by the late Mr. James Lick. Numerous other works of statuary, personal and allegorical, have been contributed by individuals and associates. Among these are a statue of General Halleck, another of General Grant, and another of the Rev. Thomas Starr King. Further contributions of a like nature are expected from time to time. Some time before his death the late Mr. Geo. W. Childs of the Philadelphia Ledger contributed a Prayer Book Cross, in the Runic style of architecture, which is in commemoration of the first Episcopal prayer offered up on this coast. The prayer was uttered by the chaplain of Sir Francis Drake, when that famous and daring navigator leader landed on the shores of Drake's Bay, June 24, 1579.

Another generous gift that now constitutes one of the principal attractions of Golden Gate Park is that of the new Music Stand in the Musical Concourse. This was contributed by Mr. Claus Spreckels. It is designed in the Italian Renaissance style and executed in Colusa sandstone. In elevation, the new stand presents itself as a central feature, with a frontage of fifty-five feet and a height of seventy feet. This central feature is flanked on each side with Corinthian columns. Extending from these columns on each side are colonnades, fifty-two feet long by fifteen feet wide, each of which supports 16 Ionic columns. Taken as an entirety, the structure is massive and artistic, yet charmingly simple.

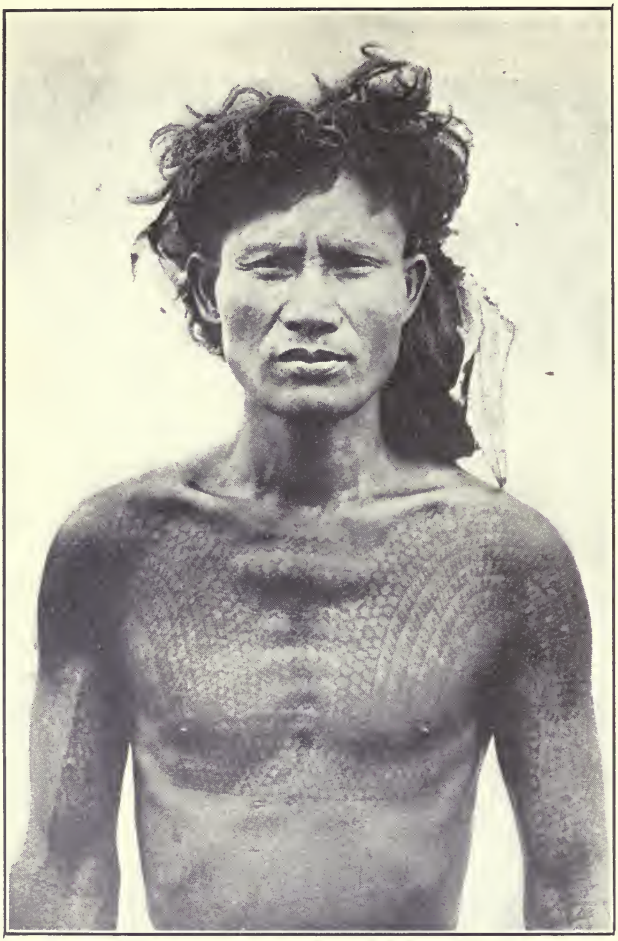
IDENTITY

The day is man's: each in his little sphere
Pursues his phantoms to the rim of night,
Supreme within himself, for God's great light
Blots out the heavens that His nights make clear.
Not till the sun goes out does He appear,
Then in the starry mantle of His might,
Poised on the throne of worlds, from unthought height,
He leans down to the earth and draws it near.

Then in the shadowed stillness all about
I sense Him in the touch of leaf and stone;
His life from every universe above
Comes feeling down and vanquishes my doubt,
And I forget the thing called me: alone
With God, I am an atom of His love.

RALPH BACON.

Temple of Music, where a large crowd always gathers on Sundays and holidays.



Presidente of Tinglayan, showing tatoo.

Among the Head Hunters

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By

Daniel Folkman

With photos taken by the author.

IMAGINE my sitting in state—I might almost say in Igorrote state, for my court is comprised, aside from myself and my two Christiano clerks, of Igorrote officials in their native dress, or rather undress. The two "messengers" of the subprovince have only added to their usual gee-string a short "official" coat. The group of Igorrotes who at most hours of the day fill my little house, do not have any coats, except in the case of some of the presidentes, or town mayors. All have their spears and head-axes with them. I cannot make my messengers wash themselves regularly, and least of all, keep their coats clean. But I suppose they give a homelike air to the Governor's quarters when their fellow citizens call on business.

It is less than two weeks since my arrival at Bontoc, and I am introduced to the bloody business of head-hunting by complaints from two quarters, the towns of Balangao and Daneo.

"Official coat" of presidente.

This Sunday morning there appeared at my office a half a dozen men of strangely wild appearance. They were more truly savages than any I had yet seen in this savage land. They actually had the wild look of hunted animals in their eyes. They had come by forced marches from the town of Balangao, which is at the extreme southeastern point of my sub-province, according to their story, near the joining of the provinces of Lepanto-Bontoc, Isabela and Nueva Vizcaya.

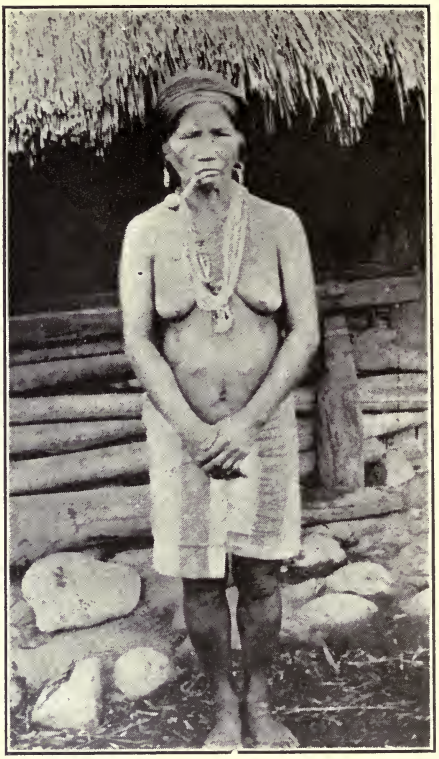
From what my interpreter says, this is the first time that men from Balangao have appeared at Bontoc, at least since the American occupation. They live in the region most dangerous to Americans, for the towns of Barlig and Lias, lying between Bontoc and Balangao in the same valley, are known as our "bad" towns. It was in this valley that a detachment of Spanish soldiers is said to have been nearly annihilated, and it is Barlig which was burnt by a large force of our own native troops in the last fight before my arrival.

One of the Balangao party appears to be a man of importance, perhaps the presidente of the town, as he claims to be, although he has nothing to show for his authority. His name is Olaian. He and Nakisim were the chief witnesses to the fight, and, therefore, signed the warrants which I had sworn out on the basis of their story. They said that the Balangao people were cutting rice when a band of perhaps twenty of their enemies, from the next town of Guines, appeared on the hill above them and challenged them to fight. This is the usual method of beginning a head-hunt, and only a cowardly town would refuse. So the Balangao men left their fields to meet their enemy, although the latter, they say, had ten guns, which they had taken from the Spanish troops. In short, the result of the fight was the

disastrous defeat of the small Balangao party. Four of their men were shot and another killed. The heads of all were taken, and, in some cases, even arms and legs were cut off. Nikisim was a witness and participant in the fight, and the presidente was in the party which recovered the mutilated bodies on the mountain side. The presidente himself lost in this fight a son and two brothers, and the enemy vowed that they would return in three days to renew the attack. Such was their "Merry Christmas" this year.

There seems to be a good deal of chivalry in the plan of attack of one town upon another that reminds me of the Scottish customs of generations ago. It is not a cowardly attack in the dark, nor the ambush of the American Indians. A messenger is often sent to the enemy's town, who enters and presents a spear or head-axe to the chief men, saying: "This is a challenge of my town to fight you." The usual answer is, "All right: we are ready to fight you," for it is seldom that a town will put itself in the cowardly light of r fusing. The challenge is again repeated in the open field by the approaching warriors, perhaps from a hill-top overlooking the town. "Come and fight, if you dare," they shout. Then all the men of the challenged town sally forth in their war equipments. There may be only a series of single combats between champions of the respective sides until a few heads have been secured by one party or the other, when they retire satisfied.

As regards the commission of a crime by one town against another, there is no other recourse than the law of retaliation—of public as well as of private vengeance. In the Igorrote system there is no authority which presides over several towns and can enforce justice among them. The blood feud descends here from generation to generation, as in some portions of our own land and Europe; but the Igorrote who lost his relative in a head-hunt is not so much concerned to expiate the crime by taking a head in the family



Igorrote woman.

of the criminal as he is to take a head from the offending village. If cowardly enough, he will attack a defenseless woman, or a child, working in the fields, and secure a head in this manner to avenge his wrong. Crimes of this sort are so frequent that armed men accompany the women to their work in the fields, especially if they go to some distance from the town. The men go usually merely as an escort, and sit in idleness while the women work. It is the same, also, when a carabao, or buffalo, is stolen by a town. There is no means of bringing the offender to justice except by stealing a carabao from his town in return.

There is really not a town in this province that would not like to go out on a head-hunt if it dared. It is only the presence of the Americans and native soldiers in this corner that has reduced the towns between Bontoc village and the Lepanto border to a com-

parative quiet. Even here, heads are taken not infrequently. Cases have occurred on the main street of Bontoc since the first Americans reached the town. The regular cause is, that every town is enemy to all surrounding towns except the one nearest to it on each trail, and even these are part of the time at war, as seen in the case of Barlig and other towns toward the south. An American cannot take a trip through the sub-province without changing carriers at every town, and even then a large party of armed warriors generally accompanies these carriers for protection.

Every council house in Bontoc, and there are sixteen of them, has one or more human heads stowed away in it. Before the white man settled in their midst, the Igorrotes kept these heads exposed on posts, or around the eaves of the house, as a decoration, a custom which still prevails, I understand, among towns just over the range to the south. In other towns the skulls of carabaos and pigs take the place of human heads as ornaments, long rows of them being fastened up along the sides of houses.

I had a good opportunity to examine the native equipment of these men. The so-called head-axe is as broad as our woodsman's axe, but as light as a hatchet, and has the peculiar prong, or spur, which characterizes head-axes, extending in the opposite direction from its cutting edge. The native name is "aliwa." The name given by the white man is somewhat misleading; for, although this is the axe always used for cutting off the heads of enemies, it is used for all sorts of culinary and domestic purposes as well. The boys very skillfully used their head-axes, for instance, in carving our chicken when preparing it for the pot. I have even seen an Igorrote's hair banged with his head-axe.

The name, "head-basket," is also

Igorrote village.

somewhat sensational, although I believe this is not generally carried except on long head-hunts. They may be used, however, in carrying food, a blanket, tobacco and whatever is necessary on a trip, as well as in bringing back a chance head on the return.

The spear has an iron point, which is, of course, manufactured by them from iron which is brought into their country in commerce, and has a handle about six feet long.

I learned more about the secrets of head-hunting in one day in Mabontoc than I ever learned in the same number of hours before or since. I had remarkably well informed teachers. The famous presidente of Tinglayan was there, and with him was his teniente mayor, and a portion of the time "the old man who makes the law" of Tinglayan. The presidente of Mabontoc himself was wise in the law and the custom of the community, for he was both presidente and destined to succeed "the old man who makes the law." With him were, of course, his wise councillors. One of them was loathesome to look upon because of some permanent disease of the skin which covered his entire body with scales. Even his face was disfigured and hideous, although he always met me with a smile and was most eager to do anything for me that was in his power.

This group of men talked with me hour after hour in the presidente's house, shut out from the disturbing crowd, and replied with the utmost frankness to the questions which I asked about their manner of head-hunting. This is usually a very delicate subject for an American to broach to his Igorrote friends. But the men with me at Mabontoc seemed to have become convinced of my friendliness by my long conversations on Igorrote customs and Igorrote laws and my explanation that the government in America wished to preserve the history of their people in books, and had sent me to learn from their wise men all about it. More than that, I had been honestly able to show a great interest in these matters, one might say an enthusiasm, which seemed to win their hearts. No doubt they thought that I could look upon the rights and wrongs of head-hunting very much from their own point of view. Indeed, later cases showed me that the Igorrote chief of the old schools expects you to look at head-hunting as he does. It has not occurred to him but that it is a necessary method of revenge and of self-protection, and he counts upon you to coincide in his views—perhaps even to take part with him in a head-hunt—as the presidente of Sadanga once proposed to me.

I had already learned that the Igorrotes throughout the sub-province believe that the harvest would not be abundant unless a head is taken before the harvest ripens.

I asked: "Is it necessary for a young man to take a head before he can be married?"

"No," they replied, "a head is not necessary, but a young woman likes it better."

Not only with the girls of the town, but with the men, a young man who has not participated in a successful head-hunt passes as of little account.

There are several motives which have been added during centuries, no doubt, to the original motive of revenge. There is the economic motive just mentioned, the belief that the success of the crops depends upon the head-hunt. There is the desire of the young man to stand in a creditable light in the community, and to win a girl of his choice, who would refuse him unless he had a right to the head-hunter's tattoo. And finally, there is the religious motive, perhaps the most ancient of all, the belief that the spirits, the "anitos," of his slain relatives demand the taking of a head as a sacrifice to them. I have heard the old medicine woman, in a frenzy as of one possessed of the Devil, scream to a patient that her dead relative, giving his name, was angry because there had for this long time been no sacrifice; that he was angry, and that he would plague the sick one with disease

until the people took revenge for him by the capture of a head.

When the law-giver receives a favorable omen from the sacred bird, it is he who sets the head-hunt in motion; and it is the duty of every able-bodied man in the community to join in it. If he is too old to take the difficult position of actual leader in the fight, this is delegated to a younger warrior.

In the Igorrote country, in the eyes of the law as well as morally, the whole town is culpable when an ordinary head-hunt is organized. Every man is accessory to the fact, at least because of his guilty knowledge of it and his participation in the spoils. The head men are the chief criminals, because they organize it if they do not actually cut off the heads, as did the vice-presidentes of Lubwagan and Baso recently.

I want to make this clear as a justification of the policy which officers in the Philippines have sometimes found it necessary to adopt—that of burning a town when the chief criminals could not be captured. If we depended strictly upon the procedure of civilized countries, the result would be that in nearly every case criminals would escape punishment and crime would go unchecked. It is the universal experience in this Igorrote country that when soldiers are sent to make an arrest the entire town decamps for the hills, where they can live indefinitely upon the rice in the mountain store-houses which they have prepared for this emergency. Upon my capture of the vice-presidente of Lubwagan, which was accomplished only by burning the town, Lieutenant Bennett said I had done what could not be done once in a hundred times, and he gave the reason I have just stated.

The tattoo marks are cut into the skin by needle-like points. In fact, the American needles which we bring into this country are put mainly to this use, several of them being set closely together in the end of a stick. Into the designs thus scratched in the skin is rubbed a mixture of soot and water. The wounds fester for a few weeks and then remain of a dark blue, or sometimes of a greenish color.

I got some very interesting and delicate information from these old men about their tattoo marks. They admitted that certain tattoo marks could only be worn by one who had cut off a head himself, or had struck his weapon into the body of the victim before or after the decapitation. These choicest marks, as I have learned from other sources, are intricate designs worn on the breast. The presidente of Tinglayan said that they were made more and more intricate with every head taken. His own breast tattoo was one of the most complex.

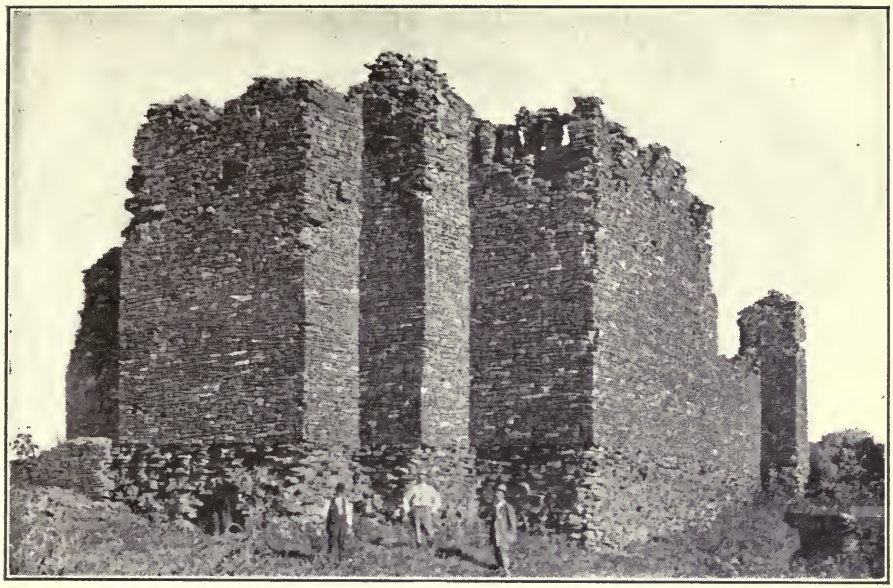
A MOTHER HEART

O patient heart! whose every deed
Exemplified the Mother Creed
  Throughout a life of useful years;
We cannot know your worth untold;
Recording angels only hold
  The triumph of your hopes and fears.

O Mother Heart! what human eyes
Can see the long self-sacrifice
  That crowns the glory of your days!
The attribute which looms above
All other traits of Mother Love,
  Too high a thing for human praise!

GEORGE B. STAFF.

Old fort at Manzano, New Mexico, used as a refuge for Mexicans from marauding Indians. (*Photo by Walton.*)



Ruins of ancient Mission church at La Cuarai, New Mexico. The church was built with flat stones laid in adobe mortar, the walls being of immense thickness, in order to serve as a fortification as well as a church.

Prehistoric Indian Ruins Found

By E' Dana Johnson

TWENTY skeletons of the extinct Te-wa Indian tribe; eleven rooms of a great prehistoric communal house; curious implements, bits of pottery, pieces of partly decayed fabrics, and other relics of a civilization which began hundreds of years ago, have just been unearthed by savants of the American Institute of Archaeology in the mounds which cluster about the venerable, sentinel-like ruin of the Mission church of La Cuarai, seven miles from Mountainair, New Mexico.

La Curai was a populous town of the Te-was, or Tiguas, believed to be ancestors of one branch of the present Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Its remains are near the old Mexican town of Manzano, in the eastern foothills of the densely wooded and lonely Manzano range of mountains, the town and mountain range deriving the name (Apple) from the centuries-old orchard adjoining the town, the oldest orchard in America, still bearing fruit, as it was in 1806, when the first Spanish settlement of which there is authentic record was made here. Nearly 200 years previous, in 1630, Father Pera erected or supervised the erection of the massive mission church-fortress at La Cuarai. How many centuries previous to this the Indians first built their town is largely conjecture; authorities agree that its antiquity is close to 800 years; possibly it is a thousand.

The first systematic excavation work was done in August, 1913, as the field work of the summer session of the School of American Archaeology at Mountainair, and following the acquisition of title from the State by the school to the site of the ruins. The

area will be fenced in and improved and maintained as a State park. The setting is most attractive, with fine water, beautiful big cottonwood trees, cedar and pinon trees and a magnificent vista of rugged mountains, foothills and plains. The discoveries so far made in the ruins have proved immensely interesting to scientists and ambitious plans are being made for further research. The skeletons have chambers. The area of the old Mission church has revealed an extensive ecclesiastical establishment of the early part of the seventeenth century. To the east of the church are the foundation walls of a monastery and adjoining buildings and the foundations of what was probably the mission school. It has been found that the walls and fortifications of the town and Mission are more extensive and

Interior of the ruins of the church at La Cuarai, N. M.

been shipped to the Smithsonian Institute for further study of an extinct type of aboriginal Americans, the mystery of whose origin and fate offers a strong challenge to science.

The excavation so far made shows that La Cuarai was a terraced town of from fifteen to twenty dwellings arranged in quadrangles, with a number of underground "kivas" or council complete than any others so far explored in the southwest. A stone wall of substantial construction encircled the town; inside were inner defenses and still other strong walls were built to protect the Indian workers in the fields from the attacks of hostile tribes. It was in the year 1674 that the Apaches finally drove these peaceful Indians from their homes and left town

Old Mexican town, apple trees and lake. The lake is fed by boiling spring water at Manzano, New Mexico.
(Photo by Walton.)

Old apple trees at Manzano, New Mexico. The trees are several hundred years old, probably the oldest in America. Fruit experts are unable to tell their age. They continue to bear fruit.

and Mission to fall into ruin.

The bodies recovered were taken from a mound about 200 by 133 feet in dimensions, the principal burying ground of the Te-was. It is believed many more bodies will be unearthed by the special expedition.

Little less interesting is the picturesque town of Manzano, with its boiling spring of crystal water, its lake, its apple trees and its picturesque adobes. The apple trees have proved a puzzle to horticultural experts, and it is impossible to more than guess at their age. It is said that eighteen inches of decayed, decaying and ripe apples covered the ground under the trees when first seen by the white man. The trees, although gnarled, knotty and dwarfed, are still bearing a very fair grade of apples, and their tenacity of life is remarkable, what appears to be only a thin ribbon of bark being sufficient to support a tree top full of apples. The apples are small and hard, but quite good to eat.

A round tower locally known as the "Old Fort" is another interesting sight at Manzano. It was used as a place of refuge from the Indians which made raids through this section as late as the seventies, and is in a good state of preservation. The tower's walls are of great thickness, with loopholes for gunfire and a subterranean chamber hollowed out beneath. Nearby is a large stone walled corral into which the stock was driven in time of danger. The present owner of the place, one Filomeno Sanchez, is one of four brothers stolen from a band of Navajos when quite small, and who took the name of his Mexican abductor. His three brothers are still living in the same vicinity.

The work of excavation at La Cuarai has been under the direction of Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, director of the School of American Archaeology, which has its headquarters in the Old Palace at Santa Fe. Those assisting him included Charles F. Lummis, former editor of the "Out West" magazine, and well known as an archaeologist; Dr. Mitchell Carroll, of Washington, D. C.; Dr. L. B. Paton, Hartford, Conn.; Mr. Ralph Linton, of Philadelphia; Dr. B. O. Adams, of Pueblo, Colo., and Miss Dorothea Fischer, of St. Louis, Mo.

PRIVILEGES OF THE COLONEL

By Jane Dalziel Wood

GREAT-GRANDMAMMA, Iah, and I all agree in thinking work a pernicious thing. Great-grandmama is very old and belongs to a luxurious generation; Iah is our black cook, and I do not know whether she owns me, or I own her.

To both Great-grandmamma and me life means amusements, accomplishments, conversation, hospitality and sleep. Great-grandmamma interspersers hers with occasional leisurely acts of charity—but strictly speaking, I doubt if I ever did a deed of benevolence in my life. The things I do to please other people I do to please myself, and as that calls for no self-denial, I suppose I am altogether carnal. I have a sympathetic disposition that makes me interested in everything and everybody. It makes me crazy to be doing things for people and for animals.

But I do not call that work. *Real work* is making your living schoolteaching, typewriting and dancing with beginners. Mine is illustrating magazines. I guess you have seen some of my things. They have been the rage for about two years. It's bad enough to have to make *my* living and Great-grandmamma's and Iah's without being plagued to death by them about it. They see the reasonableness of our having to have dollars and cents to buy bread and butter and chocolate creams, but they have never gotten used to my being the bread winner of the family.

I make, of course, a lot of money with my swirly-windblown things, but then I spend a lot. Like this—my man chum is a struggling architect, and when he looks particularly hungry and anaemic, I weep my eyes out because I can't say, "Worth, here's fifty dollars; for goodness' sake buy yourself food and cocktails," why, then Great-grandmamma begins to age rapidly (of course she might, you know, whether Worth were hungry or not), and then I beg him to befriend us—to stay with us awhile because I am afraid to be in the house alone, with her advancing infirmities—so he comes, bless his dear, guileless old heart, and I hustle to market before breakfast and buy fruit and steaks worth their weight in gold, and sweetbreads and wines and things, and we live like Haroun-al-Raschid till Great-grandmamma's condition improves. Worth looks like a new creature at the end of ten days, and I lie in bed at night and gloat over the power of money.

Worth's awfully good to me. Sometimes after I've been out to the tennis court to play with a girl I like who's got tuberculosis, and has to stop now and then to cough—I think such sorrowful thoughts about her when I get back home that I feel like snatching out to eternity and seizing some of the years of my own life to give her, and then Worth comes along and jests about life and jokes about death until I shrug my shoulders and look at Fate with unflinching eyes. And I can never, never forget what he was to me after the Colonel died. Besides being my godfather, the Colonel was our next door neighbor. My mother died when I was eight hours old, and they tell me the Colonel, trembling with emotion, was sent for to come into the room where death throes immediately followed birth throes. For he was sponsor at the hurried baptism, and he

gathered in his arms the bundle that made up my infant self, and swore by whatever gods there be that he would make me happy. My father had died three months before my birth; Iah and Great-grandmamma brought me up, and when Iah punished or denied me, I used to creep through the gate in the division fence made by the Colonel for the purpose, and go over to him to be comforted and consoled, and when I grew older, why, I practically kept house for him. I knew much better where his '69 Port and best cigars were than he did. Oh, just any time, he'd come through the gate in the division fence, walk stiffly up the back stairs, tap commandingly at the sitting room door, and ask me to come all painty and be-aproned as I was, to pour tea for his guests. Or he might only want me to bring my guitar and sing for him or play a game of cards. He always kept a sitting-room-bed-room, with every conceivable thing I could want for my use, and he stole a lot of my shabby old treasures to put in it to attract me there.

Until my sixteenth birthday the Colonel used to kiss me indiscriminately; then he made a rule that he would never kiss me except on his birthday, and he suggested that I might kiss him on mine. But I reminded the Colonel that I had not been brought up to regard rules with much favor, and would probably go on kissing him whenever it occurred to me, and I did—but the Colonel never allowed himself any privileges.

I always took supper with him on his birthday, and in the evening, after he had talked about my mother and had sung in a quavering voice "The Squire's Song," we tinkled our glasses together and drank a toast to by-gone days. It was after that that the Colonel would stretch out his hand to me across the cozy tea table with a quaint old-fashioned formality, then come round to me and present his yearly kiss upon my forehead. It was a thrilling moment, for he made me feel that I was my mother's proxy, and I was secretly amazed that she had ever been able to refuse him, to resist him!

There was something in the personality of the Colonel that made the atmosphere of his house throb with romance. The candle-lighted sitting-room breathed secrets, and often I have heard tender, rhythmic sounds from the old-fashioned harp in the fireside corner which I dare say was the sigh of some soul that had tussled with a Laocoon Fate beside that very hearth.

It meant a great deal to me to have the Colonel's house to go to, for when Great-grandmamma and Iah teased me to stop working I would just slip through the gate and steal up to my room by the back way, and paint undisturbed.

So that was the way my life went along until the Colonel's sixtieth birthday. He should have been hale and vigorous at that age, but he was an old and broken man, and acknowledging it, he said a man ought to die when he had outlived his courage.

We talked about my mother that evening, and the Colonel, on the threshold of the Verities and Realities, told me how he had loved her—told me without reserve how a man of honor loves a woman with a burning passion, and I—envied my mother. It seemed to me to be worth dying for, to be loved like that.

"It is the most beautiful thing Omnipotence has created, Isabelle," my godfather said, with rebuking gravity, as though he expected me to scoff.

"I know, I know," I shouted, and dropping on my knees by the Colonel I clasped my hands about his thin arm. "Ah, I could love like that!" I gasped, choking with my emotions. The Colonel's eyes shook off their personal reminiscent look and searched mine keenly.

"Isabelle," he said, commandingly, but not unkindly, "when you can love a man like that, marry him, or God help you!"

"Oh!" I cried stormily, choking with regret and resentment, "why wouldn't my mother marry you?"

The Colonel's lip quivered nervously

and the harp in the fireside corner which he accidentally touched with a restless foot, sighed like a broken heart.

"I never asked her—God forgive me!" he whispered.

"Why?" I demanded. "Why?"

"There were reasons enough and good ones, too," he answered drearily. "I was poor and past my first youth. My income was sunk in an annuity that will die with me, and I was ashamed to offer so little to her gorgeous and imperial young womanhood."

"Did she love you?" I demanded, breathlessly.

"Even as I loved her, though I was not aware of it until the day she died. She told me——" the Colonel sobbed a hard, bitter sob for a hopeless sorrow, "she told me (she did not mean to reproach me), she told me if a man makes up his mind not to propose to a woman, he takes the responsibility of shaping her life as well as his own."

"And it is not right," I cried tempestuously, springing to my feet, "and I am ashamed of you, and ashamed of my mother for letting your happiness slip through your fingers. Happiness—why, happiness," I stammered, "is more than a matter of life and death, and as God lives in Heaven, if I see mine for a fraction of a heart beat, I mean to pursue it to the ends of the world and swath it in wool or pack it in ice—whichever is necessary, and bring it home and guard it as though it were the apples of Hesperides!"

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Isabelle," he quoted wearily, and then he closed his eyes, and I gently stroked his straggling hair, but his admonition sent my thoughts whirling into the maze we call life, and I scanned the faces of those I knew, by the flaming torch of knowledge that the Colonel had kindled, and bah! I saw only putty faces, lovers who knew not passion, friends who knew not love.

The Colonel stirred uneasily. "I haven't finished," he said. I stumbled to my feet and brought him his long pipe, and dropped by his side again. Then his eyes lighted a little, and he put his hand fondly on my head, and sang in a tremulous, husky voice "The Squire's Song," but he finished it—ah, I hope he finished it in my mother's ears in Paradise!

I lifted the Colonel's hand from my head and laid it on my knee. I stood beside him for a moment uncomprehending, dazed, mystified—then a kind of hardihood overtook me, and I stepped to the tea-table, and turned down an empty wine glass; then I kissed the Colonel on the forehead, and went home through the gate in the division fence.

Well, after that life seemed like a target with the bull's-eye shot out, and I just pulled down all the shades on the Colonel's side of the house, and lived riotously with Worth. He helped me to bluff things out, and kept me from flinching over the inevitable, and in time I got back to a comfortable, commonplace basis again.

Just before Easter, when our funds were pretty low, and I pitched in as if a skull and cross bones hung over my shoulder, Iah and Great-grandmamma nagged me till I thought they would drive me to drink.

"We've got to live," I expostulated, "and I've got to work, so we can live."

"But you can't live while you work," argued Great-grandmamma, and the paradoxes worse confounded made me giddy, so I took my private keys and went over to the Colonel's deserted house. I crept up the back way to my room, and I painted in a man's face all I had seen in my godfather's face the night he died, and I painted in a woman's face all the emotion that the Colonel's words had aroused in me. I worked until the light failed, and then gathered up the things I had finished to take home with me. The silence grew oppressive in the twilight, and I began to sing: "Drink to me only with thine eyes," it was the Colonel's favorite song, and then, in the house I believed utterly deserted save for myself

—a man's voice, a marvelous tenor, joined me, and sang on and on after my voice had died in terror. But when the last note was gone with its echo, I suddenly caught my breath with a laugh—I knew who the man was—the Colonel's nephew. Why, of course it was Aleck MacCutcheon—hadn't I helped the Colonel to scrimp and save to give him those years in Paris which had developed that wonderful talent he was found to possess? The Colonel had counted a good deal on his coming home a great and famous artist—and marrying me—but he had not been able to manage it—the home coming, I mean—and he had just begun to be celebrated when the Colonel died.

After I made up my mind that it was Aleck MacCutcheon whose voice I heard, I ran down to the sitting room, and the door was open. In the Colonel's chair there sat a man with a steamer rug over his knees, and his right hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and he had a touch of auburn in his hair, and great, great brown eyes, and as I looked, honest, the expression I had just been painting came into them.

"I thought you'd never come," he said, with the most flattering expression of expectant waiting, and I answered with a little laugh; then I blushed when I heard how contented it sounded, and drew up my own particular chair, threw open my rain coat, and said the silliest thing you ever heard of. I said: "Well, here I am!" Wasn't that an absurd thing to say to a man I was seeing for the first time? And then I laughed again, a nervous little laugh, and because I didn't dare risk the intimate contact of our eyes a moment longer, I cried: "What's the penalty of trespassing? You must think me a very meddlesome somebody—Aleck MacCutcheon, don't you?" It seemed good to tease some one in the Colonel's house again.

"Trespassing!" he repeated with a wry grin, "you call it trespassing! I've been sitting here gazing at your close-curtained house for a week, hoping and longing for you to come over. For I know all about you, you see," he gloated gaily, and then turned, oh, ever so slowly, his splendid forehead wrinkling with pain, while he reached with his left hand for the Colonel's diary. Wasn't that a give-away?

"Of course I had the right to read it, and I find by so doing that the Colonel had a lot of rights and privileges not mentioned in his legal papers, and I'd like to know if I inherit them with the house." His eyes danced with a teasing smile.

I ran over in my mind some of the things I used to do for my godfather, intimate and remote, and I wondered how many of them he had seen fit to incorporate in his journal, but I said, bravely: "Why, I'm afraid I don't know much law, but I should say you hadn't a shadow of legal right to them—however," I hastened to add, noting his falling face, "you might acquire some as rewards of good conduct. If you prove nice and neighborly and accommodating, for instance, why, I'll come over some time and make your afternoon tea. I wish I had some now," I added with a shiver, for the room was chilly and the dark had come on in clumsy hiding shadows. "Hadn't we better have the candles?" I went on persistently. "Twilight isn't nice without a fire."

"I," he began helplessly, "I," he faltered nervously, "I am lame—quite lame—I am sorry——"

"Oh!" I cried, "I should have known. The rug over your knees—— How stupid, how stupid!"

I found matches and lighted candles and put them on the table, and I found some splinters and built a roaring fire. And I went to a little cupboard where the Colonel and I kept our tea-things, and there was tea still, and some unopened boxes of wafers and crackers. I chatted gaily as I could on my little errands back and forth, but the man's mirth was forced and sadder than sorrow.

I drew my chair to the tea table and smiled reassuringly through the candle light and poured tea for him in a Dresden china cup.

"One lump or two?" I asked, but he did not hear me, his eyes were hidden in his hand. I put the sugar in the saucer and set it down in front of him. "Drink your tea, neighbor," I coaxed persuasively; "drink it while it's hot."

He came out of his reverie with a singularly sweet and dazzling smile, put both lumps of sugar in his tea, and stirred it clumsily with his left hand; he stirred it until it must have been quite cold, and then he lifted it with shaky hesitation, and it see-sawed for a moment in the air, and fell with a crash of fragile china against his chair.

"Why, I did better than that yesterday," he said in a surprised way.

"You haven't hurt your hand—your right hand?" I blurted out, the artist's dread of such a misfortune keying my voice to an unnatural pitch.

"Well, yes," he admitted. "I was in a railroad accident a few weeks ago, and I am fortunate to have escaped with only a broken leg and a fractured wrist. For a time it was thought that I might lose both—then I would be up against it," he laughed boyishly.

"But you will get well now?" I begged. "Your hand will be quite, quite supple again?"

"If I keep it perfectly still in this cast I am assured that the ligaments will knit—in—time," he answered, with a whimsical, skeptical expression, and I saw in a second that he was comparing his chance with a miner's for whom deliverance comes after he has starved to death in his underground prison.

"Oh, I'm sorry," I cried. "I'm sorry!"

"Then," he smiled, "it's all right—all right!"

We both laughed, and then I asked him in a blundering, stammering, tactless fashion how he managed, asked him who cared for him, who did the cooking.

He laughed in an embarrassed way. "I'm learning to do all those little things for myself," he said. "I'm trying to use my left hand, and I'm really doing pretty well, but the canvasses are a sad muddle," he added with a shake of the head.

Then I saw everything in a flash. He had left his friends after his disabling accident, assuring them of his legacy, and he had come to it a perfect stranger, keeping to himself, hiding from his uncle's friends, and determining to take a last chance with Fate. Probably without means, certainly without help—he was merely keeping soul and body together. I went home in a very sober frame of mind. It is easy enough to rush into impetuous action on your friend's account, but a very different thing to help an utter stranger who happens also to be an artist of no mean repute and the man with whom you have unexpectedly fallen in love.

"When you can love a man like that—marry him—or—God help you!" That was what my godfather had said, and I knew I had spoken the truth when I had bragged I could love as he had loved my mother, and it was very perilously sweet to know the look in the eyes of the Colonel's nephew was meant entirely for me, and not for my dead mother. I sat for a long time and pitied the Colonel because I felt assured that lover as he was, he had never—why he could never care for any one on earth as I cared for his nephew!

Suppose the Colonel had known he was advising me to marry an injured and disabled man! But if the Colonel was the man I took him to be, he would have approved of my marrying the "Headless Hessian" if I could "love him to death," as Iah is so fond of expressing it.

Certainly there was nothing for the Colonel's nephew to do, but to marry some one who would be willing to help him express himself in pen and paint—work, in other words—and work is a pernicious thing. But wouldn't my godfather's nephew (with more reason than his uncle had) wouldn't he be even more likely on account of his disabling accident to seal his lips and forbid them to say what his eyes were telling?

Likely enough, but hadn't I sworn that if ever I saw my happiness for the fraction of a heart beat, I would procure it if I had first to obtain the Medusa's head and grapple with three headed Cerebus? If the Colonel's nephew followed the Colonel's example of silence—*why, she would be a mighty unsuccessful woman who could not tempt a man beyond his resolution!*

So every afternoon after that I slipped away and made tea for the artist, and we had chafing dish suppers, and I was continually finding things in the inner store room, and when he asked me to tell him the secret, I made it purposely too perplexing for the mind of man to understand. It was a fearfully curious thing to wake every morning to the knowledge that a helpless man was sitting waiting for you to come. I would scramble out of bed and peep breathlessly through the shutters to make sure that the house was still there, then I'd work like fury till the afternoon, and about four o'clock I'd begin to get so wretchedly restless that I couldn't keep still, and when I'd spoiled a canvass or two in my impatience to get through, I'd go over and see my neighbor.

He would stretch out his hand to me as soon as he saw me in the open doorway, eagerly, naturally, as a child, and as heedless of consequences. And I exulted in it! I walked with wide open eyes through that breathless, thrilling wonderland! There were no boundaries to my happiness, no limit to his love, but often it made me gasp to keep up with it, and I felt that my small body was not big enough to hold it all.

One afternoon, when I went over on my usual errand, the artist was not in the sitting room to greet me, and though I dawdled around and waited and wondered and listened for the thud of his crutch—I heard nothing. A great fear clutched my heart—perhaps he lay ill—ill and helpless and untended. Why, he might have starvation fever—people do have it. I hurried to his bedroom and I rapped on the door. A feeble invitation reached my ears, and I turned the knob and entered. He lay in bed with his head supported on his hand, and his eyes were riveted on the door. He bore a strong resemblance to his uncle; he had the look of all the race, and it was as though the Colonel told me over again without reserve of his passion for my mother, for the story was as clear as the noon day sun upon his nephew's face, and I wondered if I would hear my own voice shouting out, "Oh, I love like that!" and for an instant I didn't know whether I would or not, and then the front door bell rang. It rang with an ominous clanging, and consternation crept over the sick man's face.

"Let it ring," he counseled feebly; "above all things," he added, striving against weakness with all his will power, "do not open the door!" He fell back exhausted on his pillow, and the bell rang again. "I'm not afraid," I said, and went and answered the ring. "Why, Worth," I cried in amazement, "how did you know I was here?"

"Iah told me. Isabelle, I want to see you."

"Then do come in," I said, leading him into the sitting room.

"Isabelle," he began abruptly, "what is all this I hear about Colonel MacCutcheon's crippled nephew living in this abandoned house, and your frequent visits to him?"

"Why," I said calmly, curling up in my godfather's chair, "it means that I'm going to marry him."

"Going to marry a cripple!" Worth exclaimed incredulously. I felt my face flame with indignation.

"Pray confine your remarks to me. The Colonel's nephew is in the next room, and it is possible that your brutality of speech might wound his feelings, and besides, he doesn't know —I am going—to marry him!" I broke off because else I had broken down.

"Well, of all the——" (but, my goodness, I can't, just can't, convey to you Worth's amazement and incredul-

ity.) "Let's have the truth about this, Isabelle," he managed to say after awhile. "I've known you to give away the hat on your head, the shoes on your feet, and the coat on your back. I've seen you cry like a colicky baby because a woman you knew had lost her lover; and I've known you to grieve yourself sick over the illness of a friend. Now, I must say this: You can get new clothes to replace the ones you give away, and you can buy more food, but if you give yourself away, like that, you have no other resource."

"Why, but don't you see," I said, "I am doubling my resources by combining them with his?"

"Fiddlesticks! If I didn't know you so well, I'd call you a romantic fool!" he said hotly, pausing in front of me and frowning like sixty.

"You do not love this man," he cried hotly after a moment, "you are simply aroused and stirred by his misfortune. Good God! If he needs to be supported, in Heaven's name let's support him—take up a collection, send him to the hospital, communicate with his friends, teach him a trade——"

"Hush!" I cried, springing to my feet, and thoroughly angry. "You shall not speak so about the man I love."

"Love!" Worth repeated, "why it's absurd. A woman like yourself of physical perfection, of great attractiveness, of reputable talent—love a helpless cripple. Why, the man has not enough manhood left to arouse any woman's love."

Then I was angry. I was so angry that I couldn't speak. I got up and leaned against the harp. My fingers accidentally touched the strings, and in the discordant sounds that issued from it, I seemed to hear the first notes of "The Squire's Song," and then I saw the Colonel's face, and his impassioned eyes that age never dimmed and heard him tell about my mother. The remembrance of my groping emotion stirring feebly then inasmuch as it was yet unborn, and the comparison of it with the living thing that experience had now brought forth, drove indignation from me.

The love wherewith I loved the Colonel's nephew was too great a passion to live with hate. I seemed to understand that Worth was clinging selfishly to the tradition of my exclusive friendship and doubtless argued why disturb so pleasant a relationship?

Then I heard the thud of a crutch on the floor of the next room, and the handle of the sitting room door was turned awkwardly, and the Colonel's nephew stood before us with the late afternoon sun making his dark hair auburn, and his thin, emaciated face lighted with a smile of dogged courage, and it made me glad that I had recognized my happiness when I saw it, and very, very glad I had pursued it beyond the borders of conventionality, and had all but brought it home to guard.

We invited Worth to tea with us, and the artist was delightfully cordial, but he would not stay, and I sent word to Great-grandmamma by him that I would not be home to supper. I felt, and I think we all realized that it was a significant message, and after he was gone, I turned to the Colonel's nephew, and his eyes were eloquent with his untold story.

"This is the Colonel's birthday," I said, mendaciously, sitting down to the quivering harp; "let us celebrate in the old way. The Colonel always began by telling me a love story—don't you know one you could tell me?"

"I know one," he said, wistfully, "but it would be a breach of honor to tell it."

"I am sorry," I said, "for I should love to hear it," and then I sang the tender verses of "The Squire's Song," playing my accompaniment on the harp. When the last breath died away, I turned to the table and poured two glasses of wine with a hand that no resolution could keep steady, and taking one up, I offered it to my neighbor.

"We always drank a toast to bygone days," I said; "but life lies be-

fore us. Shall we not drink to the future?"

"There may be no future for me," said my neighbor, in a sad and tremulous voice.

"Oh," I cried, vexed and dismayed, "you won't help me, and I can't keep the Colonel's birthday all alone!"

"Why I will," he said, "only tell me what comes next."

I seized the tongs and gathered the fire together. The glowing coals touching each other, rushed into a tumultuous roar. I looked like a coal myself in my accordian-pleated crimson chiffon, with its round neck and elbow sleeves ruffled and frilled and furbelowed from the crown of my head to the red rosettes on my red slippers, and all in an instant I said tumultuously: "Once a year—on his birthday —your uncle—used to—kiss me—on my forehead!"

"Once a year!" shouted the Colonel's nephew, in a voice that reminded me of flame licking up alcohol, and my heart fell in an elevator shaft at the rate of a million miles a minute. "On your forehead!" jeered my neighbor, stiffling my throat and bruising my eyes and mouth with his lips, "God! my uncle was a fool!"

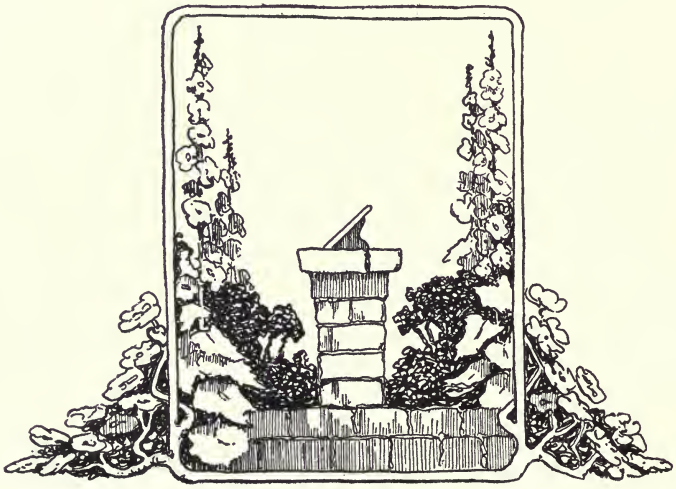
A CHRISTMAS SILHOUETTE

Upstretch bare boughs to reach black—bending skies—
Who knows what hope in frozen branches lies?
Like hands with fingers gaunt lift topmost stem—
A prayer in silhouette seems moving them.

Cold, still and silent seems the winter night—
No breath save icy kiss in hoarfrost light.
Numbs down the blacken'd trunks a shiv'ring sigh
To stir the gnarled roots that dormant lie?

Nature so old her time and season waits—
Her trees are sentinels outside the gates.

ELIZABETH REYNOLDS.



KRUMRINE

By K. S.

THE LETTER reached me in London—and a bulky letter it was. It began unceremoniously, and after I had read a page or two, it dawned upon me that the writer was Richard Krumrine—a musician—with whom I had but the slightest acquaintance. I had crossed from Antwerp in the same steamer with him some ten years before, and I recalled that I had with me my aunt, Mrs. Manning, and her daughter, Betty—and I also remembered that I had been somewhat concerned over Betty's little shipboard flirtation with Krumrine.

Krumrine had more than a national reputation as a musician. Indeed, he was one of the few who always received personal invitations from Frau Wagner to the Beyreuth festivals.

In appearance he was what Betty called "most interesting." Evidently he had been a handsome youth, but he now bore the unmistakable signs of dissipation and fast living. When he chose, he had very passable manners, and could be extremely agreeable. He was very obliging about playing for us at Betty's request, and luckily the piano on board was new and of good make. Betty said he could play like an angel. However that may be, I do know that there did not seem to be an emotion he could not express on the piano.

Now, when I was a youngster, I used to pick out "Onward, Christian Soldier," with one finger, and the patience of Job. I confess that classical music bores me beyond endurance, and that I like a good, stirring march, with enough noise in it to let you know it is being played.

With Krumrine's music I never thought whether it was classical or ragtime. More than once I was so powerfully stirred by it that afterwards I wanted no companionship but that of my cigar, and the moonlight on the windward side of the ship, with whitecaps breaking away to meet a cloudless sky.

After parting with Krumrine at the dock I met him upon but one other occasion. I was in Philadelphia on business about five years after that, and ran across him in Broad street station. I remember he looked rather seedy and run down. I asked him to dine with me, and after dinner he talked about his affairs at some length.

"How you used to worry about that little cousin of yours," he said. "She married Beresford Jordan two years ago, did she not?"

"Yes; but I am surprised that you have kept track of us," I answered.

"Why, my only interests in life have been chance ones," he said. "I shall end it some day. Some day when I get to the end, I shall pass out. Why not?"

Now, when one's dinner guest talks in this way of suicide, it is rather disconcerting, so I chose to treat the matter as a jest, and I said:

"What route do you propose to take? Gun, rope, dagger, river, railway, horseless carriage, etc. In these days of laborless labor, not even suicide is neglected. But all told, although much might be said for any one of these, poison is, on the whole, most dignified."

"I am not jesting," he answered, with a queer smile. "Why, I ask you, when I have exhausted my resources,

may I not make a decent exit? I have no tie on earth. No one is interested in me one way or the other. Of course, you will say this is my own fault. But there have been circumstances——"

I became at once interested.

"No," he said, with a shake of his hand, "not now, but some day later. "If," he hesitated, "perhaps if when I was young I had married a clever girl, like your cousin Betty, for instance. But it was too late—always too late."

I parted from him after dinner, and I never saw him again, and in fact forgot his very existence.

My object in printing the letter is two-fold. The letter itself is impossible of belief—and yet, at what point shall we say that possibility ceases? If he was sincere, and honest, I would like to let the world know the truth, if this be the truth. If, as seems most likely the case, he was not honest, and the letter was a hoax—then it will but add to his fame as a most original and cheerful prevaricator, and add another curious case of Providence helping those who help themselves, in that he was given a chance to die a glorious death at last, and be praised as a hero.

"Do you remember our talk in Philadelphia five years ago," began the letter. "Well, I have got to the end of my line. I shall go by the prussic acid route as cleanest and most dignified, and as suggested by you. I shall be dead long before this reaches you, for it will have to follow you to Europe and perhaps back.

"When we crossed together several years ago we had a number of 'talks' —and I remember you are one of the few people to whom I ever gave any confidence. Perhaps you have forgotten. Perhaps it did not interest you. My memory does not go back to the time when I could not play the piano. As a child I was considered a mild prodigy. I suppose a man about to end a bad bargain and take himself off may praise himself so far in his effort. But although in time I came to play with considerable skill and technique, I had no music in my soul. I hated music and everything connected with it—the piano, the organ, the practice, and at times even my good mother. We were poor—we had nothing but unbounded courage and my one talent. I shudder when I remember how she slaved to cultivate that talent, and with what result."

Here there was a break in the letter, for the writer had evidently stopped, and after that the big scrawling characters were harder to read than before.

"There was no use struggling. There was but one thing I could do—and that was to play the piano. It was my treadmill, not perhaps hard to run, but a treadmill nevertheless. In some wonderful way, by the drudgery of keeping boarders, by heaven knows what means, my mother managed to give me the best teachers in New York. After awhile I was able to earn money myself by playing at entertainments, and later by teaching. Then by our combined efforts I went abroad and studied there with good masters. I made a certain amount of progress, and I composed acceptably, but what I did was mere mechanism, an nobody realized this more than myself. At last I came to the end of my money, and knew that I must return to America. I came back by way of England and spent some time visiting places of interest—particularly the Cathedral towns.

"One day I found myself in X——. Here there is a famous cathedral with a wonderful organ. Happening in at the twilight hour, I sat down and watched the people come to evensong. Suddenly the tones of the mighty organ pealed forth. I am not gifted of words and I cannot perhaps make you understand, but I entered the cathedral with no music in my soul, no love of music in my heart, and I came out after the service bathed in music, suffocating with the love of it. I was uplifted, ennobled. It was as if some king had touched me with the sword and said, 'Arise, Sir Knight?' Where before I had cursed my fate, I

felt a sorrow, an anguish at my own blindness, and an eagerness to struggle and succeed."

Here there was another break in the letter.

"I felt that I must see the man who had thus created my soul anew, and into my heart there crept a kind of idolatry, and I enshrined him as an image to worship.

"But when I tried to make his acquaintance, I was told that he was very peculiar and that he positively refused to meet strangers, particularly musicians, and even more particularly Americans. After several vain attempts, I gave up all hope of meeting him regularly, and tried to content myself with the thought that I might meet him accidentally. Day after day I went to the cathedral, and each day I grew more and more under the spell of the player.

"Coming out of the cathedral one day I met some tourists, an old gentleman and his daughter. They, too, were Americans, and we were soon talking of the cathedral and the music. The daughter had been able to get a snapshot of the organist as he was going into the cathedral one day, and she promised, if it turned out well, to send me a copy.

"Between us, we found out a good many things about Bertrand, for that was his name. One thing we were told that he was dreadfully dissipated, and had a trick of suddenly going away and not turning up for a long time. His father, who was the son of the good old Bishop, had been a gay and dashing officer in Her Majesty's service, and while on Indian duty had married the unacknowledged daughter of an English officer and a woman of half caste. Bertrand was born in India, and, in the Anglo-Indian fashion, had been sent home to England to be cared for and educated. His parents he never saw again, for they died soon after of a fever.

"Bertrand was raised in the best environment, with everything to encourage him in right living, but he grew up cultivating only the worst traits of his mother's blood and having naught of good in him but the wonderful gift of music. He was worthless and dissolute, without cause except desire.

"Every day found me at the Cathedral, worshipping the magic of his music, and nights I could not sleep with the thought that I must soon tear myself away to catch the Southampton steamer. One day there was a strange hand at the organ, and I knew that Bertrand had gone, and the chances were that he would be long away. So I, too, went away, sadly and yet bettered, and with a love for this man, a boundless love that could forgive him everything because he had created for me a new world and taught me to live.

"A few months after my return to New York I received his picture from my chance acquaintance. To me it was a wonderful thing. I had some good copies made of it. One hung where the morning sun came in and shone on it, and I looked upon it when I awoke. I studied his face. It fascinated one. Wherever I turned, the eyes followed me, sorrowful, mystical Italian eyes, always appealing and pitiful. His features clear and striking became engraved on my inmost soul. I loved him. I had a feeling that sometime I must meet him and know him. I thought of him always with a sigh as a god beyond my ken of criticism.

"I succeeded pretty well in my modest career. I made plenty of money; I was sincere and earnest, and best of all, I loved my work.

"The third summer after my return, a man who at that time was a great friend of mine, invited me to accompany him on an extensive journey through the Far West. We visited some wild places, places where the theft of a horse is as great a crime as the taking of human life. My friend was an old rancher, and we fared very well indeed.

"Late one afternoon we were riding leisurely across a level plain away

from the setting sun, toward the village where we were to pass the night. In the distance we saw some trees that grew up tall and lonely in this treeless land. As we came nearer, there was outlined against the sky and lit by the red rays of the setting sun the awful, shapeless something that had once been a man. As I write, the dreadful, nameless feeling comes over me, and I see again the figure hanging high, and I hear the horrible birds that were beginning to circle round."

Another break in the letter and the tale went on:

"We did not stop, but rode silently on. Arriving at the village, we heard that a certain cowboy, a newcomer, had shot one of his fellows. The thing had been done in a fit of drunken rage, and there had been no provocation. Before the body of his victim was cold, the murderer himself was hanging from the nearest trees.

"After supper we went out on the porch to smoke our pipes and listen to the talk of the loungers about the hotel. Suddenly the name Bertrand caught my ear, and my heart almost stopped beating. To be brief, I found that the man who had been lynched was Bertrand.

"No words can picture my feelings, and I will not weary you with the details of how I went out and paid liberally to have his body interred. I had not much trouble in proving his identity and obtaining some papers which he left at the place where he had been staying in the town. Then I wrote to his grandfather at X——, merely saying that Bertrand had died.

"I came back to New York, and worked harder than ever, trying in vain to rid my mind of all thought of Bertrand and his untimely end. I even put his pictures out of sight, for they recalled too keenly the unhappy circumstances of his death. The next year I went abroad, and at the request of the Bishop, I visited him at X——.

"The very afternoon of my arrival I went over to the cathedral to evensong, and lingered, lost in thought, long after everybody else had gone. In my heart there was a hungry yearning for the strains of the organ under the master's hand.

"More than likely you will consider what I am about to tell you merely the raving of an insane man about to take his own life. Be it so. But I was not then as I am now, a helpless wreck. Then I was thirty, young, vigorous, full of ideals and of good habits. Health lends no imaginative uneveness to the character.

"As I sat there musing and marveling that a talent so divine should have been wasted on such an unhealthy body as Bertrand's, I became suddenly conscious of a faint harmony, as of music far off. Nearer and nearer yet it seemed to come, softly, sadly and then more loudly, and all at once I realized that the organ was being played. I caught my breath, overcome with awe, for I recognized the touch of Bertrand!

"Presently the notes of the organ were awakened to their full beauty. There were notes sadder than the sound of the earth I heard fall on my mother's coffin. Sometimes as solemn as the thundering of Niagara; sometimes as majestic and terrifying as a storm at sea. And then there was laughter, folly, twittering birds, joy, passion, despair, singing, weeping, all following pellmell, and then, good God! the silence, the mighty silence of his far-off grave.

"Do you wonder that I, into whose soul this master had first sent the passion of music, I who loved him living and adored him dead, do you wonder that I sprang to my feet and cried with sobs: 'O Sublime Genius! To be dead! To have this buried! To possess no body! God! If I could but give you *my* body!'"

Another break in the letter.

"It sounds very theatrical, melodramatic and far-fetched, very unreal and unnatural, does it not? I do not remember what happened after that—very likely I went to the palace and behaved properly.

"The next day I went to the organ and touched the wonderful keys. I

played as never before, but it was not my music, it was the music of Bertrand. I tell you frankly, and with the honesty of a man who already feels the shadows of Death closing around him, I have played his music ever since. Whatever of success I have achieved has been his. But I have paid—I have paid most dearly for it.

"Again I feel the want of words to carry the truth to you. And yet the thing is so plain to me. I know that after that day in X—— I was never quite the same. I left off doing the things that I had before enjoyed doing —my tastes took strange fancies, and wandering ways, ways that up to that time were utterly foreign to me.

"At first I did not heed, I did not know, because I lived in a state of excitement and exultation. I played and won fame, and was much sought after. If I drank too much of a night, perhaps I paid for it by being done up the next day and thought the score settled. With the terrible rush of a tornado bad habits enveloped me, and when I realized what I was, what I must become —I was lost.

"As a bolt from the blue, so suddenly did I realize that by a cruel fate, with Bertrand's music he had given me his vices. This I believe—I believe as firmly as I believe in my mother. I do not know how it was done—but done it was, swiftly and surely. In some mysterious way, by means superhuman, by some occult power inherited perhaps from his mother, or some remote Indian ancestor, Bertrand brought his wandering soul to live in my body. He came with his wonderful music, but also with his dissolute consciousness.

"With the certainty of this once fixed in my mind, a black unreasoning hatred entered my heart and drove out the love I had before borne him, a hatred so fearful that it has sometimes extended to all men and women, and I have spared none, neither man nor woman, and where there was evil to be done I have done it as cheerfully as even Bertrand himself could wish.

"Long, long ago I destroyed his pictures, but still see his face, always and ever with the wide, dark eyes, the eyes that at first were piteous and then afterward pitiless.

"I hate him! I hate him so much that I am glad that he was lynched, and I hope that he suffered in dying! So much do I hate him that I could at this instant end his life with my own hands!

"And I have begged of him! But he was ever without pity and without mercy! You, who do not believe in evil spirits, will not believe how I have honestly struggled t rid myself of this haunting soul. At first I called up all my will power and I struggled— God! how hard I tried. And I investigated all sorts of things, theosophy, the occult sciences, spiritualism, everything. I tried in turn every sort of religion. I would have worshipped at the feet of any god or goddess who would have freed me from my bonds. The world holds nothing I have not tried, for fortune was with me in everything else, and money was easily acquired. This went on for years. Sometimes I have been myself for days, weeks, and how I have tried to keep straight—straight—for I knew the end. And then, just when I would begin to take heart, this sleeping devil would awake, and the struggle would be renewed, and I went down each time—down to ruin.

"Then I gave up. Of late I have come to believe the simple thing of reward and punishment is the best after all. It is some comfort to me to think that the sins I have committed against the world's standard and religion's standard, too, have been his sins and not mine. I know I shall have to answer in some way—every man knows it, whatever he may say to the contrary. But I feel that, all said and done, there will be some sort of an intercession for me if I make an end to this life when I can stand no more of it.

"I have been a scoffer for long—a public scoffer. I do not know of anything that I have spared, but if it were

permitted me to die happily, of a fever or accident, or in any honest way, I tell you that I would gladly and honestly forgive Bertrand for the hell I have been enduring here, just to quit the world and escape him. I do not want heaven beyond this. I want to be just free and quiet and forgotten.

"It sometimes seems to me a little odd that so many really good, professing Christian people take so much precaution to keep off death, and yet a poor, miserable sinner like myself only takes his own life because a welcome and ordinary death is denied him. Of course I am a coward. I acknowledge it. I cannot face the world any longer. What about my soul? I know I have one. What about people who have mismanaged with their souls? Surely there is something in mine worth saving, just as there was something in Bertrand's. What about these scraps of souls? Perhaps we may be given another chance; not that I want another chance —but it does seem that these good pieces of souls ought to be used. Whatever my punishment, it cannot be worse than my life here.

"You think that probably I am just over a spree and repentent? It is true, and to-morrow I should very likely be drunk again, except that I have decided that to-morrow I shall die. Yesterday I was dismissed from my place as organist in the Jewish synagogue. This was my last regular employment. I can no longer make money because I am such a wreck that nobody will risk engaging me. So to-morrow is the day, and I am not sorry.

"You have probably wondered why I have told you all this. I have wondered a little myself—stay, I will be honest. I tell you because I want you sometime to tell your Cousin Betty —she judged well when she told me that I was a man whose acquaintance she did not care to continue. She told me this the morning we landed—do you remember we all got up at three o'clock to see the Fire Island light? She was right. I was not in love with her then, and am not now—but I want her to know the truth, and perhaps she may think more kindly of me.

"I know the verdict of the world, for the world, though it be of poor understanding, acts up to its lights. To it I shall be merely a man who went to his ruin with his eyes open and willfully. You perhaps may partly understand and believe, and one other —may pity. Alive I loathed pity, but about to die—it seems sweet. Perhaps if I——"

The letter ended abruptly, and there was just the name and the date.

* * * *

By the next mail I had a letter from Betty.

"The queerest thing happened last Wednesday," she went on, after the usual beginning. "I am still so upset that I can hardly write about it. About eleven o'clock I got a telephone message from Bellevue Hospital that a man named Richard Krumrine had been injured, and was in a dying condition, and that he had asked to have me sent for. I was amazed, for I had not seen him since the morning we landed years ago, when he came over from Antwerp with us. But of course I rushed to the hospital. It seems that the day before as Krumrine was walking down Broadway a little crippled newsboy got in the way of a heavy truck. Krumrine sprang forward and snatched the boy back, but was himself run over and fatally injured. He seemed very glad to see me, and talked in the most satisfied and happy way about approaching death. After such a life he had led I should have thought he would have been afraid to die. But the most perfect and exemplary Christian could have been more expectant. Poor fellow, he hadn't a soul in the world to come to see him. His people were all dead, and you know, Philip, he was a man of such bad habits that he no longer had any friends. He gave me a letter to mail to you directly I left the hospital. Then he asked me to write and tell you about the accident, and he begged me not to come to the funeral. Now I have been dreadfully puzzled by it all. I staid

with him till nearly four o'clock, and when I left he seemed quite cheerful, but they said he died in half an hour. He was buried yesterday, and I sent a quantity of flowers and some in your name. He belonged to a number of lodges, and one of them undertook the arrangements, and he was buried at Greenwood by his mother. What a terrible thing to die with no one to say farewell, or be sorry! I wonder why people like that have to die? I do not mean people of dissolute habits, but people so gifted. It seems to me it ought to be possible to bequeath a talent as one can money or lands. Life is very puzzling. Do you know I have been thinking about this poor Krumrine so much the past week that at times I imagine I hear him playing far off. I wish you would let me read the letter he wrote you."

I did let her read it. She gave it back to me without comment, and his name has never been mentioned between us.

Once when I had some money I did not know what to do with, I had a marker put up at his grave, and last year I happened to remember the anniversary of his death, and I took some flowers over. To my surprise I found that some one had been there before me, for on both Krumrine's grave, and that of his mother there were great bunches of purple and golden-hearted pansies.

As I was coming away, I saw on the grass a tiny, flimsy conceit, a woman's handkerchief. Picking it up, I deciphered the monogram—E. M. J. Betty's initials! Then I understood about the flowers, and understanding, I wondered still.

WHEN DADDY COMES

When the evening shadows lengthen and come creeping 'cross the town,
When the street lamps blink so gayly through the dark,
Then the wee ones cease their playing and I throw my sewing down,
And we gather 'round the window that faces on the Park.

There's no fairy tale so luring, no toy that's half so sweet
As this enchanting game we play each night,
When we sit and watch for Daddy to come smiling down the street—
If the day's been hard his coming makes it right.

And he puts his arms around me, murmuring just one fond word "Dear,"
Strange emotions flood my heart and fill my brain,
Then a baby voice says softly, pleading: "Daddy, *we* is here!"
And he draws us all close to his heart again.

Oh, some have wealth beyond my dreams, and some have Fame and Power,
And pleasure, too, helps some along their way,
But there isn't anything on earth for which I'd change the hour
When Daddy comes home to us at the closing of the day.

ALICE HATHAWAY CUNNINGHAM.

HARDIGAN'S QUARRY

By Harold de Polo

HARDIGAN urged his stubborn mule onward with cuts of his rawhide quirt, his weakened arm putting such little power behind the blows that the hardy, tough skinned animal barely felt the sting of them. Yet the man on his back, stricken with Campeche bush fever though he was, kept doggedly at his purpose, and did his best to make the beast travel along the narrow, sparsely trodden trail through the Mexican jungle. Occasionally an overhanging vine or a low branch would impede the mule's progress, and the man, with a determination and a strength that were wonderful for one in his condition, would take his machete from the scabbard, dismount, and hack and hack at the thing that stopped him until he had cut it away. Then, his head whirling and his breath coming in short gasps from the exertion, he would get clumsily and slowly onto his mount's back and again make his way forward, hoping with all that was in him that he might be able to reach his destination before he entirely gave out.

There was but one thought in his mind. He must go onward, for about ten or fifteen miles, until he reached the little village that was a good seventy-five miles from any camp, where he knew for a certainty he would find his quarry. For five years, now, he had been hunting that same quarry: a young bank clerk, John Marvin, who had left the country after having spent some two thousand dollars of the bank's money. And Hardigan, known in the Secret Service as the man who never missed his man, had been detailed to bring him back, dead or alive—for he who steals from a bank or government will be hunted to death.

Hardigan's quarry had had a week's start on him, that day five years ago, when he had taken the steamer for the country where ninety out of a hundred refugees from the law always go—South America. Then, for three long, hard years the officer of the Secret Service had followed John Marvin over the whole of South America, pushing doggedly on and on, yet always, for some strange reason, missing his man by a week, a day, and just twice by not more than a few minutes. But then, two years ago, the trail had suddenly come to an abrupt halt in Guatemala, after he had followed him into Central America, and since that time Hardigan had been persistently doing his best to again pick it up.

Finally, only a brief month ago, he had met an American from Mexico who, upon being questioned, remembered hearing of a man answering Marvin's description as he was passing through the Campeche bush. And so it was that Hardigan had purchased the best mule procurable, and ridden over the border into Campeche, where he had, almost immediately, found out that what his chance acquaintance had said was true: an American answering Marvin's description, but going under the name of Daniels, was living in a little native village whose people made their living from selling rubber to any one who passed by. So he was told at a large American lumber camp; and, upon being told, had ridden for the village that they had said was some seventy-five miles into the heart of the bush.

But last night, after having spent two days cutting through the jungle, he had suddenly been gripped by the bush fever that is such an enemy to foreigners, although his iron constitution had kept him from falling from his saddle where others might have collapsed, making him push on and on for the little village that was comparatively close to him. But could he reach it—could he reach it? . . . It was all he thought of now, especially as the singing buzz in his heated brain and the weakness that was every moment creeping over him more and more made him realize, in a dazed sort of way, that every second that passed lessened his chances of his gaining his destination. And should he once entirely lose consciousness, he knew that the chances for his very life were few indeed; for who would find him in this desolate and unfrequented spot! . . . Again, with all his strength, he lashed his animal on and on, his teeth clicked tight and his jaw thrust out as he vowed to himself that he would yet win out!

Every moment, now, the fever got a deadlier grip on him and made his head go light, although he did not quite realize to what an extent. The thick, majestic greenness of the almost impenetrable bush seemed to be closing in on him and crushing out his very life; the great, hot ball of sun, sending such heat into the stagnant woods that the air was a hundred and fifteen, made him feel that some fiend was trying to burn him alive; the gorgeous, strikingly colored tropical flowers, abundant on all sides, appeared to him to be but wreaths spread over his coffin; and the warbling of innumerable birds and the occasionally chattering of playing monkeys, impressed him, now, as the chant of unearthly beings who were heralding his entrance into another world—for Hardigan was quite delirious.

Then, very suddenly, and for but a brief moment, life seemed to come to him, through a dim haze, in the form of a man—a white man—running hastily toward him with a startled cry on his lips, as he felt himself pitch over onto his mule's neck. As the stranger reached him just in time to keep him from falling from the saddle, Hardigan caught one clear glance at the face that told him that the man before him was the one for whom he had been hunting for the last five years. Then he knew no more.

* * * *

For six dreary weeks Hardigan lingered on between life and death, almost every wakeful moment spent in delirious ravings; but, during several brief, clear hours that came to him at intervals, he saw bending over him, with an anxious face, the man whom he had come to take back to "God's country" and imprisonment. Also, there was a sweet-faced, soft-eyed girl whom he remembered seeing by the man's side, helping him administer quinine and to bathe his burning forehead. And always there was a gentle, compassionate look upon her face that somehow soothed him and brought sleep to his fevered brain.

Then, finally, the day came when his delirium left him and he woke up one morning with a perfectly clear head but a very much weakened body —so weak that he had to be helped to sit up in his cot as he leaned back, propped up against pillows.

Dazedly, he looked about him, noticing that the woman was not present. Then he became aware, for the first time, of the presence of the man who had helped him to a sitting posture, and who had nursed him all those weeks.

"Feel better, eh?" commented his host, with a smile. "Well, you surely did have a hard pull of it. Thought you were going under several times. I'll tell you that you're in luck in having such a strong constitution; also, you're lucky that I happened to be hunting that day so far away from home."

The voice was pleasant, yet there was a certain dull, hopeless sort of tone to it that made Hardigan wonder. Before answering his host's words he looked the man carefully over. He

was young—not more than twenty-eight—and the beard that covered his face did not hide the features that told the Secret Service man that they were the same as those in the photograph that was so firmly stamped upon his brain. Yes; here was his man. He looked like a nice, clean young chap, too, even though his face was dead white and haggard from the weeks he had put in nursing the man who was to take away his freedom. The drawn face before him hurt Hardigan as he thought that it had been made so because of him, even though his quarry had not known whom he was befriending. It seemed, indeed, hard to take a man to jail who had just brought him back to life. But he put these thoughts away and thought only of his duty.

"Yes," he said, speaking for the first time. "I guess I did have a pretty hard pull of it. But, thanks to you, I'm still alive. I—thanks!" The Secret Service man spoke simply, but yet with the utmost sincerity and feeling. He could not, somehow, bring himself to converse freely with this man whom he would arrest just the moment he was able to get onto his feet. It seemed unfair to appear too friendly.

"Oh, that's all right," said the other. "But—but I guess my wife did more than I did. *She* was the one!"

"Your—*wife?*" emitted Hardigan, his voice surprised; for this would make it harder.

"Yes. My wife!" answered his quarry, a tinge of red suddenly spotting either cheek-bone.

"Oh!" said Hardigan, and that was all.

The other man, apparently, did not know him. The very heavy beard he had worn for over a year had no doubt changed his face so much that Marvin, who had seen him clearly but two or three times, had failed to recognize him. That was fortunate—very fortunate. He wondered, in fact, what his quarry would have done had he known who the man was that he was nursing so faithfully and bringing back from the very grave. He wondered! . . . . Anyway, Marvin had saved him—saved the man who would shortly take him back to jail. It was indeed hard for him to do it. There was some comfort, though, in knowing that he had befriended him without knowing his identity. Yes; it made his task the least bit easier—for Hardigan was a grateful man. He put these thoughts from him, though, and started to speak of other things; but the other told him that he had conversed enough, and must get more quiet rest, as he was still very weak. And again the Secret Service man felt a pang as he saw the care that Marvin was taking of him.

In nine days more, Hardigan was again on his feet, the only thing telling of his illness being the slight stoop to his usually straight body and the pallor on his usually ruddy cheeks. But during those nine days he had heard and seen much that troubled him greatly. He had learned that Marvin—or Daniels, as he called himself—was looked upon by the Mexicans as almost a god. He had married one of their kind; he had treated them fairly and honestly; he had helped them in times of trouble and sickness; he was always doing some kind act for them; and he was, in fact, living a happy, honest life that any man might be proud to live.

To take him away from all this was hard after what he had done for him—to take him back to disgrace and prison. Especially so, of course, after his quarry had spent nights and days, without sleep, in nursing him and giving him back the life that had practically been lost. Also, it would be a hard blow to his wife—that slim, soft-eyed girl who had done just as much as her husband had in bringing him back to health. Yes; it would be hard. But his duty, though, came before all else.

There was just one thing that made his task easier, he again told himself: Marvin had not known, apparently, whom he was bringing back to life!

Yes, he must do his duty. So the

day after he was well, as he was sitting in the hut that Marvin had had fixed up for him, he casually took out his revolver and allowed it to dangle in his hands. Suddenly he looked the other straight in the eyes, his own face at the same time going a deep red. He spoke in a low voice.

"I'm sorry. John Marvin, I—you're my prisoner! I'm Hardigan of the Secret Service!" and he raised his weapon.

Then Hardigan, trapper of men, was vastly surprised. Marvin simply looked vacantly into space, his hands locked over one knee, his face set, with not a tremor going through him. Presently he relaxed from his rigid position, sighed heavily, and smiled a bitter, dreary smile. He spoke in a dull, dead voice.

"Oh, well, I supposed it had to come sooner or later—I supposed so. I—I've had a hard time of it. Those three years of jumping over South and Central America were pretty bad. I tell you it takes it out of a man; keeps him on the jump so that every time he hears a footstep he reaches for his gun. Always nervous, always on edge, always afraid of every stranger he sees. Yes, I tell you it makes a wreck out of a man. I—God, I thought I'd escaped it once and for all when I landed in this place. I've kept away from my own kind, and I've lived a quiet, decent life—I have. Yet I was always wondering if I'd ever be found out. I—I'm tired of it, that's all. I'll go back now, I suppose, and put ten good years of my life in jail for being a fool when I was younger. God!" He paused, and again looked at the floor in his hopeless manner.

Hardigan could find nothing to say. He sat toying with his gun, thinking what his quarry had done for him.

Marvin continued, his voice bitter: "Lord, what a fool I was to do it. Oh, no—I haven't even the excuse of a starving mother or a dying child, such as you read about in the papers. I was simply a young, brainless cub who found it impossible to have so much money near him without occasionally taking some of it. Oh, you know—more or less wealthy friends and not much money to keep up with them. Took the two thousand or so in driblets, always believing that I'd be able to put it back. Then, when I found out they'd learned about it, I left. That's all. But what a fool I was, eh? Lord, how I've suffered for it since and wished I'd never done it. What I wish now, is that I'd taken my medicine at first, so that I wouldn't have to leave—leave *her,* now that I'm so—so happy and all that!"

Again Hardigan found it impossible to speak. He gulped silently. Real pity was in his heart for this man who had lived a good life since his mistake, and who had done much to make up for his offense.

Presently Marvin rose. His face was almost like a death-mask. "I—I guess I'll go and say good-bye to—to her, if you don't mind, I——"

He stopped and clenched his hand. "God, I hate to do it. I—I almost thought for a moment, of backing out and taking my chances again. I—I could get every man here to help me, you know. I—— No, no! I'm tired of always having the fear of the hunted with me—dead tired. I—— Do you mind coming over to my own cabin with me?"

Hardigan shook his head in assent, his heart too full to answer. This man whom he was taking back to jail, and who had saved him from death, had not once rebuked him for what he was about to do. And Hardigan, in his big, grateful heart, felt this deeply.

Marvin had suddenly turned, and was looking him straight in the face. Finally he spoke, his face haggard and a peculiar, whimsical smile playing about his lips. "Do—do you know," he said slowly, "I—I almost wish, now, that when I found out who you were I'd let you go off naturally? Even—even though it would have been a horrible thing! But—but I tell you it's hard to leave *her,* man!" He stated the fact without anger and without bitterness.

Hardigan, firm and strong-nerved,

stepped back as if he had been struck full in the face. "You—you—you *what?*" he gasped. "You—you don't mean to say you knew who I was when you were bringing me back to life?"

Again the other smiled his whimsical smile. "One speaks of many things when delirious, you know," he said.

"My God!" said Hardigan, and looked at his quarry with widening eyes. Then suddenly he cried out in a hard voice: "Why—why in the devil did you do it, man? Lord, but it's hard—it's hard!"

Marvin's voice was still the same dead, hopeless one. "Oh, I couldn't see a white man—any man, for that matter—go under when I might save him. I simply couldn't! And—and I've told you that I was tired of the strain of wondering—always wondering—when you or some one else would come. "I——" He stopped and shook his head quickly, trying to brush away these thoughts. "But come on, if you don't mind, and let me say good-bye to my wife!"

Hardigan was thinking rapidly, his brain throbbing painfully. "Does she know?" he asked.

"Yes; she found out when you talked in your delirium. I've taught her a little English. I—I told her all about my life—at first, too. I—we've both talked it over. She—she thinks the best thing I can do, hard as it will be, is to go back and take my punishment. Then she says I can come back a free man with nothing to fear any more. Oh, yes, we've thought it all out! But come on! It—poor girl. She—she loves me a great deal. We—we've been happy! Oh, by the way don't let the natives know about it. They might use force to keep me here. I'll just say I'm going to see you on your way a bit!"

Hardigan did not move. He stood as if rooted to the spot, his legs spread apart, his arms folded, his head sunken on his breast, while with one hand he plucked and plucked at his heavy beard with fingers that shook nervously. For five minutes—a long five minutes—neither of them spoke. Marvin stood looking out of the door at the sunshine and green that he was to leave, a wistful expression in his eyes; Hardigan stayed where he was, ever pulling at his beard with a heavy frown on his forehead. Very suddenly he brought down his hands, clenched into fists, and walked close to the quarry for whom he had been searching for five years.

"Marvin," he said, his voice full. "I'm damned if I'll take you back to jail. You may have gone wrong five years ago; but I miss my guess if you haven't made up for it." He smiled agreeably. "Anyway, you've saved a man who is supposed to be worth something to the Service. And a man who will bring another man back to life when he knows that it will be his own damnation, is a man that I won't practically kill. The—the bank be hanged. Your wife needs you a blamed sight more than they do. I honestly believe that you've righted the wrong that you did—before God I do! I—I couldn't find you, that's all, and my word will be taken as final, and you'll never be troubled. I think it's a white and justifiable lie I'm telling, too! I—I'll never forget what you did for me— never. I—— But say, better get my mule, if you don't mind. I think I'll be jogging along!"

DON CIPRIANO

By Charles C. Lofquest

GRIMWOOD and I were dropping down to Santa Lazaro to barter for pelts with the Teheulches. We planned to spend no more than two or three hours in the settlement, which is merely a few miserable shacks looking abjectly out upon the blue river that hurries by it to the sea. It would take that long to engage peones for the hundred-league trek to the Indian camp. But a terrific sand-storm was blowing across the bleak pampa when our steamer's launch landed us. This drove us precipitately to the shelter of Alejandro's drinking shop, the only inn of the town.

Inside the Argentine's boliche a gang of gauchos, shag, dirty men, were shrieking over their cards and wine. Two gauchos in rawhide jackboots were clogging on the stone floor as we entered, and the others applauded noisily. A mingling stench of stale liquor, sweaty clothing and frying food filled the vile place.

To me, new to Patagonia, it was all very vivid and strange. I stared about the place with frank curiosity. But my glance was arrested with a shock as my eyes fell upon an ugly hairy man who was squeezing a weird melody out of a leaky concertina. Something about this man riveted attention. As we took a table somewhat apart from the crowd, the music stopped, and the gauchos screamed to the musician. Looking up, I saw that he was lurching to his feet.

He mounted a chair, frantically waving a hairy hand. His toothless mouth yawned open when he tried to speak. This failing, he thumped with a wicker-bound bottle upon a table. All that was human had vanished from his shrunken, sun-seared face. It was covered with an unclean beard. His clothing, mostly of skins, hung in shreds about him. He shivered with a senile trembling, and his eyes rolled wildly.

"One hundred thousand hectares of land I desire!" he was bawling. "For a Dutch corporacion——"

"There's a fine estancia, Don Cipriano, in the Rio Coile valley!" hiccoughed a reeling gaucho.

Grimwood straightened suddenly, turning to Alejandro, who was pouring our wine.

"Santa Maria, is he still alive!" he exclaimed.

"Bien esta, senor," purred Alejandro. "The Don Cipriano he come by Santa Lazaro last night, and he lose mind how he was here only last week."

"Yes, he forgets—that's the mercy of it."

This from Grimwood, in an aside to me, being overheard by Alejandro, clearly puzzled the Argentine. He regarded us suspiciously, twisting his cat-whiskers.

Presently there was a commotion in the place. The ragged man jumped from his chair and flung open the door, plunging out into the whirling storm, mocking his tormentors with a piercing laugh. Before the door was shut, however, I got a glimpse of his sinister face, which I shall never forget, so poignant was its terror, so pathetic its very repulsiveness.

"Why don't they stop him?" I shouted over the din to Grimwood. "He may come to harm in weather like this. Who is he—what is he?"

After we had eaten our stew, Grim-

wood, a grizzled veteran of the pampa, told me this story:

Don Cipriano has been as you just saw him for a dozen years, the butt for the drollery of every sheep-herder from the sea to the Cordillera. Once his check was honored by the bankers in Buenos Aires and Rio, even in far-away Spain. But this the gauchos don't know. Anyhow, what does it matter how much people bowed and scraped to him, or who he was? He doesn't remember—and none of us ever knew.

All that the gauchos do know is that for many years he has been riding a blind horse over the lonely pampa. Sometimes he's in the Territorio del Chubut, sometimes in the Territorio del Santa Cruz; but no matter where he comes the gauchos know he will not remember he was ever in the settlement before, or has told the absurd tale of the Dutch syndicate. Because for some foolish reason, so think these thick-skulled Latins, he always pretends to be the agent of a group of Dutch capitalists who want a hundred thousand hectares of land for a sheep ranch.

It was up in Santa Cruz more than fifteen years ago that I first met Cipriano. I was managing a store for a Gallegos company. In those days, settlers were coming down to look at land along the Salado, the Chico and the Santa Cruz Rivers, and, occasionally, there was soft money to be picked up by guiding parties out into the new country. The land then was as wild as when God made it. You could hoof it over dusty travesties, crouching under the sliding sky, down one gray canadon after another; climb gashed rocks; struggle through dry gullies where swift rivers once flowed; and push on to the cold lakes and big forests at the feet of the Cordillera without meeting a white man in all your journey. Only along the coast were a few starving settlements, hundreds of miles apart, and isolated sheep farms in the green patches along the rivers. But to get back to Cipriano:

One afternoon I was sitting in my Santa Cruz shop, gazing through the mosquito-bar, when a rider came clattering across the plaza. In that first kinetoscopic glimpse, I was able only to note how splendidly he sat his horse, and the big, star-roweled spurs on his fancy jack-boots. He pulled up in front of the store and strode in, whisking the sand off himself, and all the time boring me with his powerful black eyes. He kept scrutinizing me as coolly as you please. But I sat perfectly still and gave him glare for glare. I saw that his poncho was of fine material and his jacket richly braided, and that his face was Latin in every line, lean as a hatchet, with a hooked nose and luxuriant beard.

"Am I correct, senor, is this the town of Santa Cruz?" he asked, finally.

"It is," I replied. "But sit down; you must be tired after riding——"

"Stop!" he interrupted. "You already ask who I am; where I am from; what I do in Santa Cruz—is it not so!"

As he spoke, his fingers were nervously rolling a cigarette, which he adjusted in a gold-tipped holder and lighted fastidiously.

"You shall know, senor," he exclaimed excitedly. "I am Don Cipriano from the northern Argentine province of Corrienties. Cipriano who? That does not matter. It is sufficient that I tell you I represent a corporacion of Dutchmen which desires one hundred thousand hectares for sheep."

"Suit yourself," I said. "I'm a common American, and don't want to poke my nose in any man's affairs."

"Perhaps, then, you know one Senor Grimwood?"

"I'm Grimwood," I smiled. "What can I do for you?"

He leaned across the table and seized my arm, looking into my face intently. I wondered why on earth he should be so excited.

"I have been informed you guide parties," he answered.

"Yes, if they pay enough."

"Just so! That is why I am in

Santa Cruz. I desire you to show me to the Rio Coile country, sabe? Perhaps, there I may find the land I seek. Tell me, is there good pasture?"

Perceiving that I had a stranger to guide who would undoubtedly pay well, I described the Coile country as glowingly as I could. He seemed anxious also to know if I had taken anyone out into that country—and who—and when—and where.

"I've only taken out two people there—a man and his wife," I said. "But there's really little to tell about them."

"Go on, Senor Grimwood."

I can hear the velvety persuasion of his "Go on, Senor Grimwood" across all these years, and see him as he sat there, keen-eyed and alert. And so I told him about those two—the clumsy gaucho and his pretty wife—although I felt certain I would only bore this Argentine patrician.

"How long since they left here?" he asked.

"It's a year or so ago," I replied. "They had had passage from Buenos Aires in a transport. There hadn't been a white woman in the settlement for two years, so we all scurried to the beach when it got noised about that a woman was coming ashore. It was about the biggest thrill Santa Cruz had had since the Sarmiento exploded and went down in the bay. Why, they even laid bets on her looks. But she was wrapped in a big shawl, so we couldn't decide bets right off whether she was better looking than the Indian wife of the superintendent of the Catuja Ranch."

"Ah. but was she better looking than the estanciero's wife—and how did she act?" Cipriano's tone was light and casual, betraying but a polite interest.

"Senor, she was beautiful!" I exclaimed. "But she cried a good deal, which wasn't strange, considering what a wild land the poor creature had come to. It was easy to see she wasn't used to the vast spaces of the pampa. They stayed a week in Santa Cruz while the husband bought horses, cattle and sheep, and lumber and supplies for his settler's home. I suggested the country along the Coile River, and he hired me to take him there."

"And they are there now?" asked Cipriano.

"Yes; they put up a little house close to the river and many hundred miles from any human being. Once in a great while he comes to Santa Cruz or Santa Stefano with sheep or for supplies. I am sure if your company starts a ranch near them you'll have excellent neighbors."

"We shall see, Senor Grimwood," smiled Cipriano blandly. "But come, let us go over the details of the trip."

I soon discovered that my price made no difference with this man from the north. The Dutch corporacion had plenty of money, he declared, and wished to try out merino sheep in Patagonia. As it was a good three-weeks' ride out there, I calculated on a couple of peones for the rougher work. Everything suited Cipriano except the peones. He wouldn't hear of hiring any one to go with us, and as he footed the bills, we went without the peones.

On a chilly morning three days after Don Cipriano rode into town, we turned our backs on Santa Cruz and started our long ride. We had numerous talks before all the arrangements for departure were completed, but his attitude toward me was unmistakably that of the wealthy Argentine toward his servant. This did not worry me, because I was to receive a big sum, and I felt certain when we got out alone in the desolation of the pampa he would be only too glad for my companionship. We halted twice a day, at noon and again at sundown, when camp for the night was pitched, and had soon left all civilization far behind.

We had been out four or five days before Cipriano actually began to grate on my nerves. When you are alone with a man in a country like we were in, even if you happen to be his guide, you naturally expect him to

warm up to you. I guess it's the call of man to man. But Cipriano did not relax in the least, the barrier of reserve was down hard and tight. Perhaps I should have suspected that something was wrong, but I actually did not until one night when we had been out about two weeks. A voice aroused me after I had fallen asleep. I crawled hastily out of my sleeping bag, wondering if a wolf was prowling about the camp.

I found Cipriano seated by the dying embers of the fire. His lean face, touched up by the embers' light, had an almost satanic expression, and his bulging eyes were fixed upon a dagger which he held in his hands. With bated breath, I watched him turn the knife and chuckle over something which seemed to give him great delight. He was mumbling to himself in Spanish, and all at once he laughed a hard, dry laugh that sent the shivers down my back.

"Don Cipriano," I called sharply, "why aren't you asleep?"

My voice struck him like a sudden blow from behind.

"Thank God, it is only you—you, Senor Grimwood!" he gasped. Then remembering my question: "Caramba! Rather ask why these last three nights I have not slept forty winks!"

"The Dutchmen would be worried if they knew you do not sleep," I remarked.

"Bah, for the Dutchmen!" he exclaimed. "What have I to do with Dutchmen?"

I cannot tell you how strange Cipriano made me feel. It seemed to me that I was speaking with a person yet asleep.

"Are you not forgetting that hundred thousand hectares?" I ventured.

He turned his haggard face, staring at me intently, and shivering in the night wind. Then he laughed that same hard laugh.

"You think I look for land?" he questioned.

"What am I to believe, Senor?" I asked him.

"No, you hardly believe so, do you? What I have ridden out here for with you, Senor Grimwood, is what is to the broken-hearted man sweetest—revenge! I have been looking for a man who has robbed me of my sun, moon and stars—my all!"

"And your claim about looking for land is a falsehood?" I cried.

"Why should I look for land?" he groaned, gazing into the darkness about me. "Already I have too much land. Up in Corrientes I own sixteen thousand hectares and twenty thousand sheep; in Buenos Aires I have money and houses; in Spain a pretty place; on my ranch one hundred men break my bread. But what are all these to the priceless pearl of heaven that I have lost?"

While the stars paled and the East began to flush with the rose and orange of dawn, I sat before the dead ashes of our fire and listened to Cipriano pour out his bitter story; somehow unable to shake off the uncanny feeling that he was not aware what he was telling me. Two years before he had been married to Mariana, the daughter of Don Esteban, his neighbor. She was twenty years his junior. The marriage had been, like such affairs so often are, among the Latins, a matter of contracts. Don Esteban, no doubt with a crafty eye to his rich neighbor's vast ranch, had arranged everything.

"Mother of God, could I know how it would end!" exclaimed Cipriano. "Mariana said nothing. 'Daughter, you will be the senora of our excellent neighbor, Don Cipriano,' her father said to her. 'Father, as you say, so shall it be,' she answered. And we were married, and I was happy in the sunshine of her love until this other, who was eating my bread, whispered his false lust to my bride."

"Who was this man?" I asked, as Cipriano sat silent.

"A mere sheepherder," he said. "He worked on my place. His name is Rodrigo."

"Rodrigo!" I echoed, jumping to my feet. In an instant the whole mystery was clear to me. "That was the name

of the fellow I took down here into the Coile country. I remember now that he called his wife Mariana. So he is the man!"

"The very man," nodded Cipriano. "And now do you sabe why I desired you to guide me to him? Yes, it was Rodrigo the Stupid. I never saw them together except once when he had stopped her horse which ran away. Mariana said that he had saved her life. I thanked him and gave him a bag of gold for his courage, when I should have stabbed him to the heart. Four weeks later I went to Buenos Aires, and kissed Mariana before I left. Buenos Dios, it was for the last time! When I returned I found, not the pearl of heaven, but only a letter telling me that she loved another—Rodrigo—and that they had gone where I would never find them."

"If you find them, what then?" I asked.

"I shall kill him as he deserves," cried Cipriano. "She will come back to sunny Corrientes, and I will forgive her everything."

Thus, man-like, Don Cipriano proposed to readjust his life again, and the slaying of Rodrigo and the recovery of Mariana had become his one object in living. After his passion had calmed, he told me how he had discovered that the guilty pair had gone to Patagonia. From the day he read his wife's letter he became a wanderer, seeking the consummation of his dream. The idea that Mariana wanted to return had become his fixed belief. Finally, in Buenos Aires, he learned that they had taken passage in a transport bound for the Patagonian coast towns. All that then remained was to find out at which settlement they had disembarked, not a difficult matter in so new a land as this. He had visited Bahia Blancha, Patagones, Puerto Madryn, Capa Rosa, Camerones and Puerto Deseado, always watchful and vigilant for the slightest clue. Apparently no one at his ranch in Corientes knew where he had gone. Riding down from Deseado he had put up at the Catuja estancia one night, and there had been told of the pair I had taken out into the Coile country.

"You seem sure, senor, that you will accomplish your vengeance," I remarked, after he had finished.

"As sure as I am that there is a good God in Heaven!"

"Why not leave Rodrigo to Him, then?"

"No, no, Senor Grimwood, he dissented. "I would sacrifice even Heaven to punish Rodrigo. I shall kill him like you would a poisonous snake."

"But suppose I refuse to go further on this mission of revenge? I do not feel like becoming an accessory to the murder of Rodrigo."

"I can proceed without you," he answered haughtily, "thanks to the information for which I have paid you. To-day we shall remain in camp, and I shall catch the sleep I have lost. While I sleep, if you desire to leave me, of course I cannot stop you—but you will remain."

Strange as it may seem, I did not leave. Some subtle fascination held me. Perhaps I satisfied my conscience with the reflection that if I remained I might prevent the ruthless murder of Rodrigo. For six days we rode on across the scrubby pampa, and as often as we struck camp, Cipriano told me what he intended to do to Rodrigo. It was so easy! Only a quick knife-thrust or two, and the wrong would be avenged, according to all the codes of Castilian honor.

"Suppose, Senor, that Mariana is unwilling to go back?" I asked him one night.

But Don Cipriano could not conceive this.

"Ah, this infatuation for the stupid Rodrigo, believe me, can only have been a short-lived passion. Imagine the woman, gay and young, accustomed to the vivid beauties of Corrienties, to her marble, rose-trellised patio and the smells of a hundred kinds of flowers, to art, music, books, silks, attendants, a young woman with the best strain of old Castile in her veins, who

would care to live in a squalid hut out in the vast isolation of the pampa. Impossible! You shall see; she will fly to my arms, and they will welcome the bruised child—will restore her spirit!"

"Nevertheless, you may be mistaken," I persisted.

Don Cipriano sprang to his feet, his lips trembling with emotion.

"If it proves as you say, senor, then I shall go mad!"

The following night we reached the Coile River and camped in a rock-strewn gulch. One march more, and we would be at Rodrigo's ranch. There was an ugly wind that night which threatened to become a downright pampero. I laid awake most of the night, listening to the roar of the wind and wondering what the morrow would bring forth. The next morning the sand-storm struck us, but Cipriano, knowing he was not far from his goal, insisted upon proceeding. At noon, the pampero moderated, but we made no stop, riding stolidly on into the teeth of the weather. Cipriano kept searching the horizon with his glass.

"Santa Maria! At last!" he cried, lowering his telescope and reining in his horse for me to join him. A fiend's smile spread over his wind-blown face as he pointed out a tiny speck of a house far across the level pampa.

Without waiting for my comment, Cipriano put the spurs into his horse, and we dashed off at top speed. But we had to pull back abruptly at the steep scarp of a gully which we had been unable to see because of the grass until we were right at its bank. Down in the shelter of the gully huddled a poncho-clad figure. A pony stood sogoaed nearby, and a few sheep were bleating, frightened at our sudden appearance at the top of the bank. As we rode down, I saw that it was a woman and that she had a lamb in her lap to which she was giving some attention. At the sound of our horses' feet she turned her sun-browned face. Immediately my heart leaped wildly. It was the woman I had taken out into the Coile country!

"Mariana!" yelled Cipriano, standing straight in his stirrups.

I halted my horse and watched the woman closely. She gazed for a second or two at Cipriano, terror written on her face. The wounded lamb in her lap bleated weakly. Then the woman uttered a piercing scream and fell in a swoon.

We jumped from our horses and Cipriano forced some brandy into Mariana's mouth. Beads of perspiration ran down his face as he worked over her. The sight of Cipriano, her husband, must have been a dreadful shock to her nerves. I observed how much she was changed. Her hands were big and toil-worn; her face, although still pretty, was baked a deep brown from exposure; and her clothing was rough and old.

"Mother of Heaven, can this be Mariana!" gasped Cipriano, stepping back as she moved.

She opened her eyes at the sound of his voice, raising herself slowly. Neither spoke until she ventured to look furtively at him over her arm. Then she seemed to think some explanation of her presence there necessary.

"Rodrigo has broken his leg!" she muttered, "so I had to fetch these sheep that took shelter here from the storm."

She lowered her arm, and finally gave her head a toss, but her lips quivered, and she began to cry like a frightened child.

"Why did you come here, Cipriano?" she sobbed.

Don Cipriano broke into one of his unpleasant laughs, his eyes hardening.

"Does not your heart tell you?" he asked. "What should I come for except to kill the dog who stole you from me, and to take you away from the pampa—back where my pearl shall soon forget this nightmare."

"You mean to kill Rodrigo!" she screamed hysterically.

"Has he not come between me and all that I prize?" snapped Cipriano.

Her weeping became more convulsive. Several times she was on the

point of speaking, but could not. At last she raised a tear-stained face to his.

"Rodrigo took nothing from you, Cipriano," she said, brokenly. "I have never loved you as a woman should love her husband. Our marriage was a hideous mistake. I loved Rodrigo, but had to become your wife. I could not make-believe to love you. You said often, when we spoke of the years that divided us, that love would come slowly, like the oncoming of day, but my heart always told me it would never be so with us—at least with me. I thought you would understand why I went away with Rodrigo. Cipriano, do you blame me? Oh, say that you do not!"

She had arisen to her feet, and as she finished she threw her arms about him, her head sinking down on his shoulder. He tried to calm her, but only became hysterical himself. When she felt his arms clasp about her she released herself.

"The dog that came between us must die!" he exclaimed several times.

"Then you must also kill me, for I cannot live without Rodrigo," she wept. "Oh, Cipriano, go back to Corrienties—leave us to our lives here!"

"Is my love to be trampled upon?" he asked indignantly.

"But why would you make me forever unhappy?" she pleaded.

"I would do anything for your happiness," he assured her.

She ran forward and again placed her arms about his shoulders, looking up into his eyes.

"Dear Cipriano," she sobbed, "have you thought what I should do if you took Rodrigo from me? I would not go back to Corrienties. How could I? If you kill Rodrigo, will that right the wrong I have done you? No! No! You said you would not make me unhappy: then give me Rodrigo. Give him to me!"

Don Cipriano stood looking at her a long time before making his answer, while she tremblingly awaited his decision. His lips tightened grimly, and his eyes betrayed that he was crying, an inward, tearless weeping. While this struggle went on he continued gazing at Mariana, as if to stamp some remembrance of her ineffably into his memory for all the years to come. Then he took her hand abruptly, raising it to his lips.

"Farewell, Mariana, forever," he gulped rapidly. "Even this I give you —though every drop of blood in me cries out against it!"

He turned to me, for the first time conscious of my presence, and without waiting to hear what Mariana said.

"Come, Senor Grimwood," he commanded, "we must start back for Santa Cruz before I change my mind —before I change this I have done."

In another moment we were in our saddles. Never a glance did he cast back as his horse bounded up the bank. We hadn't gone a mile, however, before he talked boisterously, and insisted he was the agent of a Dutch syndicate. The change in him was altogether too astounding to escape my notice. I asked him where he had come from in Corrienties, what his full name was, but he ceased smiling and stared blankly whenever I questioned him. I don't know what psychologists would have called it, but I made up my mind that Don Cipriano's memory was vanishing like a mist. Toward evening he pulled out a bag of gold and paid me.

Four or five nights later he rode off on his horse, while I was sleeping. I heard him start, and, wriggling out of my sleeping bag, yelled to him to stop. But on the night's raw wind there only floated back the patter of his horse's hoofs and a derisive laugh —that harsh shriek of a laugh—as he galloped away. I could not tell in what direction he had gone. The next morning I started back to Santa Cruz alone.

More than a month after my return to the settlement, and after Cipriano had passed out of my mind, an Argentine rancher came to Santa Cruz with a herd of sheep—and a horrible story. He had passed Rodrigo's place and found it in ashes, and near the

ruins the almost unrecognizable bodies of Mariana and Rodrigo. I listened, you can imagine with what attention, while the Argentine, with many shrugs excitedly told his tale to a crowd in Espinilla's boliche.

"Blessed saints, how horrible!" he shuddered. "Picture out there on the pampa the burned stumps of Rodrigo's house! The bones of half a score of his horses picked clean by the vultures. Then the stark bodies of Rodrigo and his beautiful wife! Buenos Dios, such a sight! They had been stabbed, each a dozen times, and it seemed as if the fiendish murderer had dragged them out where, before death, they might behold the destruction of all they owned in the world. . . . I buried them side by side, with a cross at their heads, and when I turned Rodrigo I found this knife sunk in his back."

Solemnly the rancher held up a dagger for the boliche crowd's wonderment. I pushed aside the gauchos to confirm my suspicion. It was Don Cipriano's dagger, a wedding gift, so he had told me, from his father-in-law, Don Esteban, with the name "Cipriano" inlaid in the handle.

Not a mother's son in the settlement guessed who the murderer was, and the crime was attributed to a band of Chilean desperadoes. I alone knew better. Why did an irresistible something seal my lips? I knew that Don Cipriano had changed his mind; that, having first foresworn his vengeance because of his great love, his leniency must finally have driven him mad. Great as was his love it had failed to overcome the lust for revenge. The baser passion had triumphed! But there is yet more to tell.

Six months after the Argentine had told us of the slaying of Mariana and Rodrigo, I had business in Gallegos. During the evening a forlorn man rode into town and entered the boliche. He was hairy, ragged and trembling, but his eyes seemed familiar. Then he laughed, and a shiver went through me. He babbled about land and mentioned Dutchmen. Poor Cipriano! I talked with him, seeking to arouse his sleeping memory. It was useless—he only giggled and flourished a hank of raven black hair. He did not know me. The next day I went back to Santa Cruz, and later Cipriano came to Espinilla's and told about the Dutchmen who wanted land. Why did he remember this and forget all the rest? No one recognized him as the proud, aristocratic man from the north I had taken out into the Coile country, but a few months before, conceiving him only a funny simpleton sent on earth to amuse the idle moments of saner folks.

Thus it has been for years and years. Steadily Cipriano has sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. The scheme of the gods has condemned him to a far crueler expiation of his crime than man could devise, such, at any rate, is my view. To the pampa people, because he has remained an inexplicable riddle, the Don Cipriano's life has already assumed the nebulous outlines of a legend. In a more civilized land such an unfortunate creature would be cared for, but in this crude country only the strong can live; the weak must help themselves or perish. If he had told me his name I might have been able to do something; perhaps have located his friends. Still, what would it have mattered? A spring more vital than the very mainspring of life had snapped!

As Grimwood finished his story, he called to Alejandro for a mate.

"Do you wonder I've sealed my lips about Cipriano?" he asked, pointing to several drunken gauchos who were snoring on the floor near us. "How could you expect these dregs of the earth to understand the infinite subtlety of the schemes of the gods!"

Alejandro was serving us the yerba tea when the door was hastily pulled open. Over the noise of the storm, much excited talking could be heard. Two gauchos staggered in, dragging something between them, and many others pressed in behind them. I caught a glimpse of dangling hands and legs, and some ragged clothing.

"What have you there, Pedro?" frowned Alejandro.

Pedro was quite out of breath.

"It's the Don Cipriano," he puffed, letting go his burden. "The fool is as dead as mutton. We almost stumbled over him in the plaza as he lay with his face in the sand. Caramba, but I thought him only drunk, and was carrying him over here to give us more music on the concertina; then I felt he was cold!"

"Take him out of here," cried Alejandro, angrily, but crossing himself, nevertheless. "Santa Maria, do you want the dead to leave a curse upon my shop!"

Pedro and another gaucho picked up the inert mass.

"Does some senor want to see the dead Don Cipriano before we give his carcass to the sub-prefect?" asked Pedro.

No one answered.

"Perhaps the Americano——" Pedro glanced in our direction.

I could see Grimwood shudder and tremble all over.

"No, take the poor fellow to the prefect," answered he: then turning to me, "And somewhere—somewhere up North, in some quiet, fertile valley of Corrienties, where birds sing and flowers bloom constantly, some faithful old servant is wondering whatever became of his master, who has been gone these many years—and only the gods can answer!"

THE RUBAIYAT OF A LOVER

O loved one, from the Chaos of Unborn,
You entered on this earth, one glorious morn!
While I—your mate—slept in that realm Unknown
From which souls come, and go into—alone.

You lived a space before I came to birth;
When I was Nothing—You were here on earth!
How could you live and grow, while at the Gate
Your Other Self, unborn, did stand and wait?

And when at last I entered Life's strange door,
Thousands of miles apart, we were, or more.
And thus we passed our childhood; it does seem
As though our lives apart, were only dream.

'Tis strange that from two places far apart
We slowly drifted and did meet, Sweetheart!
Like spars, each from a different ship and mast
Will come together on some Beach, at last.

Oh, ever will I kneel in reverent prayer,
To that glad Thought, that brought us from Nowhere,
One to the Other, from out pregnant Space,
It dreamed us; drew us; set us into Place.

MARION ETHEL HAMILTON.

FOUND BY THE FIRELIGHT

By Fred A. Hunt

A WHITE splotch in the vast, treeless prairie of lush grass, an atom of civilization in the great campaign of unhabitated greensward, the teams and wagons of the little family of pilgrims traveled westward.

"I don't see anything of the Indians that the people back by the river warned us against," said one of the men that accompanied the caravan, "but then I can't say that I shall be lonesome if I don't see them, although I have some curiosity to see just what the wild Indians are like."

"I have read lots about the redmen in Cooper and Mayne Reid, and other authors," rejoined one of the young women, "and if they can only talk a little English, they would take away some of the awful sameness and oppressive silence of the great prairies."

These two conversational paragraphs typify the crass ignorance of the customary "pilgrim" of the early days, and designate the utter incognizance of Indian character of the people with the outfit whose adventures are here recorded. As is usual with those who recall supposititious events, these persons were tireless in convering about the novelists' Indians and their magnificent heroism and chivalry —ignoring the actuality that if such Indians ever existed they had all departed to the happy hunting grounds (Se-ain) and that those that remained on earth were a consummately rapacious, cruel and blood-thirsty mass of savages.

But not for long did they remain unaware of the presence of other human life on the grassy waste (tukhto), but even then it was conjectural and transitory—merely a dim outline of a horse and rider here and there, but the presumed horseman clad in a wild and unknown garb and shimmering in the quivering sunlight like an indistinct mirage.

That night to their camping place, with the rising of the moon, came a hurricane of trampling horses, a fusillade of hurtling bullets that whistled through the wagon-camp accompanied by frightful yells that made their blood run cold. Then the incomprehensible war cries of the attacking Cheyennes: "Shiv-e-i-e-yo! tsit-tah na-ho!" (Charge on! Kill them!") Feeble and ineffectual was the defense that could be made against the horde of warriors that circled about the wagoncamp; the concentric circle of hostilities continually drawing nearer to the prey, and all the target that was offered to the few rifles of the campers was a leg over the back of the pony and an arm over its neck, the rest of the warrior being screened by the body of the steed.

Not for long was the unequal contest waged. The camp was overrun by the savages, who looted the wagons, scalped their victims, drove off the horses, and carried with them into captivity a little girl, Annie, the sole survivor of the unfortunate party that, like so very many others, had sown their lives as the seed of settlement of the Far West.

In the late '70's a band of Crow scouts was encamped with the troops operating against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes in Montana. Down the valley of Tongue River, and debouching from Tongue River butte came a Cheyenne, slightly in advance of a

party of followers; the leader singing and with his arms hanging loosely at his sides, his hands open, and with the palms toward the front; the universal token that his errand was one of the Crows (Absaraka), who gave the war-cry to the remainder. They seized their rifles, leaped on their horses and charged on the little coterie of Cheyennes (from time immemorial a deadly feud had existed between the Crows and Cheyennes), and in a brief time had killed and scalped nearly all of them. Attracted by the fusillade, General Miles, with a number of soldiers, galloped to the scene of the massacre, and, as he had been expecting the arrival of emissaries from the hostiles in the field to arrange terms of surrender, he reproached the Crows in no gentle terms, and threatened them with the direst and most summary vengeance, which verbal castigation so terrified his allies that they disappeared from the cantonment that night, and, reaching their agency on the Sweetwater, became merged with the populous tribe on the reservation and their individuality became lost.

The next day General Miles despatched Red Sleeve (Mie ni-iv), a loyal and proved Indian Scout, up Tongue River to seek the Cheyenne camp, and, with assurance of safe conduct, to solicit their presence at the cantonment. At the imminent hazard of his life, Red Sleeve found the camp, and learned that Cheyenne ambassadors had already gone to the cantonment to voice the sentiment of the tribe: "Nah tom-e mow-no-e me-ut tah tsim nish-tah nan-oov-uts" (we are tired of fighting and want peace.) There at the council fire (a-se-e-tsis-tuv- ho-ist) he induced them to break camp and proceed to the cantonment to talk to the Big Chief (mokh-e ve-yune) about their surrender (mah-tah-a-e-nan.) The surrender was accomplished, and the pipe of peace was smoked (tah-nan oov-uts, ha-po, ha-yook.)

The Cheyennes, as their first duty, proceeded to bury their dead (ni-yuts), a ceremony that lasted many hours, and that comprised digging their graves, wherein were placed the corpses with various accoutrements, arms and provisions. (Except in cases of exigency like this, the Indians were placed on pole scaffolds when dead, and their war pony slaughtered beneath the scaffold to provide transportation to the happy hunting ground.) Then came the customary and obligatory season of mourning (e-i-no ve-tan) when the close female relatives of the several dead Cheyennes danced over their corpses and liberally gashed themselves with knives (mutchk-e-yo), letting the blood run over the bodies of their relatives; the depth of their sorrow being subsequently estimated (and proudly shown by the mourners) by the number of scars resulting from their self-inflicted wounds. By the lambent firelight this ceremony had a weird and uncanny aspect, and it drew many spectators from the cantonment.

Among these spectators was Scout Thompson, although in his association with the Indians he had frequently seen similar ceremonials. Carelessly scrutinizing the performers and the observers, his eyes finally rested on one girl among the Cheyennes whose features appeared strangely familiar. Approaching her he asked her her name.

"Annie Vo-us-tus Mokh-e" (Annie Black Swan) replied the girl, with the hesitancy always prevalent among Indian women when first spoken to by a white man (ve-ho.)

"Strange," he muttered. "Ist-e Tsis-tah ik-sun?" (Are you a Cheyenne girl?) he asked.

"Ho-won" (No) she replied, with an air of pride, "wo-po-ik-sun ist-e" (I am a white girl) and throwing her head back displayed a little amulet depending from a chain about her neck.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Thompson, "where did you get that locket? I gave a locket like that to my little sweetheart, Annie Davis, and if that is yours, you must be she."

Like one awakening from an opiate, Annie looked at Thompson with start-

led eyes; all the Indian stoicism of her education abandoned, and her whole graceful body quivering with anxiety and the strain of reminiscence.

"What is your name?" asked Annie.

"Harry," answered the scout.

"Harry," replied the girl. "I knew a young man called Harry, but he was not brown like you: he was white, and he had no beard nor long hair."

Further interrogatories and replies awoke the memories of bygone days—and what she had deemed a bygone youth—in her dimmed recollection. Gradually, as they became more and more zealous in their recollections, and their remembered individualities, they wandered far from the scene of the funereal rites, and from that spectacle of blood and sorrow was born again the love that had blossomed years before, and after crucial experience, had now exquisite fruition.

Annie Black Swan is still Annie Vous-tus Mokh-e among the Cheyannes, but on the wedding register her name appears as Annie Davis, married to Harry C. Thompson, and any one visiting their ranch will learn from her own lips that she deems her captivity among her adopted tribe as of small moment compared with the happiness she has with the lover of her girlhood —Harry.

BY THE NIGHT SEA

The sun has made his solemn, slow descent
  Beyond the western sea-line's crimson bars
And drawn the gorgeous curtains of the tent
  That shuts me in with night and all the stars.

And here, lapped round by two infinities,
  My heart at peace, my thought at rest, I lie
Beside the restless clamor of the seas,
  Beneath the silent, everlasting sky.

And face to face I front you, unaghast,
  Mysterious water, stretched from pole to pole.
Darkling Pacific beyond thinking vast—
  Confront you with this atom of my soul.

And vaster stars that look down on the sea,
  Eternal fires that dwarf it to a span—
Even before you shall I humbler be?
  Even to you I am not less than Man!

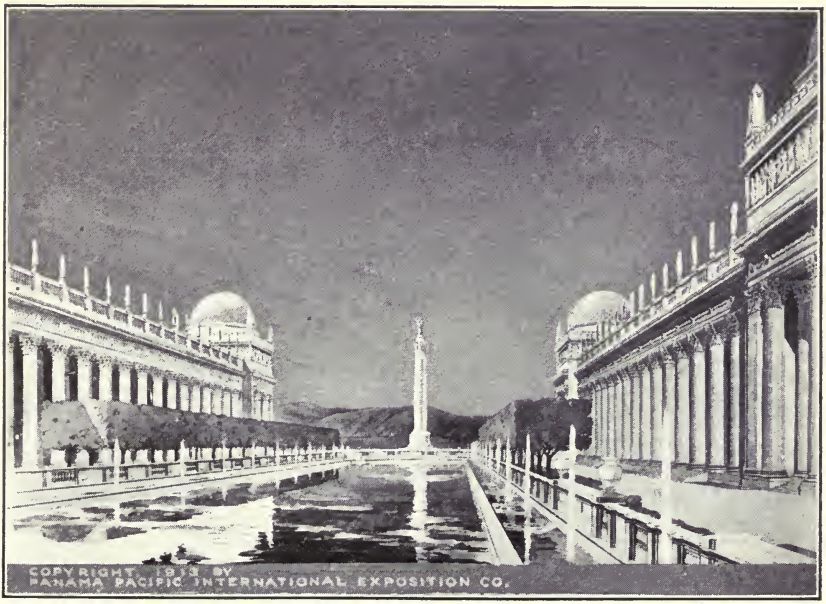
PROF. ODELL SHEPARD.

FEATURES of the PANAMA PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Photographs copyrighted by the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company.

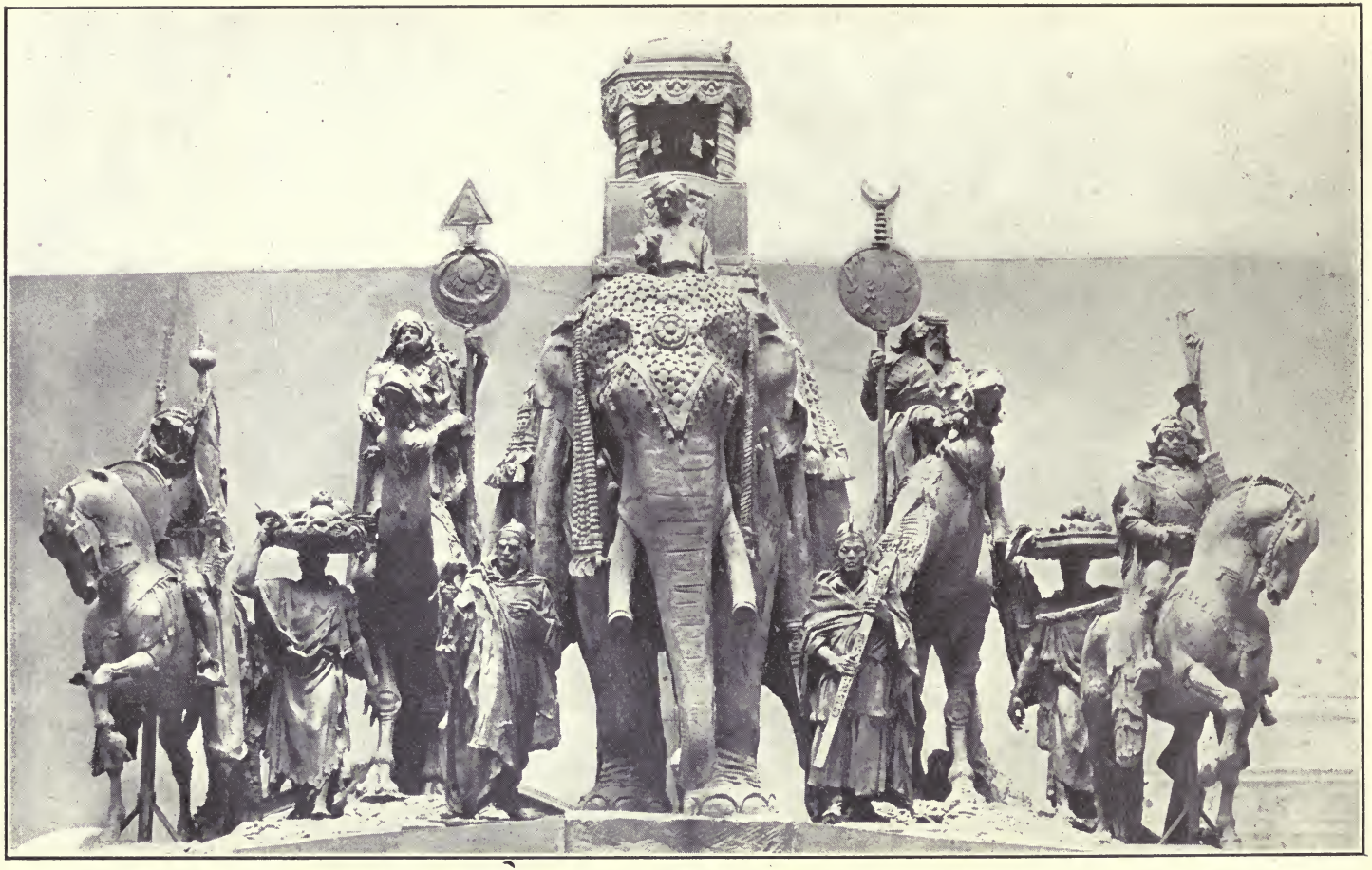
FROM San Francisco to the Riviera of Southern France and Northern Italy is a far cry, but as far as the atmosphere of the widely separated places is concerned, the visitor to the Panama-International Exposition will step from the one to the other when he enters the exposition grounds in 1915.

Yet, the Monacan scene and architecture are but miniatures of those of the Exposition in celebration of the

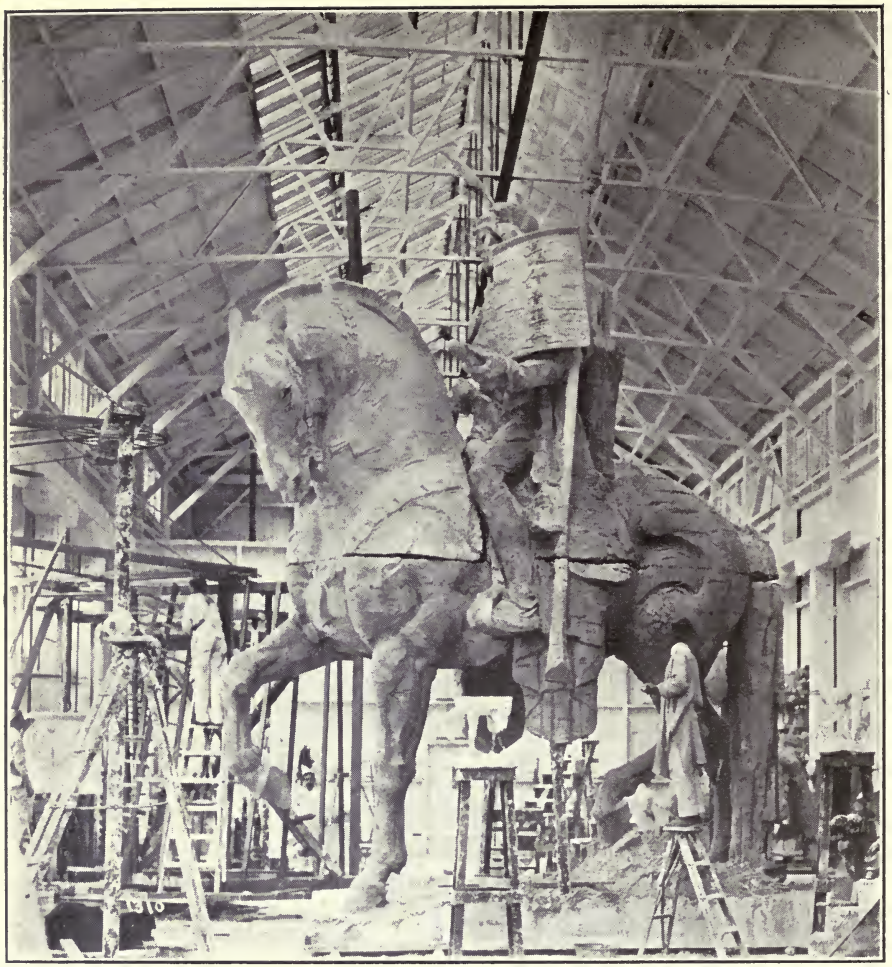


Looking north from the main axis of the Court of Sun and Stars toward San Francisco harbor. A great lagoon will lie in the forecourt. In the center of the illustration is seen a great column, the column of Progress, 160 feet in height. At the summit of the column appears the figure of a youth who is pointing his adventurous arrow toward the sun.

Model of the group "Nations of the West" to surmount the great arch of the Setting Sun in the court of the Sun and Stars. The group will symbolize the advance of civilization across the Western continents.



Model of the group "Nations of the East," to surmount the Arch of the Rising Sun in the Court of Sun and Stars. The figures are as follows: 1. Arab sheik. 2. and 11. Negro servitors. 3. Mohammedan. 4. Arab falconer. 5. (elephant), India. 6. The Buddha. 7-8. Oriental Mystics. 9. Chinese llama. 10. African. 12. Tibetan warrior.



At work on the Mongolian horseman, one of the group, entitled Nations of the East, which will surmount the Arch of the Rising Sun, in the Court of the Sun and Stars, the largest court of the main group of exhibit palaces. The completed figure is shown on the opposite page.

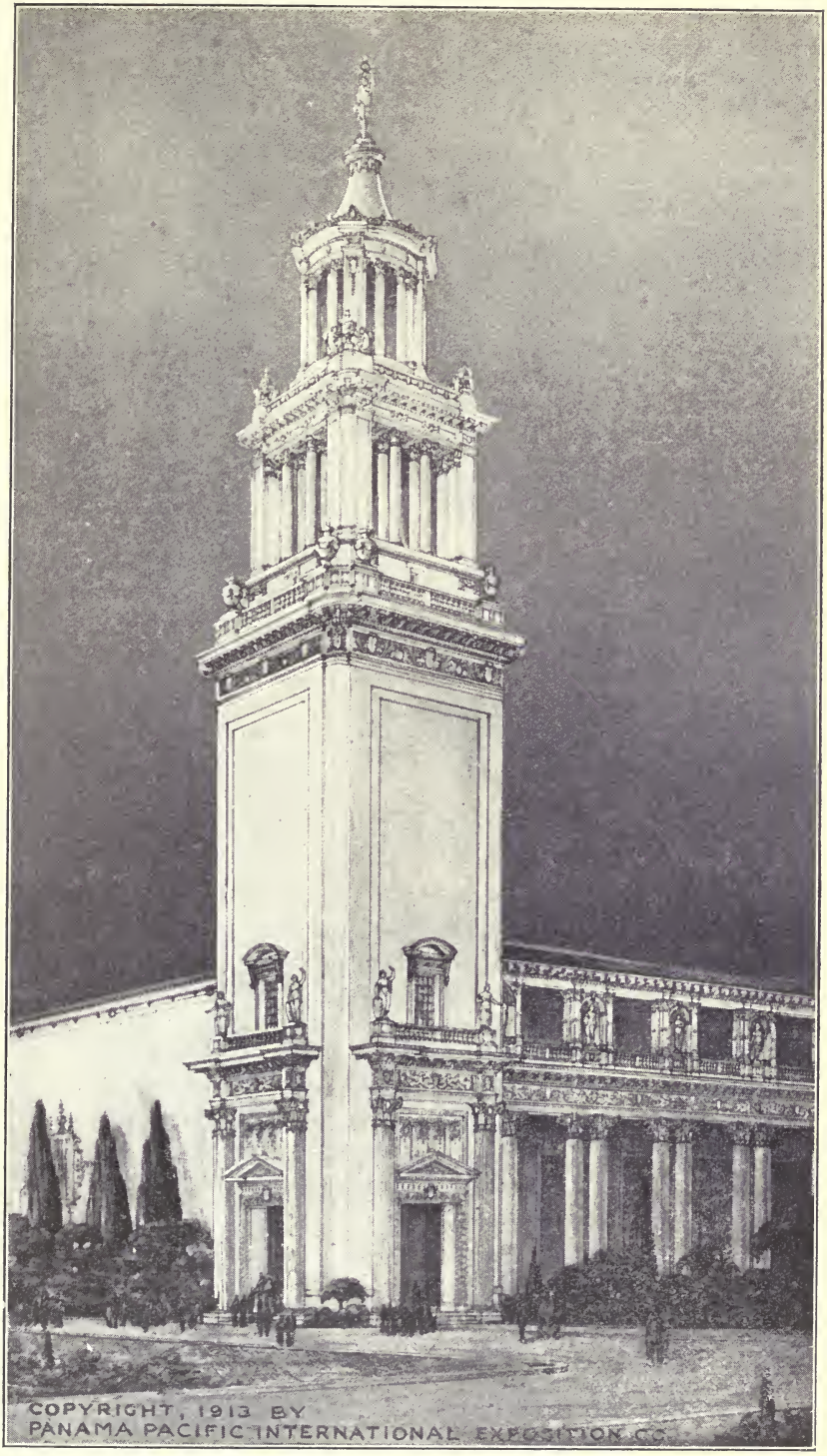
completion of the Panama Canal. The semblance ceases with the style. There can be no comparison when it comes to grandeur and general beauty. All about will be the vast South Garden, acres in extent, adorned with palms and other tropical trees and shrubs; brilliant flowers, perennially blooming. Directly in front will be a beautiful lakelet, 170 feet long and nearly as wide, with clear waters, aquatic plants and attractive banks. Greeting the visitors will tower the superb Fountain of Energy. This fountain is an allegory, representing in its entirety the power and triumph of man over inanimate Nature. From the middle of an ornate basin arises a four-sided column, with water flowing down each of the sides, the whole suggesting one of the dams of the Panama Canal. At the bases of the four pillars at each corner are groups of figures representing the various classes of workers on the canal—engineers, dredgermen, laborers and others. Surmounting the pedestal, above the falling waters, there is an equestrian figure of heroic

The Mongolian Horseman as the figure will look when completed. The figure is twenty-three feet high. Its position in the group is shown on p. 587.

size, with arms extended, riding supreme in an attitude meant to convey the idea of maintaining the waterway between the oceans.

Behind the Fountain of Energy are grouped the great exhibit palaces. The imposing Tower of Jewels, the dominant feature of the whole group of Exposition structures, rises to a height of 430 feet. This tower, back of which is the great Court of the Sun and Stars, is Roman in detail, designed by Carrere and Hastings, of New York. At night it will be illuminated by a novel

Bird's-eye view of the Panama-Pacific Exposition on entering the Golden Gate. An arm of the city of San Francisco is shown on the left, and beyond is the U. S. A. Reservation shelving off into the Pacific Ocean. Ten of the great Palaces of the Exposition are formed into a striking central group separated by spacious courts and ornamental avenues. By this system it will be possible to pass easily from one Palace to another without traversing any undue distance. In addition to this the plan affords opportunity for an architectural scheme which is new and unique and one of great dignity and beauty. In the center is placed the great court of the Sun and Stars, containing a sunken garden capable of seating seven thousand persons, and having on either side a great fountain adorned with appropriate statuary.



One of the superb Italian towers that will mark the approach to the west south Court of Palms at the Exposition.

and effective method, with myriads of many-colored prisms, reflecting the beams from a battery of electric search lights.

Extending to the right and to the left will be seen the walls, sculpture and ornamental architecture generally of the main exhibit palaces, that of Manufactures on the east side, that of Liberal Arts on the west. Still farther west stretches the handsome Palace of Education. The exterior walls of all these palaces, in fact, of the entire eight in the main group, were designed by the firm of Bliss and Faville of San Francisco. The general style is that of the Italian Renaissance, with its characteristic towers, domes, pillars and loggias.

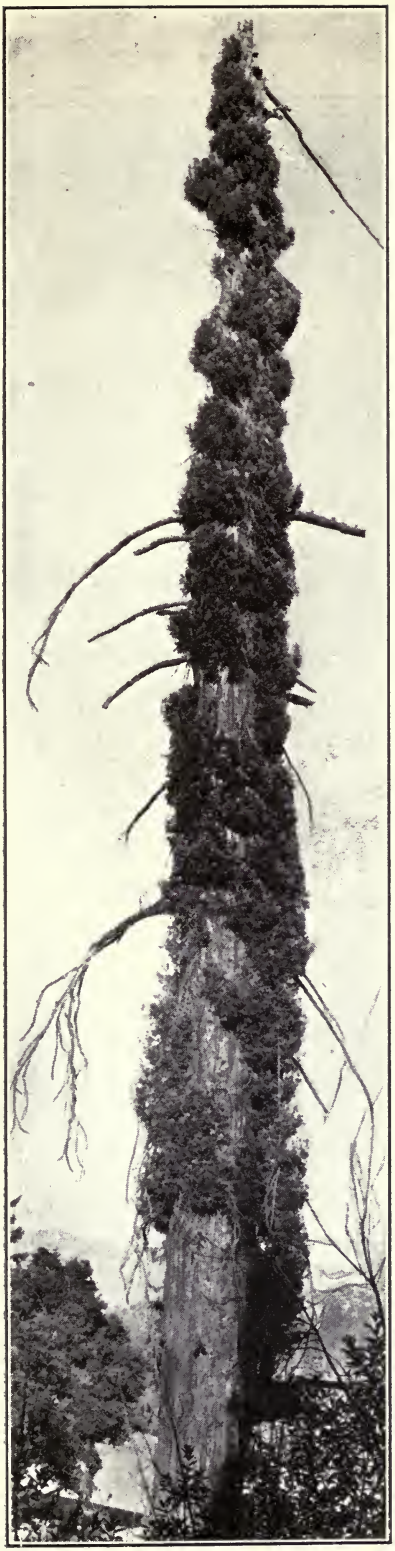
Apart from this group of eight adjacent buildings will be the Palace of Horticulture, a striking example of the French Renaissance type of architecture, designed by Bakewell and Brown, of San Francisco, who also designed the new City Hall and the Burlingame Country Club, as well as other notable California structures. This beautiful building, the site for which is now ready and the contracts about to be awarded, covers five acres of ground. It is to be 672 feet long, with a maximum width of 320 feet and a great nave, 80 feet in height, running its whole length. Above it will be a vast dome, 150 feet high. The Palace of Horticulture will be built almost entirely of glass, upon a steel frame, and will accommodate what is promised to be the most wonderful display of horticulture and floriculture ever assembled.

In front of this great palace a handsome fountain of geyser type will play, between the palace and the Fountain of Energy. On all sides there will be beautiful flower beds, rare and handsome shrubbery and gardens that will compare favorably with, if they will not surpass, the most famous ones in the world. Broad avenues, foot-paths and ornamental statuary of many kinds will add to the general effect of the brilliant scene.

RAINDROPS

Pattering against the window pane,
Fell the drip, drip, of the silver rain—
Like tears by an angel wept—
Then a teasing wind came frolicking by,
And the raindrops fled with a farewell sigh,
But one in a rosebud crept.
It lay like a gem on her heart of gold,
And hearkened the story each lover bold
Breathed to this blushing flower.
But a sunbeam sped from his home on high,
And carried the raindrop up to the sky,
Where he wooed her for one short hour.
Silent, Queen Night came creeping down,
In search of a pearl for her jeweled crown,—
And she leaned o'er sunset's bar;—
There in a sea of amethyst—
She found the tear that the sunbeam kissed,
And fashioned it into a star—
A glittering pearl-like star.

AGNES LOCKHART HUGHES.



A Forest Call

By Katherine Kennedy

Come to a Western grove primeval,
  Where sequoias reach the sky;
Come where pungent pine and laurel
  Breathe of youth that cannot die.

Listen to the siren voices,
  Calling from the restless stream;
To the song of forest minstrels
  Faintly, sweetly, like a dream—

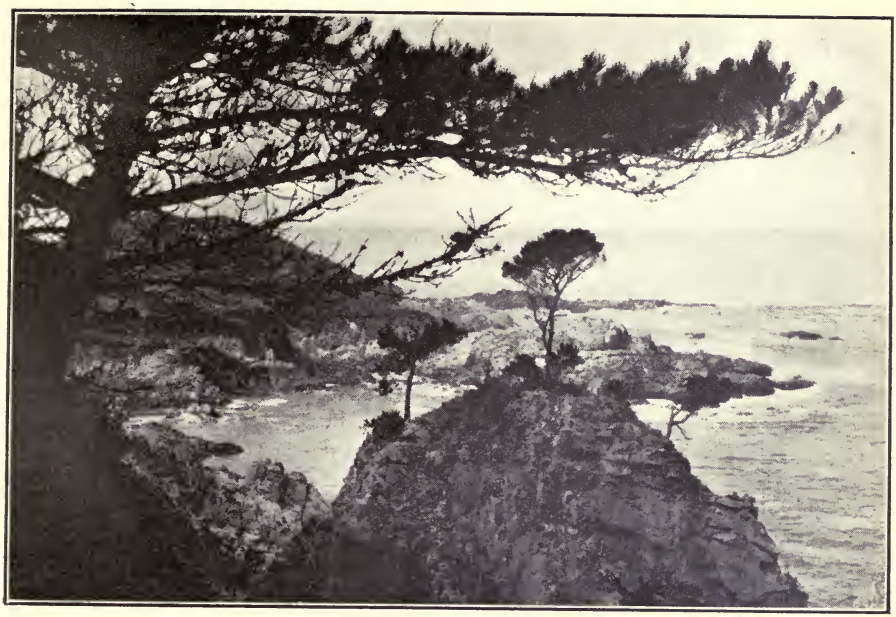
Floats—the harmony from Heaven—
  Far away—then drifting near,
From a choir unseen by mortals,
  Stealing softly on the ear.

Burly giants stand like warriors,
  Feet imbedded in the sod;
Gnarled arms outstretched toward Heaven,
  Fingers pointing up to God—

'Til the stars burst forth in splendor
  Through the forest dark and grim;
Spilling light, like molten silver
  O'er the Basin's circling rim.

Listen to these great sequoias—
  Priests of temples glorified—
Calling to this grove primeval
  With its spirit sanctified!

The coast of the Sierra Santa Lucia.



The coast near Point Lobos.

Exploring the Santa Lucia Sierra of California

By J. Smeaton Chase

(Illustrated by photographs taken by the author.)

ABOUT midway of the coast of California there lies a rough, little known region, sixty miles or so in length, by twenty in breadth. The range of the Santa Lucia here rises sharply from ocean edge to an average height of three or four thousand feet, with higher peaks reaching to nearly six thousand. No roads traverse this picturesque tract, but a long bridle-trail wanders up the coast, threading its way through deep gorges of redwood, madrono and tan-bark oak, and along league on league of bold cliff and breezy mountain slope —ever in sight or sound of the gleam and boom of the Pacific. Here and there one finds a lonely settler's dwelling. The people are principally Spanish-Californians or Mexicans, in whose easy views of life telephones, automobiles and even railways are of little account, and to whom a weekly mail service by pack-mule seems quite adequate.

During the summer of 1911, in the course of a horseback journey up the length of the State, I traversed this fine stretch of country. It was mid-August, and I was already three

months out, when, leaving the old town of San Luis Obispo, I struck toward the coast and began to skirt the Santa Lucias. Passing the tiny village of Morro, lying on a logoon-like bay whose mouth is closed by a great cone of rock, I turned northward along the coast. Eight miles brought me to Cayucos, a drowsy settlement taking its name from the Indian canoes that the early explorers noticed here; and night found me at the pretty, pine-encircled mining town of Cambria. By noon next day I rode into San Simeon, a moribund port whose weekly coasting steamers forms the link with the outside world for the southern part of the Santa Lucia country.

I found entertainment that night at the ranch of kindly Welsh folk, near the lonely lighthouse of Piedras Blancas(which I heard innocently termed Peter's Blankets.) The hoarse shout of the syren broke into my sleep at five minute intervals throughout the night. At this point the road came to an end, and next morning I took to the trail which I was to keep, if I could, for a hundred miles or more of tortuous wanderings. Several people had told me that I should get lost in the rough and little traveled country I was entering; but my saddle bags held provisions for a week, and I knew that water would be plentiful, so I felt sure I could get through, provided only that I found forage for my good little horse, Anton.

A few miles brought me to the first of the deep canyons of the range, the San Carpoforo. I led my horse down to the bottom, and then turned up the canyon among a tangle of brush and cactus. After a mile or two I came to the neat little home of a Mexican, whose son Marcial I had met at San Simeon. The friendly people got me a meal of eggs and tortillas, with coffee; and in the afternoon I pushed on up the canyon. I wished to cross the mountains at this point, in order to visit the ruins of the Franciscan Mission of San Antonio, which stands near Jolon, on the eastern side of the range. Fording the stream I found a steep trail that led up the mountain side, and after some hours travel, camped for the night beside the creek near a little cienaga, or marsh, that gave abundant forage. Next day I had the satisfaction of finding in the depths of the canyon a group of Abies venusta, a rare and curious fir that is found nowhere but in a few remote spots in this range of mountains.

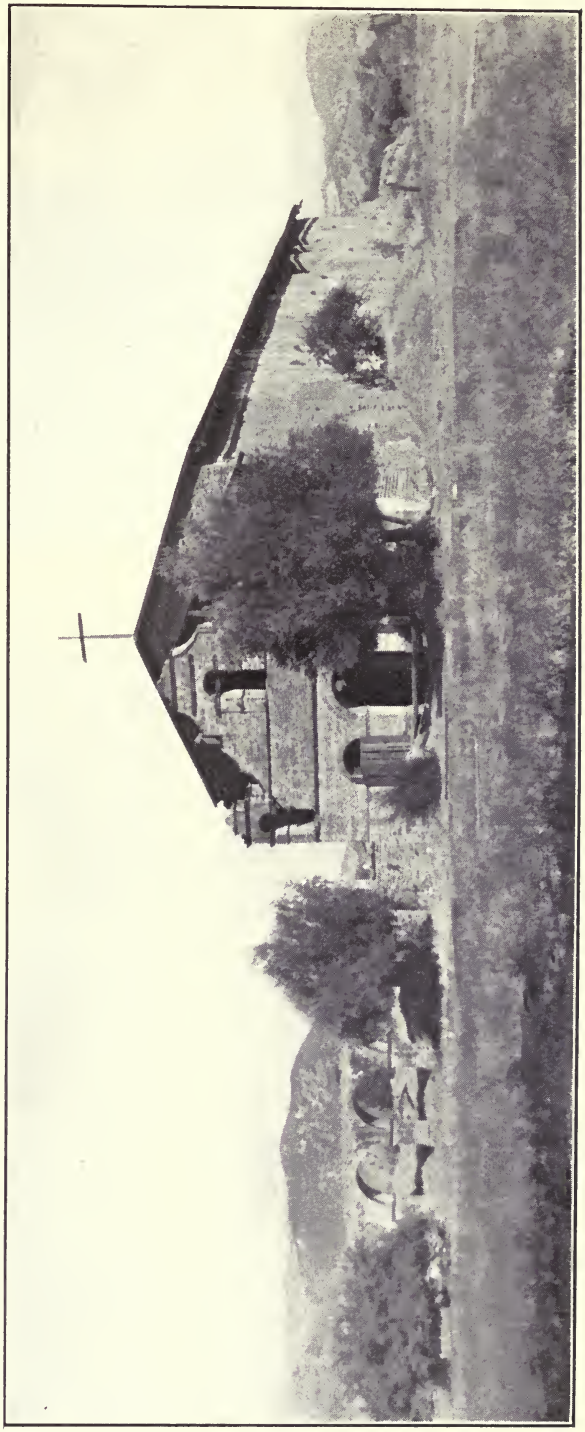
From here it was a hard climb and bad trail up to the crest of the range, which I judge to be here about three thousand feet high. On the other side I found a brushy country with a sprinkling of digger-pines. Water was unexpectedly scarce, my canteen empty, and the trail, at best very little traveled, hard to follow among the maze of cattle paths that laced the country. It was hot, too, now that we were shut off from the sea breeze. To spare my horse I did not get into the saddle even when the trail was fairly good, which was seldom; and we both were tired out and wretchedly thirsty when, shortly before sundown, we came out on a high bluff overlooking the Nacimiento River. It was still an hour's march down to the canyon, but once there, we drank our fill, and later I took a delicious swim in a deep, moonlit pool. After a long evening by the camp-fire, coyotes sang me to sleep, and the first sensation of the morning was their good-bye salvo as they slunk away to cover.

The next day was Sunday, and I did not break camp. It was a delightful place for a quiet day. The river ran calmly through the oak and pine-filled valley; doves, quail and squirrels made pleasant conversation; and at evening a doe and fawn came down to drink at my swimming pool. A few cattle roamed by, but human life was entirely absent. I doubt if there was a house within ten miles. We started early on Monday morning, and I was soon hopelessly at fault as to the trail, so I determined to cut loose and travel by compass, since I knew the direction of Jolon, about due north. It was another long, hard, hot day, but I had

started with a full canteen, and Anton was in good form after his rest. An open country allowed me to keep my direction, and before evening we entered the village of Jolon.

Of all sleepy hamlets of California, I take Jolon to be the sleepiest. It is more Mexican than American, and about as much Indian as Mexican. The why and how of its existence are alike mysteries. Three saloons compete for the patronage of a population of two or three score people, and a summer day temperature of about a hundred degrees is naturally no impediment to their business. Six miles northwest of Jolon is the ruined Mission of San Antonio. It dates from the year 1771, and was one of the most important of the Missions planted by the Franciscans along the California coast. Here I camped for a night among ancient olives and melancholic owls, pleased thus to associate with the brown-robed priests and their simple Indian converts, whose bones moulder in the old graveyard beyond the tamarisks and pomegranates of the hedge.

Again I turned toward the coast. For some miles the way led through open forest of oaks; then a



Ruins of the rarely-visited Mission San Antonio de Padua, founded in 1771. Located near Jolon in the Santa Lucia Range. In its time this Mission was regarded as one of the most important along the California Coast.

Pico Blanco, a principal peak of the Sierra Santa Lucia.

trail led across the mountains. It was a much easier climb up this eastern face of the range; passing first through a thin forest of digger-pine, and later entering the yellow pine belt. From the crest, I looked down into a great canyon, heavily timbered on its southerly face; to north in hazy distance rose the peak of Santa Lucia, 5967 feet in elevation, and to west, and far below, the Pacific lay under a pearly bank of fog, just tinged with rose by a westering sun. It was a scene to hold one absorbed by the hour, but too soon the necessities of fodder and water for the night urged us on.

A few miles down the western slope I found a side trail leading to the little mining settlement of Los Burros. Here I put up for the night, the next day continued through the same fine forest country toward the coast. During the morning I entered the region of the redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, the moisture-loving brother of the Giant Tree of the Sierra Nevada. From this point this superb conifer continues as far north as to the Oregon line, where it abruptly ceases. Associated with it is the tanbark oak, *Quercus densiflora*, that interesting link between oak and chestnut; and these two, with the handsome madrono, were my companions almost constantly during my next two months' wanderings. The trail descended steeply, and by noon we came to the shore at Cape San Martin, finding a broken, rocky coast from which the mountains rose abruptly in high-smooth swells of summer-yellowed grass, scored by timbered canyons in long succession to north and south. Fording a small stream we climbed a trail that led up the cliff, and a mile farther on came to a bench of level land where stood two or three houses of old settlers.

I stayed for the night with one of these friendly families. A lucky landslide, following the heavy rains of the last spring, had suddenly put them in possession of a valuable gold mine, and thus after forty-two years of struggle as farmers on this lonely coast the family seemed to be on a short road to easy wealth. I learned that for fifteen years the father had carried the weekly mails by pack horse to and from Jolon over the trail I had traveled.

Gamboa's, a typical mountain home in the Sierra Santa Lucia.

League beyond league to the north the coast ran in bold, scenic cliffs or slopes, and far as the eye would carry my trail lay like a thin gray thread high up on the steep incline. It is a solitary but romantic region. A constant alternation of open cliff and hillside with densely wooded canyon, dim with great timber and echoing with voices of cascading stream, kept my interest fresh and keen. I camped the next night on a good stream abounding in trout, which served my wants excellently but held no consolation for my horse. I could not blame him when I found that during the night he had broken from his picketing and gone on a tour of exploration, which I am afraid can have yielded but scanty results.

The morning came foggy with bursts of gray-gold glory to the east, against which the high, timbered ridges stood etched in blackest gloom. Again we attacked the unending succession of canyon and mountain-side. In a deep gorge named Lime Kiln Canyon, I came upon a group of disused buildings, gray with lichen and green with moss. Lime had once been quarried and burned here, to be shipped from the old cable landing at the mouth of the canyon. It was hard to realize that these solemn, sleeping redwoods and ferny grottoes could ever have echoed the clatter of machinery. Here we found a good growth of grass, and Anton made up some of his arrears. The climb out was a hard one: in fact, day after day the trail was a mere succession of climbs down into and up out of canyons, following one another like the folds of an accordion.

Far in the distance I saw my next landmark, a little house high up on the mountain side. When after miles of steady traveling we reached it, the hospitable people, not waiting to ask if I were hungry, at once prepared me a generuos meal. (I think it is Stevenson who remarks somewhere upon "the natural hospitality of mountain people.") I could not refuse it, though I had eaten some lunch at the last canyon; and I did my best to repay them with items of news a little more recent than those of their two-weeks-old newspaper.

The trail now struck directly up the mountain. It was hot work under the clear afternoon sun, and when, after

a couple of hours, I came upon a little weather-stained cabin where an elderly Mexican sat on the porch, I was glad to stop for rest and a chat. He was Santos Barrando ("at your honor's service, senor"), and he and his smiling young wife and quartette of jolly children made as pleasant a family group as I have seen for many a day.

Then, after getting directions for my next point, we crossed the deep canyon of Vincente Creek and began another hard climb. As we rose the view became superb, especially to seaward. From the high mountain side I looked down upon a vast expanse of ocean, crinkled in infinite detail with the creeping waves. It was much such a sight as one would get from an aeroplane. Far out, the pickets of the fog were already advancing for the evening attack. The fog movement on this coast in summer is almost as regular as that of the tides. From the crest I reveled in a sunset of memorable beauty. The level sun shone through a veil of mist with a strange bronze glory. The great trees, and the golden slopes of grass, took on a glow of red which, under other circumstances, might have looked theatrical; but in this high solitude, and under the wistful influence of evening, there was a solemnity in the unearthly hue that held me spellbound until, slowly, the sun dropped and was quenched in the fog-bank on the horizon.

A short distance below the summit I found Gamboa's Ranch, where I was to stay the night. The house is a quaint little place, clinging precariously to the hillside, and commanding a view that millionaires might envy. The good Spanish woman made me welcome, and I slept in the orchard on a mattress slung among the boughs of an apple tree. Awaking at early dawn, it was luxury to lie and listen to the monotone of ocean that came trembling up from two thousand feet below, and seemed to fill the universe as far as to the dying stars; luxury, too, to pluck and munch my hygienic morning apple before rising.

Yet another deep gorge now opened before me, that of the Arroyo Grande. It held two attractive streams, the north and south forks, and a specially fine growth of redwoods. For hour after hour we alternated between religious gloom of canyon and blaze of open mountain-side, with ever the sea far below, one infinite blueness, almost oppressive in profound uniformity of sound and color. There was variety only in the tiny islets that fringed the shore, breaking the rhythmic surges into momentary flash of spray. There are no beaches: league after league the mountain buttresses plunge direct into clear blue of deep water. It is a condition simple, interesting and entirely unusual.

The complication of cattle-paths among which we now wandered was quite beyond my trail-craft. About mid-afternoon I found myself entirely at fault, high up on a steep and slippery slope that was cut by frequent gullies choked with sharp rocks and stubborn brush. Anton was an old Forest Service animal, trail-wise and steady, but with all his and my caution he got some bad cuts on hocks and knees, and more than one disaster seemed imminent. Daylight was falling when we struck into a better-marked path, and then pushed rapidly on, passing the ruined huts and corrals of a departed settler, and finally arriving at nightfall at a house on the cliff edge, known as Slate's, or Little's. Here some hot sulphur springs issue from the face of the cliff, and a couple of bath-tubs have been hauled up from shipboard and lowered into place midway of the cliff, and the water led into them. This makes a decided novelty in the hydropathic line, and would be worth money to the enterprising owner if the place were more accessible.

The fog was late in lifting next day, and I was enchanted with the ghostly effect of the straight shafts of the redwoods rising from the misty canyon depths below me, and passing pillar-like into thick white gloom overhead. The sound of falling water pulsated through every canyon, mingling with

the boom or mutter of the surf. On the hillsides, the birds were clustered in the bushes, and their innocent voices came to me out of the fog with a playful, child-like tone that wholly charmed me. I sauntered along for hours, leading my horse, and when at length the weather began to clear, I could dimly see, far away to the north, the promontory of Point Sur, darkly cut against the bank of the receding fog. About noon I came to a little clearing, where two old fellows lived and kept a number of hives of bees. They hailed me as if I were a friend, even a privilege, and I was glad to stop and share their rustic meal of eggs and honey.

A few miles farther on, I found an abandoned homestead where there was forage for a night among the trees of the decaying orchard. I camped at the foot of a kingly redwood, pleased with the tameness of a band of quail that, perched on the sagging rails of the old corral, discussed my supper arrangements in flute-like tones, and of a squirrel that humorously dropped bark chips into my coffee from a limb twenty feet overhead. A placid evening by the camp-fire conduced to a night of serene sleep, and when I awoke, the woodpeckers' tattoo already resounded through the canyon.

The trail now lay high up above the fog, and early the sun was sufficiently hot for comfort. During the morning I met two pedestrians who were out on a holiday jaunt from San Francisco. They were *point-device* with knapsacks, revolvers, canteens and cameras, but seemed far from jaunty as they mopped while they questioned me as to the trail, nor were they cheered by my account of the place where I had lost it. Their program was to make for Gamboa's, and thence to take a trail across the mountains to the railway that runs in the Salinas Valley, some thirty miles to the east. At the next canyon I found a wild assortment of unnecessary items of baggage which they had jettisoned there, among them even the blank note-book in which, I suppose, the record of their trip was to have been made. This was really a boon, for my own note-book was overflowing. A few miles more brought us to Castro's Ranch, a time-honored landmark to wayfarers in the Santa Lucia, and the point at which a wagon road begins, going north. At supper, the table was spread with Spanish dishes at their best, a vast platter of venison forming the chief point of attack.

After crossing the Big Sur River by a wide, shallow ford, noon of next day found us at Pfeiffer's, where I noted the novelty of a post-office, for hither a stage comes down three times a week from Monterey. The road here again was most beautiful, for miles following the river, and even in company with noble redwoods. On my right rose a sightly peak of thirty-seven hundred feet, named Pico Blanco, from the peculiar whiteness of its color toward the summit. A mile or two to the west was Point Sur. I made a divergence thither in order to visit the light-house, for a light-house is always a fascinating object, and its keepers I have invariably found to be just such men as one would wish or expect for attendants on these beneficent Cyclops. The Point Sur light is another instance in proof. Can it be that loneliness and deprivation are conducive to this fine geniality?

Coming to the Little Sur River, I found the remains of a summer camp resort, now nominally closed, for September had come. Here I got hay for my horse, and a somewhat melancholy welcome for myself. The situation, however, was delightful—a perfect stream, woodlands of the finest, goodly mountains close at hand, and ocean within sound, and almost within sight and smell. Next day we pushed our way along the cliff against a bright half-gale which furnished a splendid Henry Moore sea, together with a noble concert of pine music. I stayed that night at a ranch with friendly Portuguese people, enjoying the old-world simplicity of manners and diet beyond the phonograph medley which

was offered, I fancy, in extenuation. The following day's travel was still along the cliff, for the main range of the Santa Lucia was now behind me. While I thought with regret of those high and lonely trails, yet the coast here was fully as charming. No less word than *exquisite* can characterize this succession of rocky, cypress-fringed bays and headlands, upon which lazily thundered a sea of purest aqueous blue and emerald: these islets colored in rich tones of umber and ochre, forever thrusting back the wash of the greatest of oceans.

A mile beyond Point Lobos I came to the Mission of Carmel. It was evening, when the pensive rather than the romantic has its hour. The old building slept in the warm, level light; swallows swung and soared in that tireless joy that makes their presence always so enchanting, so (in a manner) godlike; half a mile away I caught the gleam of surf on the bar, where the little Carmel River takes the first kiss of the tide. Under my feet, carelessly mingled, was the dust of cultured priest and stolid aborigine. I recalled Bret Harte's lines on "The Angelus":

"Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past;
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset gleam and last."

All spoke of the eternal duality—permanence and change, our little works and joys and the vast ordinances of Nature. But the old building stands a thing of beauty and value: and even when it shall not, yet its motive shall.

I slept at the pretty, new village of Carmel-by-the-Sea; and on the morrow rode on into Monterey, still greatly the Monterey of Spanish California and of Stevenson; and here ended this enjoyable unit of my long ride.

TO R. L. S.

A wandering singer through the realm of dreams,
He tuned his pipe to Life's brief-voiced song,
And danced adown a pathway lit with gleams
Of fortitude and resignation born.
No comrade spirit knew his staunch heart's pain
Nor saw his footsteps lag, nor heard a sigh—
We only knew a sweetness nought could maim,
As hand in hand with Courage he passed by.
He breathed upon life's truths with magic, rare,
Until they took the beauty from his soul,
Or wrought fact into romance—Oh, so fair!
With artistry beyond the common goal.
So with blessed labor, finding Life's face grey,
He smiled, and charmed the haunting hours away.

R. R. GREENWOOD.

THE LOG OF THE SAN CARLOS

Alias Toison de Ora (Golden Fleece), the first vessel to enter the bay of San Francisco

By Marco Garceau

This is a brief summary of the certified copy of the original log now in the archives of the Indies, at Seville, Spain.

AT 3 p. m., March 19th, 1775, Don Juan Manuel de Ayala, lieutenant of frigate, in company with two other vessels, set sail on the packet boat San Carlos from the anchorage of San Blas, Mexico, for the west coast of California on an exploring expedition. Once at sea, the vessels quickly became separated. On the following day the San Carlos came in sight of Isabella Island, lying five miles to the west. On April 2d, Ayala saw Mazatlan and the packet boat Conception; on board the latter vessel was the new Governor of California. After a number of accidents on board the San Carlos, during which it was nearly destroyed by some burning pitch used in calking a launch, the vessel reached the locality of Monterey Bay, June 24th, but fog and bad weather for a time prevented them from being certain as to their position.

The next day, at 9 a. m., the fog lifted; land was seen, and Point Ano Nuevo was recognized to the northwest about three leagues distant; Again the fog enshrouded them, and when it lifted they descried Monterey Bay, and after some difficulty found anchorage. After an interchange of courtesies with the small Spanish garrison on shore, and getting necessary supplies on board, Ayala again set sail on July 26th, and headed for the newly discovered port of San Francisco, stories of which were freely told him by the Spaniards on shore, who had seen the bay during the land explorations. Owing to contrary weather and the crankiness of the vessel, it was not until August 4th at 6 p. m. that the southernmost Farallone of the port of San Francisco was seen in the northwest, distant about eight leagues. The land to the north was Point Reyes, bearing four degrees W., distant about fourteen leagues. Late the next day the vessel showed signs of being caught in strong tides, and Ayala concluded he was near the entrance of the bay. He sent a launch with ten men to explore the shore in quest of a safe anchorage, while he battled with the tides, fogs, eddies and soundings as best he could.

The launch had not returned by the time darkness fell, and the wearied crew were obliged to seek quick anchorage at all hazards; soundings were taken, but the 20-lb. lead could not reach the bottom because of the swift tide which swept the vessel inside the mouth of the bay for over a league, despite the most desperate efforts of the crew to direct its course; finally, an anchor managed to hold when the breeze died down, and the vessel fetched up a quarter of a mile off shore.

At 6 a. m. the next morning, August

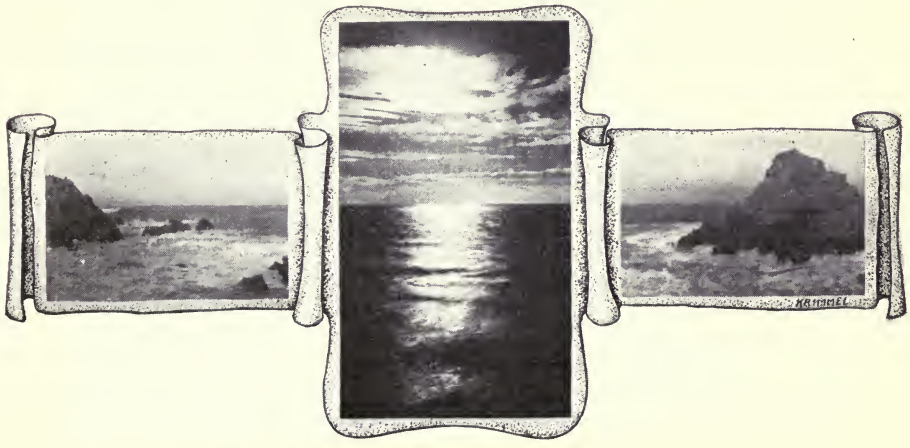
The Spanish packet boat San Carlos, the first vessel to enter the Golden Gate and San Francisco Bay, August5, 1775.
(From a painting by Wm. A. Coulter.)

6th, the launch appeared with the ten men completely fagged out with hunger, and their long battle with the adverse tides. Ayala sent a pilot to examine Richardson's Bay, as it seemed to offer a better shelter, but the lead showed so much mud that he was afraid of losing his precious anchor there. Later the exploring launch discovered a sheltered cove on Angel Island, and it was decided to move the vessel there, but again a strong current prevented. After several shiftings along the Angel Island shore, the San Carlos was finally moved to nine fathoms of water, within pistol shot of the land. A nearby island was examined, but it did not afford shelter even for the launch. It was named "Alcatraz," on account of the innumerable birds discovered flocking there.

During this hunt for a safe anchorage, the Indians had been coming down from their villages and making signs to the strangers to come ashore. They threw down their bows as a sign that no harm was intended, and invited the Spaniards to their villages, where they could eat and sleep, offering them pinole, corn bread and tamales. In a very little time the natives were able to repeat Spanish words, and later the sailors invited them on board the vessels.

As soon as safe anchorage was established, Ayala ordered out his men to attack the business at hand, the exploration of the bay. An expedition was also sent south in a launch for the purpose of finding the party which the commander of the Presidio at Monterey had promised to send to San Francisco by land, but no trace of the land party was found. While waiting for them, the pilot spent his time exploring the big estuary which enters the land about twelve leagues, the southern arm of San Francisco Bay. From this time up to September 6th, Ayala kept all hands busy with exploration work, and the first pilot, Don Jose de Canizares, was instructed to make his report and the map of the bay.

The next day, September 7th, an attempt to put to sea for the return voyage was made, but the rudder was badly damaged on a submerged rock, on which the strong current swept the San Carlos. Eleven days were consumed in refitting the vessel, and on the next attempt, Monterey was reached. Stay was made there until October 13, 1775, when sail was set for the return voyage to San Blas, and the vessel arrived there November 6th of the same year, having consumed nine months in finding and exploring San Francisco Bay.



Indians who sought conversion into the Dreamers' religion made long vigils in the lonely recesses of the woods, lofty mountains and rolling rivers. The Dreamers' faith was based on the dream, the method of communication between the ordinary and spirit worlds.

THE DREAMERS

By Stella I. Crowder

THE Dreamer religion, as organized by the great preacher, Smohalla, was a development and outgrowth of the original religious ideas of the Indians of the Shahaptian tribes, including the Indians of the Snake and Columbia River basins. The doctrine was developed by Smohalla after the Indians had come in contact with the whites, but it was primarily a practical scheme maintaining the ancient belief and training.

According to this teaching the earth was the mother of all created things. The lakes were her eyes, the hills her breasts and the streams the milk flowing from them. To cultivate the lands meant to desecrate their mother's body, and to thwart the laws of Nature. Corn, fruit and edible roots were gifts given freely to her Indian children. These were the foods intended by Nature, and to improve them was profanation, for it was trying to improve Nature, or God. The earthquakes and underground noises signified Earth's displeasure at her children's disobedience, and the malarial fevers which followed cultivation of the soil were punishments for tearing Earth's bosom.

This religion was further enlivened by a superstition of the Indians, who were taught that if they conscientiously obeyed the laws and sought wisdom and faith according to the Dreamer ritual, there would arise a Redeemer in the East. A man would be born who would resurrect all dead Indians. Uniting with them, he would drive all the white men from the country, and thus restore to the Indians all lands that had formerly been theirs.

The Dreamer faith was based on the dream, which was the method of communication between the ordinary and spiritual worlds. The doctrine took its name from this practice of seeking wisdom and holiness through dreams. Those seeking knowledge would bring on these dreams by several days of fasting and vigil. During the period of sleep they would be attended by guardian spirits who would instruct them in the mysteries of the sacred cult. Without question these dreams were often induced by suggestion and hypnotism on the part of the priests.

Every Indian of the faith acquired a sacred name, song and guardian spirit. These were usually obtained during early childhood. The child went up into the mountains, usually climbing to one of the highest peaks. There, after three or four days of fasting, revery and watching, he fell into a troubled sleep. During this sleep, the animal or object which constituted his guardian spirit appeared and taught him the sacred song. His name was called after the spirit which appeared to him. Wolf, Coyote and Beaver were favorite spirits.

The Guardian Spirit or "Dream Faith" dance was an expression of the Indians' deepest religious feelings. This ceremony was intertribal and danced at the great communal meeting places at Yakima, Kamiah, Lapwai and Priests' Rapids. Both men and women took part in the ceremony. The songs were those learned during the sacred vigil. The singer started the dance and song, the others taking up the words and step. Those persons who had been unable to obtain a Guardian Spirit could not sing the

songs, but could only join in the chorus. Those singing often imitated the animal Spirit by contorting the bodies and mimicking the yelp or cry. For instance, if the song was to the wolf, the dancers would pretend to hunt in bands. The singers would sometimes paint their bodies and dress to represent the particular animals whose names they bore.

The dance was given for many purposes. Some of the songs, when sung by the shaman or medicine man, were thought to bring warm weather. Others caused the game to be plentiful and hunting successful.

Smohalla, the originator and High Priest of the Dreamer faith, ranks high among the priesthood of to-day. Although a savage, he evolved a doctrine that brought to him thousands of converts. His theology perhaps had more to do with the Northwestern Indians resisting the white man's approach than any other one factor. And notwithstanding the efforts of the Christian workers, he still has disciples among every tribe of the Northwest.

Smohalla was chief of the Wanapum tribe, a band of about two hundred and known as the Columbia River Indians. They had no fixed home, but roamed from Priests' Rapids down to the entrance of Snake River. This band was closely allied to the Yakimas and Nez Perces Indians. They were hostile to the white settlers, and have never made a treaty with the government.

Smohalla was born in about 1820, and was described by Major MacMurray in 1844 as the following: "In person, Smohalla is peculiar. Short, thick-set, bald headed and almost hunch-backed, he is not prepossessing at first sight, but he has an almost Websterian head, with a deep brow over bright, intelligent eyes. His manner is mostly of the bland, insinuating style, but when aroused, he is full of fire, and seems to handle the invectives effectively. His audience seemed spell-bound under his magic manner, and it never lost interest to me, though he spoke in a language comprehended by few white men and translated to me at second or third-hand."

In his early manhood, he was distinguished as a warrior, and had become a man of prominence when the Yakima war closed in 1856. He was just beginning to preach his peculiar theology. At this time an event occurred which caused Smohalla to be considered an oracle and gave a force and an authority to his religion that it would never have attained otherwise. A quarrel arose between himself and Moses, a powerful Upper River chief, Moses accused Smohalla of "making medicine" against him, and thus seeking to destroy his life. A duel resulted, and Smohalla was left on the field, the other Indians, thinking him dead. Late at night he revived and crawled into a near-by boat on the Columbia River. He was carried by the current far down the river, when he was rescued by some white men. They cared for him and he slowly recovered. When well, he was ashamed to return to his tribe, and so began the life of a wanderer.

His journey was one of the most notable ever taken by an uncivilized man. He traveled down the Columbia to the coast, turned south through Oregon and California, until he reached Mexico. After wandering about there for a time, he returned home by way of Arizona, Utah and Nevada. He employed his time well, observing the manner and customs of the people whom he met.

On his return, he announced that although he had been killed by Moses and had been with the spirits, he was returned to earth that he might teach his people. As the Indians believed that he had been slain, and as he had been gone for more than a year, they readily believed him. They listened in awe to one whom they believed to have been sent from the spirit world.

He now began to teach his theology, in combination with a complicated ceremonial which combined the real Indian usages with what he remem-

bered of the Catholic and Mormon rituals. His home at Priests' Rapids was a great rendezvous for neighboring tribes during salmon season. These gatherings gave him opportunity to teach many, so that while his own tribe was small, he had disciples by the thousands.

He taught that Sagahalee Tyee, the Great Chief, was angry with the people because they had deserted their faith and their primitive manner of living. He declared their miserable condition was in punishment for so volating the laws of Nature. This argument made a great impression on the Indians. They had departed from the ways of their fathers and were threatened by an alien race who were seizing their lands. Then, too, they argued that Smohalla was wise. He knew of lands and peoples they had never heard of. His wisdom commanded the respect of the white men, for many of them came to speak with him.

Smohalla was a mixture of honest belief and crafty deceit. He sought to convey the idea that he controlled the elements and heavenly bodies. He established the claim by predicting several eclipses. He obtained an almanac from some trappers who had explained the matter of eclipses to him. By the use of this, he was enabled to forecast the weather also. But his prophecies came to an end at the end of the year, when his almanac expired, and he had only his native cunning to assist him out of the difficulty.

Another of his remarkable feats was the invention of an alphabet. It was a very crude and insufficient one, but it served to record the most important events and prophecies.

Smohalla was particularly antagonistic to the Indian homestead law and the settling of his land. He did not like the law, saying that it defied Nature. When urged to live as the white men and cultivate his land, he replied: "My young men shall never work. Men who work cannot dream and wisdom comes in dreams. Each one must learn for himself the highest wisdom. It cannot be taught. You have the wisdom of your race. Be content. It is of no use to the Indians.

"I know all kinds of men. First there were my people; God made them first. Then he made a Frenchman, and then he made a priest. A long time after that came Boston men, and then King George men. Later came black men, and last God made a Chinaman with a tail. He is of no account, and has to work all of the time like a woman. All these are new people. Only the Indians are of the old stock. After a while, when God is ready, he will drive away all the people except those who have obeyed his laws.

"Those who cut up the lands or sign papers for lands will be defrauded of their rights, and will be punished by God's anger. Moses was bad—God did not love him. He sold his people's houses and the graves of their dead. It is a bad word that comes from Washington. It is not a good law that would take my people away from me to make them sin against the laws of God.

"You ask me to plow the ground! Shall I take a knife and tear my mother's bosom? Then when I die she will not take me to her bosom to rest.

"You ask me to dig for stone! Shall I dig under her skin for her bones? Then when I die I cannot enter her body to be born again.

"You ask me to cut grasses and make hair and sell it, and be rich like white men! But how dare I cut off my mother's hair? I love my mother and would not harm her."

THE TRUE CHURCH

By C. T. Russell, Pastor Brooklyn and London Tabernacles

"But ye are come . . . to the General Assembly and Church of the First Born, which are written in Heaven." —Hebrews 12:22, 23.

THE oneness of the Church of Christ is everywhere made prominent in the Bible. Sects and parties are nowhere recognized. Nowhere is it intimated that Christ has various Churches—for instance, the Roman Catholic, the Anglican, the Greek, Presbyterian, Congregational, Lutheran, etc. On the contrary, there is but the one "Church, which is the Body of Christ," and that Body of Christ has but the one head, Jesus.

We not only find that Christ and the Apostles established but the one Church, but we cannot think of any reason why these should have established more than one. Nothing is plainer than that our sectarian divisions arose from our neglect and loss of "the faith once delivered unto the saints." (Jude 3.) As the divisions came in, the errors came in with them; and, as the errors go out, so, also, will sectarianism pass away.

The General Assembly of the Saints.

We should not be under any human or sectarian name, nor divided by sectarian creeds, but united as one people through our consecration to the Lord, through our desire to know His will by the study of His word. We thus represent the Scriptural or ideal Church of Christ. Regardless of nationality, language, caste and of all sectarian creeds and bondages, we are simply and solely as children of God, to be Bible students in the School of Christ, to learn of Him—to be fitted and prepared for glorious joint-heirship with Him in His coming Kingdom, and meantime to learn at His feet the lessons necessary for so great a coming service.

(1) The joys of the present are merely a foretaste of the perfect glory we will experience when we enter into the joys of the Lord—beyond the veil. Now we know in part the wondrous things of our Heavenly Father's character and plan, and of our Redeemer's love and sympathy, and of each other's love and sympathy; then we shall know even as we are known, is the guarantee of the inspired Apostle.

Enter into the Joys of the Lord.

Now we see as through an obscure glass the things which the natural eye cannot see nor hear, neither can enter into the heart of the natural man, but which God has revealed unto us by His Spirit. But they are still more or less obscure to us. We cannot weigh nor appreciate the wonderful glories which God has in reservation for us, but then we shall see Him face to face, as St. Paul declares.

(2) As new creatures in Christ, we seek to know each other as God knows us, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. But for all that we experience difficulties. It is often difficult for us to entirely overlook the flesh of our brethren, as they no doubt have difficulty in overlooking our blemishes in the flesh. But oh, what will it be to be there! All the imperfections and weaknesses of the flesh, against which we must now fight—all these will then be gone.

Have we not the promise, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is?" Have we not the promise

again that, Sown in weakness, we shall be raised in power; sown in dishonor, we shall be raised in glory; sown an animal body we shall be raised a spirit body? Have we not the further promise respecting that glorious resurrection change, which shall lift us completely out of the human and into the divine nature, that "We must all be changed," "for flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God?"—1 Corinthians 15:50, 51.

Further Trials—Further Battlings.

We remember that we "have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin" and fighting "the good fight of faith." We still have need of the Scriptural exhortation, "Watch," and "stand fast;" "Quit you like men;" "Put on the whole armor that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand."

Every spiritual help and assistance we receive are parts of the Father's good providence for us whereby we shall be the stronger, the more courageous, the better prepared for further trials, besetments, difficulties and conflicts with the world, the flesh and the Adversary.

But when we reach the glorious condition mentioned by the Apostle, all the fightings and trials and testings will be in the past. For us, therefore, there will be no more sighing, no more crying, no more dying, no more fightings, no more crosses, no more sufferings, but instead, life eternal, joy eternal, glory, honor and immortality at our dear Redeemer's right hand of favor. Well do we know that this hope of sharing in the General Assembly of the Church of the First-borns strengthens and nerves His own to loyalty and faithfulness to the Lord, the Truth and the brethren as the days go by.

Let us console ourselves with the thought that whatever is the will of God concerning us must necessarily be for our highest welfare and best interests. If, therefore, it is not yet time for us to pass beyond the veil, it is because our Heavenly Father and our Redeemer have a work for us to do in the present life—either a work of further polishing upon our own characters or a work of helping the brethren, for we remember the declaration that the Bride is to make herself ready for that event. We are to build one another up in the most holy faith, encouraging, strengthening, sympathizing with and assisting one another in running the race for the great prize.

Another happifying thought we should carry with us day by day is the Lord's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And again, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in thy weakness." And again, "We know that all things work together for good to those who love the Lord, to the called according to His purpose."—Romans 8:28.

So, then, let us not lose heart and flee from the battle, like an army corps in retreat, but rather, as a company of good soldiers who have been refreshed and encouraged and stimulated, we will return to our duties full of good courage, full of joyful anticipation of the coming Great Home-Gathering of the Church of the First-borns; full of renewed determination that by the grace of God, and with the assistance of our great Advocate, we will make our calling and election sure by so running in His footsteps as to obtain the great Prize which He has offered to us.

The Context in Agreement.

Let us detain you a little longer that we may point out afresh that the context confirms our glorious hope respecting this Great Convention of the future, and shows that it is nigh at hand. St. Paul pictures before us the fact that God's dealings with Israel, in bringing them out of Egyptian bondage and to Mt. Sinai, pictured the work of this Gospel Age, in the calling of Spiritual Israel out of the bondage of sin and death. The Apostle thus shows that the giving of the Law Covenant to Israel at Mt. Sinai typi-

cally represented the giving to them of the New Law Covenant from Mt. Zion in the end of this age.

The Law Covenant was given through a mediator, Moses, and the New Law Covenant is to be given through a Mediator, the Antitypical Moses, Jesus the Head and the Church His Body. It has required all this Gospel Age to gather out of the world and to try, test, polish and fit the members of the Body of Christ, who, under His Headship, will be with Him the Antitypical Moses, the Antitypical Mediator between God and men.—Jeremiah 31:31; Acts 3:22, 23.

As Moses went up into the Mount to commune with God before the Law Covenant was completed, so the entire Church must go up into the Mountain, into the Kingdom, with our glorious Head and Redeemer, by the change of the First Resurrection. As the time for Moses' going up into the mountain drew near, there were great manifestations of the dignity of the Divine government. And just so in the closing of this Age, the Apostle informs us, the world will have terrifying experiences on a still greater scale. He says that then the mountain trembled and smoked, and that the Divine voice was heard. The people were so terrified that they entreated that they might not hear further, but that Moses might act as mediator, and he did so.

So it will be here: There will be such manifestations of Divine Justice and opposition to sin and all iniquity that it will cause the "time of trouble" mentioned by the Prophet and by Jesus, "A time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation; no, nor ever shall be" after.—Daniel 12:1; Matthew 24:21.

The result of this great time of trouble upon the world will be a realization that they need a Mediator—a Mediatorial Kingdom. And this is just what God has provided for them through the arrangement of the New Covenant.

Contrasting the experiences at the inauguration of the typical Law Covenant with those to be expected at the inauguration of the antitypical, the New Law Covenant, St. Paul says: "God's voice then shook the earth, but now He hath promised, saying, Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." And the Apostle explains that the expression, "*once more*," signifies that this second shaking will be so thorough that no further shaking will ever be necessary, but everything of injustice and unrighteousness which ought to be shaken loose will be shaken; and this, says the Apostle, implies everything except the Church and the glorious Kingdom which we shall then receive: "Wherefore we, receiving a Kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."—Hebrews 12:18-29.

The Shaking Already Commenced.

Can we not see the shaking already beginning? Let us remember that this time it will not be the shaking of the literal earth, as in the type, but the shaking of the symbolical earth—the shaking of society to its very center. Do you not already hear the rumblings—the rumblings of discontent, anger, malice, hatred, strife? These forebode the "great earthquake," an expression symbolic of the great Revolution, wherein the present order of things shall collapse and give place to the New Order of Immanuel's Kingdom of righteousness, justice, equity

And, says the Apostle, God intends this time to shake not merely the earth—the social fabric—but also the heaven—the ecclesiastical powers of the present time. Not the true Church will be shaken, but the many systems which more or less misrepresent the true Church and "the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."—Jude 3.

Do we see premonitions of this shaking? Yea, verily. In all denominations there are forebodings of coming trouble. We may even fear that some of the attempts at Christian union are not made with the proper motive, but through a realization of the

shaking which the Lord is about to permit to come upon the ecclesiastical systems of this present time.

"Wait Ye Upon the Lord."

Dear brethren, in these coming days of trouble, which may be very near, the opportunity may come to you and to me to be either strife-breeders or peace-makers. Let us see the will of the Lord in this matter, that we are called to peace, and that the declaration of the Master is, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Let us seek rather to subdue and calm the passions of men in the coming strife, and to do nothing to augment them or to kindle the fires of passion which we know are about to consume the present social fabric. Let us point out to those with whom we have any influence that the worst form of government in the whole world is better than no government—better than anarchy, a thousand times. Let us remind them of the fact that in God's providence we have the best of all earthly governments.

Let us remind them, too, that the Lord has told us to wait for Him and not to take matters into our own hands. His words are, "Wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord, until the day that I rise up to the prey; for My determination is to gather the nations, that I may assemble the kingdoms, to pour upon them Mine indignation, even all My fierce anger; for all the earth shall be devoured with the *fire of my jealousy*. For then will I turn to the people a pure language (Message), that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent."—Zephaniah 3:8, 9.

THE NEW YEAR

Goodbye, Old Year! 'Tis sad to see
Thee creeping from our door,
And know that but a memory
Thou'lt be for evermore.
We loved thee in thine infancy,
We loved thee in thy prime,
But now to thy brief life farewell,
Thou son of Father Time!

All hail New Year! Thou blest New Year!
We take thy dimpled hand,
And kiss with joy the baby face
That smiles upon our land.
We greet thy coming with a song,
We crown thee with our flowers,
For thou wilt share twelve months with us,
The sunshine and the showers.

Dost wonder that our heart is filled
With happiness to-day?
Or that we think of those we love
Both near and far away?
God grant that we walk worthily
The path we take with thee,
For earth is but its starting-place,
Its goal, Eternity!

MARION TAYLOR.

"The Way Home," by Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine."

This is the story of a man honest enough to see that he couldn't accept at their face value the doctrines and standards of the formal Christianity in which he had been reared. Charlie Grace was a minister's son, and in his youth he was inspired by a pure, if somewhat naive desire for a clerical life. Moreover, his mother's last wish —that he should become a minister— was a sacred charge that impressed him deeply. But as he grew older he couldn't help seeing the shallowness and hypocrisy of most of the professed Christians about him, and he began to wonder whether all religion wasn't sham or self-deception. When old Dr. Grace was asked to resign as rector of St. David's Church, because he was growing old and was thought no longer suited to changing conditions in the parish, the boy turned his back on religion once for all. He became an avowed self-seeker, and the story of his subsequent successful but unscrupulous career is full of intense human and spiritual interest.

In its opening chapters, "The Way Home" gives us an attractive and interesting picture of social life in New York City as it was in the early fifties. Portraying with especial sureness of touch the life that centered round St. David's, and the family of its rector, the author reveals a fine sense of humor and a respect for real worth of character.

Before Charlie Grace went to the Northwest to seek his fortune he had met Hilda Penrhyn, and learned to admire her, boy-fashion. Later, when Charlie had obtained from his successful brother-in-law a humble position in the then newly constructed Trans-Canadian, the young man met Hilda again, and fell in love with her. He had to choose between taking a position at the expense of a man who needed it sorely, and not taking it at all. He chose to take the position, ruining the other man. Hilda saw him make the choice, and from that moment she distrusted him. But Charlie fully believed in the saying that "Nothing succeeds like success," and when he had won wealth and influence, Hilda had to admit that he was partly right in saying that she respected him more for his unprincipled achievement than she could possibly have done if he had remained virtuous and obscure. For, despite her pride of character, there was something as radically wrong with Hilda as with Charlie. What the real flaw was, she didn't find out until after their marriage, and then it took the example of one whom her world called a bad woman to show her. Charlie, too, found that somehow in the long run his scheme of life didn't work. It was not so much that his sins had found him out, or that the enemies his selfishness made turned against him. It was rather that he felt a lack in his inner life. When Hilda, thinking his life in danger, brought to him the woman with whom he supposed himself in love, and he found that woman pure and unsuspecting, he experienced no "change of heart," but he did begin to grope for the "way home;" and at last, in an unusual way, he came within sight of it. Charlie Grace's develop-

ment from just a boy into a cold, hard man of the world, and then of his final disillusion with selfishness and its rewards, is impressive and vital.

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"The Scoffer: A Modern Miracle Play Based Upon Scientific Christian Healing," by Charles Frederick Carlson.

Dr. Lincoln, an eminent physician, "The Scoffer," has discovered that his sickness and disease is incurable as far as medicine is concerned. Materia medica is of no avail to him when he learns that he is given up—deserted by his own profession.

Angela, who is betrothed to him, is a student of scientific Christian healing, or, to be accurate, a Christian Science practitioner. She has resolved to bring about the Doctor's cure by her understanding of God. The Doctor, who is hopeful of his restoration to health through material means, is rather chaffed by her motive; irritable and discontented with every one, he becomes worse. Around him are seen the characters, sin, error, sickness and disease, characters of personification, typical of his malady. They hug him close; representing mortal-mind, they vow to consume him.

Angela, working with these dread characters and destroying them with her godly understanding, gradually causes the Doctor to realize the fallacy and nothingness of error, and the truth and reality of God. She has ever-present with her Faith and Spiritual-Understanding, characters personifying the desire for divine health and godly understanding.

With the evidence of divine help demonstrated upon his brother, William, and having borne the cross of suffering until his knees are bent in prayer, he cries out to God for help, understanding, life.

The miracle of his restoration is performed and he has come into his own with the realization that God is his life; that God is the only intelligence in the universe and that man reflects God.

The manner in which the author has worked out the problem of divine healing in his play, has been pronounced masterly, and indeed a great work. The drama is deeply interesting and absorbing to all who seek to know the law of life and health. It gives the clearest idea of the teaching of Christ Jesus, of any reading-play that has yet been written.

Postpaid, $1.50. Published by the Eastwood-Kirchner Printing Company, Denver, Colo.

"Love and Liberation, The Songs of Adsched and Meru and Other Poems," by John Hall Wheelock, author of "The Beloved Adventure," "The Human Fantasy," etc.

"The Human Fantasy" and "The Beloved Adventure" won for their author a loyal and distinguished audience. Such men as Richard Le Gallienne, William Archer, Edwin Markham, Barrett Wendell, S. Weir Mitchell, and Percy MacKaye, honored them; reviews in great number, notably in The New York Times, The Dial, The Review of Reviews and The Chicago Evening Post were quick to hail both books, and a response from the poetry-reading public followed. The appearance of shorter poems in Scribner's, The Century, The Lyric Year, and Harper's Magazine met at once with popular recognition. This response is due to the fact that in a day of many graceful poets Mr. Wheelock has something definite and new to say, and because, in spite of many imperfections, he has said it with such tremendous vitality and sincerity. The new volume surprises by its sheer health and exuberance of poetry, color and light, the flow on flow of metaphor and sudden turn of image and line. In the torrent of this loveliness a world is reflected, broken on its restless tide into a thousand new shadows and shapes. From the first cry, "Life burns us up like fire," to the later, "Let me press into the utmost

marge of mysteries that bound me," the adventurous buoyancy of the book never flags. Here again a new poetry is heard.

"You must find an angel
To enter Paradise;
Heaven is only seen
Through another's eyes.

" 'Tis another bosom
Holds the key thereof.
Through the hearts that love us
Alone we enter love."

Cloth, 12mo; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.60. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Happy Acres," by Edna Turpin.

Anne Lewis, who, as the person of most importance in "Honey Sweet" already has a host of friends, is the diminutive heroine of Miss Turpin's new story, "Happy Acres." Here Anne goes to visit her Virginia cousins —a visit begun out of necessity and with dark forebodings, but continued, even prolonged, with an ever-increasing pleasure until the happiest kind of a climax is reached. A great many things come to pass in the months of Anne's sojourn with her relatives. Anne and her relatives have a variety of adventures—they are that kind, moreover, which quicken the heart beats of the boys and girls for whom the book has been written. Running all through it and interwoven with the contributing incidents is the tale of an old mill, doomed to a dreadful fate, that of the miller being no less pitiful. Anne turns the trend of affairs, saves the mill from its threatened destruction and makes happy not only those who were dependent upon it for support, but succeeds in proving that the villainous money grabber was not so villainous and not so greedy as he—and those associated with him—thought. That's the beauty of it—it leaves one with that wholly contented feeling which every book should—particularly a book for children—and demonstrates that human nature is a pretty good thing after all.

"Happy Acres" has been most attractively illustrated by Mary Lane McMillan. Scattered throughout the text are fascinating little pen drawings which will certainly catch the attention and please the fancy, while on the cover there appears a picture of the mill whose fortunes are so closely bound up with Miss Turpin's characters.

$1.25 net. Published by The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Fatima," by Rowland Thomas.

In a little dura-thatched village which bakes on a canal embankment amid the cotton fields of Egypt, a village called Ashmunein, once upon a time there lived a Fool. And there lived also a maid named Fatima, who was hardly turned sixteen, and was dark of eye and satiny of skin and plumply slender, and oh! so beautiful. Fatima was indeed the most beautiful creature, and quite, quite the cleverest creature ever was, and she knew it, and this story. concerns the marriage of Ali, the Fool, and the beautiful, wise Fatima; how she grew tired of her foolish husband and journeyed to Mecca, and became one of the wives of my lord the Kadi, and fell in love with a young man named Abdullah; how she had strange adventures, and terrible events occurred. The like of this tale for fanciful charm and imaginative power has indeed not been published in many a long day, and jaded readers of the everyday type of fiction will delight in this story of how the beautiful Fatima married a Fool, made fools of many wise men, and in the end learned the wisdom of being satisfied with her own lot in life.

Six illustrations in color by J. M. Gleeson. $1.35 net. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Faun and Other Poems," by Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

Mr. Edwin Markham's cordial word of introduction for a book may, perhaps, be safely regarded as speaking sufficiently for its merit. And this

distinction has been accorded the present work. All the poems in the book measure up to a high standard of poetic excellence. They are, moreover, vibrant with the deepest emotions of life, passionately cognizant of the power of beauty and love for keenest joy or blackest sorrow, with little, sudden rushes of laughter from sheer joy in life. Poetry and nature seem inextricably entwined, and nature is a very part of the author's thought. From the chirp of the tiniest cricket to the roar of the ocean in its mightiest wrath, she loves them all. Most of the verses have already appeared in Magazines and have received widespread commendation. The author is known, too, for her dramatic work, some of which has received recognition on the New York stage.

Price $1 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Sign of the Tree," by Harriet Mason Kilburn.

A book of charmingly quaint verse, some of it written in the old English style. The first poem gives an original conception of Christ as the carpenter—a divine aspect of labor, entirely reverential withal. Sometimes in a line here and there, sometimes in a poem devoted to the subject, as in "Love Falleth Never Away" and "A Theologian Soliloquizes," the author shows a rare appreciation of children and the child's point of view, and frequently pleads effectively for justice to them—the puzzled little theologian, the tired little bread-winner, the little sister-mother—working or playing, children still in a bewildering and sometimes cruelly despotic grown up world.

Paper boards; 12mo; $1.00 net; by mail, $1.06. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

"The Evolution of a Theologian," by Stephen K. Syzmanowski, author of "The Searchers."

In 350 pages the author endeavors to show the awakening of an orthodox minister from the tenets of the Bible and the beliefs of the leading theologians of the Christian era, while reading secular literature and the philosophy of Count Tolstoi and other moderns. The gradual change in his mental attitude is set forth in a series of soliloquies and conversations with his fellows. These conversations cover the arguments of the early church fathers, the conclusions of modern science, in short, such excursions into philosophy, history, biography and the sciences as the author deems necessary to make in order to shed light on his work.

$2.00 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Glimpses of the East and Other Poems," by Henry Coolidge Adams.

The book will find a welcome in the hearts of those who have traveled, and stay-at-homes will find an Oriental atmosphere brought to their doors. Memories of Japan show an insight into manners and customs of the Japanese. Sketches of China, Manila, Singapore, Penang, the solitude of the Eastern Seas, are told in unique, straight forward style. A motor trip through the Island of Ceylon, that land of romantic beauty, and a caravan journey across the Libyan Desert will excite the interest of those who have never visited those lands. India is touched upon but lightly; but the glimpse given is one of romance and beauty. Pictures along the road that runs through its counties of ancient romance, stories of old-time occurrences, and legends complete the romance of these interesting pages.

Paper boards; 12mo; $1.50 net; by mail, $1.62. Published by Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

"The Honorable Mr. Tawnish," by Jeffery Fernol, author of "An Amateur Gentleman," "The Broad Highway."

In this story Mr. Farnol tells how Sir John Chester's daughter, Penelope, and a fine London gentleman fell head over heels in love with each other, thus arousing Sir John's ire, for

he despised the Honorable Horatio Tawnish for an effeminate dandy and a writer of sentimental verses. To try his worth, young Mr. Tawnish was set three difficult tasks by Sir John and his two friends. How Mr. Tawnish succeeded in these tasks, proved himself a brave man and a gentleman, and won pretty Penelope for a wife, is told in a story that possesses just the qualities to which "The Amateur Gentleman" and "The Broad Highway" owe their extraordinary popularity. "The Honorable Mr. Tawnish" is illustrated in color by that well known English artist, Charles E. Brock.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

"The Coryston Family," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

There is the grasp of big questions at stake in modern English life we have learned to expect of Mrs. Ward, and a presentation of the dramatic struggle between the aristocratic and radical elements. Lady Coryston's position, money and character, made her a power in the land, but as her children grew up they asserted their right to live their own lives. Her eldest son defied her politically; her heir, Arthur, planned to marry the daughter of the man whom she hated bitterly, and her young daughter began to rebel against restraint. The girl's courtship by an influential young neighbor commenced in idyllic sweetness, then she started to think as well as to feel, and found that she had made a mistake. Lady Coryton might perhaps be characterized as an English "Iron Woman."

Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

"Yankee Swanson. A Chapter from a Life at Sea," by Captain A. W. Nelson.

Here is a chance to read a real sea story, fresh, breezy and full of the smell of the sea, the vivid experience of a seaman who threshed about the oceans of the world for 35 years. The old-time sailing vessels are rapidly disappearing, and a few years will see them no more. The story of life aboard them will pass with the sailors, so this story, written, not by a landlubber, but by a man who has experienced its tribulations, thrilling dangers and peculiar life is well worth reading. Captain Swanson kept a diary —and with this to refresh memory, his tale is vivid and convincing.

$1.50, net. Published by Sturgis & Walton Co., 31 East 27th St., New York.

"An Outline History of China, Part II. From the Manchu Conquest to the Recognition of the Republic, A. D. 1913," by Herbert H. Gowen, D. D., F. R. G. S., Lecturer on Oriental History at the University at Washington.

According to the author, this book is neither a complete history of China nor a skeleton of episodes. The word "outline" is to be taken literally. This second volume of the history covers the reigns from Shun Chi, 1644-1661, to the present Chinese Republic. The author has skillfully preserved a harmonious proportion in the military, political, social and philosophical essentials of his narrative, and furnishes a comprehensive view of modern China to the ordinary reader.

Price, $1.20. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Overtones: A Book of Verse," by Jessie Wiseman Gibbs.

The author has a deep and sympathetic feeling for her fellows and nature, and possesses a strong religious sense which threads its way through most of her lines. Indeed, a large part of her poems bear exclusively on religious subjects, and they express a deep and sincere spirit. She has a keen sense of the values of Wordsworthian simplicity in handling with sensitive nicety many of her themes. To people of a religious mind the little volume is timely and very well worth while.

$1.25, net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

Ella Higginson's Career.

It was when "Mariella Out West" was published that Ella Higginson came into immediate prominence in England, as well as in America. To the literary world—particularly the literary world of the West—the history of that book is well known. Of the suffering—which was torture to her sensitive soul, and the local persecution she endured for two or three years subsequent to the publication of the book—it is needless now to dwell upon. That it had no effect whatever upon her fearless spirit, it is scarcely necessary to add. Quietly and unostentatiously she remained in the midst of the most cruel and systematic efforts to ostracize her—living her blameless life, as she had always lived it, as she always will live it—which was enough of itself to make her a target for the envious and malicious and evil-minded. But that day is past. Long ago, her enemies discovered their error and recognized their position as a laughing stock for the intelligent public on two continents, and Ella Higginson, with sublime forgiveness, has forgotten that such error ever existed.

A later book, and one of her most ambitious, is her book on Alaska. It is in her best and most graphic style, and during the months she spent in the vast snow fields, under Alaskan skies, to gather the material, she faced many grave difficulties and encountered many hardships.

California's Old Missions.

Past or prospective visitors to the old Missions of California may find in George Wharton James' forthcoming book, "The Old Franciscan Missions of California," important facts in their histories, descriptions of their distinctive features and the legends woven about them. The copious illustrations, all from photographs especially taken, make most attractive this new handbook, which Little, Brown & Co., are publishing.

"The Mountains About Williamstown," by George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D., (Williams), with an Illustration by Marion Mills Miller, Litt. D. (Princeton.)

Dr. Raymond is a poet in the truest sense. He has richness of genius, intensity of human feeling, and the refinement of culture. His lines are luminous and melodious with music. The versification throughout is true, and the meter affords innumerable quotations to fortify and instruct one for the struggles of life. The text is a mine of rich and disciplined reflections.

With 32 illustrations made from the latest and most artistic photographs. Price, $2 net. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Greeks in America, An Account of Their Coming, Progress, Customs, Living and Aspirations," by Thomas Burgess, Member of the American Branch Com. of the Anglican and Eastern Churches Union.

In easy narrative form the author has succeeded in furnishing the general reader and students of the immigration problem a sympathetic understanding of these Greek immigrants. They are described picturesquely and in sympathy from the Greek viewpoint.

Price, $1.35. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

For the Arthur Rackham Mother Goose, which The Century Co. has recently published, the famous English illustrator not only made the pictures —twelve in color and over sixty in black and white—but chose the verses and just their wording. Many of the jingles, therefore, are given in the form which Mr. Rackham remembers from his own childhood, and which he prefers to some of the later versions. Mr. Rackham also designed the cover of the book, which is in full color, and the quaint title-page, a sampler design picturing "the house that Jack built."

"The Ministry of Evil, With Replies to British Critics; also A Study of the Future Life," by Charles Watson Millen.

The author sets forth his position as follows: "Feeling that the more or less accepted theories of evil are as incompatible with truth as they are inconsistent with each other, I have endeavored to present a view, which, to say the least, does not dishonor God's character nor contradict the Bible. I believe that the true theory of evil does not make God in any degree responsible for its existence, that it does not give Satan a free hand in the moral disturbance of God's universe, and that it does not imply the performance of evil in active or passive form. In the creation of high orders of beings, endowed with free will, the possibility of evil becomes necessary. The power of free choice implies both good and evil as possible."

$1.00 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Love and Liberation. The Songs of Adsched of Meru and Other Poems," by John Hall Wheelock, author of "The Beloved Adventure," "The Human Fantasy," etc.

The author has gathered in this volume a flock of his fugitive verse published from time to time in the leading periodicals of this country. Love Songs and Adorations fill a large part of the text, while the rest covers general themes. The Songs of Adschul are of a warm, impulsive character, and thrill with passionate heart beats. The sentiment is far freer than the art of the author.

$1.50 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Fawn and Other Poems," by Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

The author is a writer of songs and ballads of some local note, and has slipped into the meter and method of handling her expressions by direct poetic thought after the same manner. Her friendship with Edwin Markham has stood her in great stead in properly building her poetical forms, else her experience as a successful journalist and general writer would have carried her far afield. Many of the poems contained in the present volume have appeared in leading periodicals of this country.

$1.00 net. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Scoffer. A Modern Miracle Play Based Upon Scientific Christian Healing," by Charles Frederick Carlson.

Unquestionably this play will lead some doubters to a better understanding of Christian Science, presenting as it does the salient facts from a new angle. The ground traversed is debatable, and the author has exercised his best wit to fortify it for his side by striking precepts that stick in the mind, awaken thought and demand consideration.

Post-paid, $1.50. Published by Eastwood-Kirchner Printing Co., Denver, Colo.

"Melchizedek, or The Exaltation of the Son of Man," by G. W. Reaser.

The author undertakes the solution of a mystery which for ages has successfully baffled the pursuit of profound Bible students. The author believes that there is a "fullness of time" in the plan of redemption for the unfolding of certain specific truths, "which hath been hid from ages and from generations." The effort to solve the mystery is made in a reverent and sincere spirit.

Price, $1.25. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Jesus Said. Questions of Life Answered by One Who Alone Speaks with Authority," selected and arranged by Frances E. Lord.

The mission of this little book is to present the final word that has been, or can be, spoken on the pressing questions of life, in such shape that it can be easily carried and daily studied.

Price, 75 cents. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.